

Jan. 4, 1964

THE

Price 25 cents

NEW YORKER





CADILLAC OWNERS SELDOM GIVE THE ENGINE A THOUGHT

Why should they? It's so quiet they barely hear it. And it's so dependable it rarely requires attention. That's because the people at Cadillac give it a great deal of thought. The new 1964 Cadillac engine is the most powerful in Cadillac history. It produces more horsepower per pound of engine weight than any other production en-

gine in the industry. And this engine works in combination with a Hydra-Matic that is wonderfully improved in responsiveness. A remarkable new Turbo Hydra-Matic is standard on some models. Both assure amazing agility and exciting performance. No wonder it's *more tempting than ever!*

Cadillac Motor Car Division • General Motors Corporation



Peck
&
Peck



Arriving at the Colony Hotel, famous gathering place of fashionables in Palm Beach, Florida.

**White sharkskin: fabulous foil for a resort tan-
ours alone for the Peck & Peck Girl**

Nothing else quite catches the mood of a winter holiday like the spanking white gleam of sharkskin. Here, young simple lines in Arnel® triacetate, crochet-edged in navy or red. Permanent pleats, of course. 8 to 18, 25.00

When in Palm Beach, shop at Peck & Peck on famous Worth Avenue.

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK • CHICAGO • BOSTON • PHILADELPHIA • ROCHESTER • BALTIMORE • DETROIT • CLEVELAND • ST. LOUIS
TWIN CITIES • INDIANAPOLIS • WASHINGTON, D. C. • ATLANTA • CINCINNATI • KANSAS CITY • HARTFORD • BUFFALO • PROVIDENCE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

THE BALLAD OF THE SAD CAFÉ—Moaning in the gloaming in the Faulkner country or thereabouts. As adapted by Edward Albee from a novelette by Carson McCullers, the play has its moments of sinister fascination, although it never makes much sense. Colleen Dewhurst, Lou Antonio, and Michael Dunn are noteworthy as the principals. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

BAREFOOT IN THE PARK—Neil Simon's aimless but pleasant little comedy about a young couple's struggles to make life worthwhile in a walkup apartment with few conveniences. Elizabeth Ashley, Robert Redford, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar are among those happily involved. (Biltmore, 47th St. W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A CASE OF LIBEL—An episode from "My Life in Court," by Louis Nizer, as dramatized by Henry Denker. It is concerned with the libel suit that Quentin Reynolds brought against Westbrook Pegler, and it makes interesting courtroom drama. Van Heflin is fine as the plaintiff's lawyer. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING—A drama about an R.A.F. encampment where there is very little happiness. The play, written by Arnold Wesker, is rather shapeless, but it does have its dramatic passages. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Moves on Monday, Jan. 6, to the Booth, 45th St., W., CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, Jan. 2, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

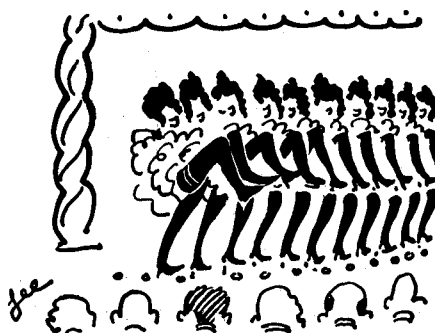
LUTHER—A puissant drama by John Osborne that details excitingly the high points in the life of the German reformer. Albert Finney turns in a memorable performance as Luther, and the others in the cast, directed by Tony Richardson, are commendable, too. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinees Wednesdays at 1:30 and Saturdays at 2:20.)

MARATHON '33—June Havoc's account of the Terpsichorean endurance contests that helped to make the depression a period everyone would like to forget. The play is blatantly vulgar and even the ingenious efforts of Julie Harris as the iron-legged heroine don't redeem the thing. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Nobody Loves an Albatross—Robert Preston bounces around engagingly in this comedy about the way things go in West Coast TV circles. It was written by Ronald Alexander, and it benefits mightily from the lively direction of Gene Saks. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST—Kirk Douglas and his associates are all very active in this story of a lunatic asylum rocked by inmates who have been inspired to revolt against discipline, but the play, by Dale Wasserman, doesn't make for sound entertainment. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE PRIVATE EAR AND THE PUBLIC EYE—Two one-act plays by Peter Shaffer, one a rather ordinary business about a young man's being taught to chase the girls, and the other—a big improvement—a farce about a far-out detective who is so effective in shadowing a lady that she presently finds it hard to get along without him. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230.



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
5	6	7	8	9	10	11

Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

SPOON RIVER—A first-rate dramatic interpretation of Edgar Lee Masters' celebrated masterwork, with Betty Garrett, Robert Elston, Joyce Van Patten, and Charles Aidman (who also adapted it). All of them are superb. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Jan. 2, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. May close Saturday, Jan. 4.)

LONG RUNS—BEYOND THE FRINGE: A diversion in which four wits—Paxton Whitehead, Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook—cock their snooks at everything from the ruling classes to nuclear madness. Another edition of the show, about half of it new material, will open on Wednesday, Jan. 8, after a preview on Tuesday, Jan. 7. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Jan. 2, at 9, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) ... **ENTER LAUGHING**: Alan Arkin plays a Jewish boy whose parents want him to be a druggist but who himself wants to be an actor. With Alan Mowbray, Vivian Blaine, Irving Jacobson, and Meg Myles. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Jan. 2, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.) ... **MARY, MARY**: Patricia Smith, Murray Hamilton, and Michael Evans are in this Jean Kerr comedy about an estranged couple

	Page
THE ART GALLERIES	63
BOOKS	75
THE CURRENT CINEMA	73
THE THEATRE	58

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE

ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 3-1513
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

trying to repair the marital rift. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **NEVER TOO LATE**: Paul Ford, Orson Bean, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Fran Sharon in a farce about a sixty-year-old who finds that he is to become a father for the second time in his life. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) ... **WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?**: Edward Albee's play exposing the inner workings of a couple of college professors and their wives. The cast at the evening performances consists of Uta Hagen, Arthur Hill, Ben Piazza, and Rochelle Oliver; for the matinees it is Haila Stoddard, Donald Davis, Bill Berger, and Eileen Fulton. For one week, starting Monday, Jan. 6, Miss Stoddard and Mr. Davis will also replace Miss Hagen and Mr. Hill at the evening performances. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

THE MILK TRAIN DOESN'T STOP HERE ANYMORE—Tallulah Bankhead, Tab Hunter, and Ruth Ford in Tennessee Williams' revised version of his play that was seen here a year ago. The director is Tony Richardson, the producer David Merrick. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

THE GIRL WHO CAME TO SUPPER—Tessie O'Shea and Florence Henderson, a pair of admirable ladies, almost succeed in making a go of this bit of Wiener schnitzel, which has to do with the emotional vagaries of a Middle European grand duke and a Milwaukee hooper. The play has a limp book by Harry Kurnitz, based on a play by Terence Rattigan, but the music and lyrics, by Noel Coward, are sometimes sprightly. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

HERE'S LOVE—Something about a Macy Santa Claus who thinks he's for real. The book, music, and lyrics are by Meredith Willson, who, on this occasion, is a little lacking in magic. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, Jan. 2, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

IIO IN THE SHADE—A fitfully interesting musical adaptation of the play called "The Rainmaker." Inga Swenson is triumphant as the heroine. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

SHE LOVES ME—Jack Cassidy, Barbara Cook, Daniel Massey, Barbara Baxley, Ludwig Donath, and the other members of the company perform delightfully in this charming and rather old-fashioned comedy about the employees of a cosmetics shop in Hungary back in the thirties. The songs and the dances may not be truly memorable, but they're agreeable. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM: Zero Mostel and other zanies doing as the Romans do, or did. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING**: About a young man determined to reach the top of the ladder in the business world. Darryl Hickman is the ambitious youth, and Rudy Vallée is the president of World Wide Wickets, Inc., a citadel of industry. (46th Street Theatre,

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y.; R. H. Fleischmann, president and chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., executive vice-president; Milton Greenstein, F. S. Norman, E. R. Spaulding, and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; Robert S. Ogden, advertising manager. Advertising offices: Chicago, 6 North Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, 155 Montgomery St.; Los Angeles, 2975 Wilshire Blvd.; Atlanta, 1375 Peachtree St., N.E.; London, 21 Grosvenor St. W. 1. Vol. XXXIX, No. 46, January 4, 1964. Second-class postage paid in New York, N. Y. and at Greenwich, Conn. © 1964 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year \$8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, \$9.00. Other foreign, \$11.00.

DRESS SHOWN: 100% "DACRON"* POLYESTER.

*The
Individualists
Live
in
"Dacron"*



Crepe cruise-ette. By L'Aiglon Blouson bodice and slender skirt. Very easy to take, come winter's vacation time—or any time. Delightfully fresh. Perpetually neat. Why? Because this is crepe of 100% "Dacron". Paisleyed in pink, blue or green. 10-20. About \$23. At LORD & TAYLOR, New York and branches; R. H. Stearns Co., Boston; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago; The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle.

*Du Pont's reg. T.M. Du Pont makes fibers, not the fabric or fashion shown. Better Things for Better Living . . . through Chemistry



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. ... **OLIVER!** An entertainment based on Dickens' "Oliver Twist." The book, music, and lyrics were fashioned by Lionel Bart, and Clive Revill, Georgia Brown, and David Jones are in the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Jan. 2, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) ... **STOP THE WORLD—I WANT TO GET OFF:** The seven ages of man, or something of the sort, interpreted by Joel Grey. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Jan. 2, at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinees Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

THE CHINESE PRIME MINISTER—A play by Enid Bagnold, with Margaret Leighton, Alan Webb, and John Williams. Produced by Roger L. Stevens and directed by Joseph Anthony. Opens Thursday, Jan. 2. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

THE BLACKS—Jean Genet's occasionally stunning, occasionally windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies that lie between the Negroes and the whites of the world. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE BOYS FROM SYRACUSE—A rousing revival of the Rodgers and Hart musical. The songs are, of course, wonderful, and they are well sung by the high-spirited company. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE BRIG—A strong and merciless record, as convincing as a documentary, of a single day in a U.S. Marine Corps prison. The acting of almost everyone concerned, and the direction, by Judith Malina, couldn't be better. (Midway Theatre, 420 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2355. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE BRONTËS—Margaret Webster in her enthralling solo program concerning Charlotte, Emily, and Anne. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Thursday through Saturday at 8:30. Matinees Friday through Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 5.)

CORRUPTION IN THE PALACE OF JUSTICE—A melodrama—sometimes cynical, sometimes philosophic or religious in tone—about c. in the p. of j. of "a foreign city" and a government investigator who is sent to find the man responsible for it. The playwright, the late Ugo Betti, himself a Roman magistrate for many years, has provided a spirited, plausible first act and a second and third that are not. Most of the acting is quite good. (Vil-

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11

lage South Theatre, 15 Vandam St. CH 3-0153. Thursday, Friday, and Sunday at 8:40, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 5.)

THE FANTASTICKS—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsy is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE GINGER MAN—J. P. Donleavy's fine adaptation of his brilliant comic novel about an American student in Dublin. The production could have been much better, but Margaret Phillips gives a splendid performance as the wife of the scapegrace hero. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3. May close Sunday, Jan. 5.)

THE IMMORALIST—A revival of Ruth and Augustus Goetz's 1954 play, which was based on André Gide's autobiographical novel. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. OR 4-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

IN WHITE AMERICA—A chronological arrangement of official and private documents recounting the history of the Negro in this country. It may not make a play, exactly, but, as recited and acted by six fine performers, it certainly makes a dramatic and moving evening. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE MAIDS—A revival, which should have been far less monotonous than it is, of Jean Genet's strange play about two malignant servants and the silly woman they work for. (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 9, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

PIMPANEL!—David Daniels and Leila Martin in a musical based on Baroness Orczy's novel "The Scarlet Pimpernel," with music by Mimi Stone and book and lyrics by William Kaye. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE PINTER PLAYS—Two dark comedies, one low and the other high, by the extraordinary English playwright Harold Pinter. Alan Schneider directed. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

PLAY AND THE LOVER—Two plays, the first by Samuel Beckett and the second by Harold Pinter, directed by Alan Schneider. With Hilda Brawner, Michael Lipton, Marian Reardon, and Frances Sternhagen. Previews Thursday and Friday, Jan. 2-3, at 8:30.

Opens officially on Saturday, Jan. 4. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Opening-night curtain at 8:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

RIVERWIND—An appealing and tuneful musical comedy, with a score and lyrics by a new composer named John Jennings. The setting is a rustic motel in Indiana, and the dramatic personae are the garrulous proprietress and three couples in various stages of attachment. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Thursday, Friday, and Sunday at 8:40, and Saturday at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 5.)

SIX CHARACTERS IN SEARCH OF AN AUTHOR—A brisk production of Pirandello's tantalizing comedy about a group of stray characters who break in on a theatrical rehearsal. The translation, which sounds fine, is by Paul Avila Mayer. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE STREETS OF NEW YORK—The songs, by a bright new team—Barry Alan Grael (lyrics) and Richard B. Chodosh (score)—and the direction of Joseph Hardy transform Dion Boucicault's creaky old opus into a thoroughly delightful musical comedy in which every performer is highly satisfactory. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

TELEMACHUS CLAY—A long-faced, vulgar work, billed as a "collage for voices," that tells of the misadventures of a young man who tries to sell a script to the movies. (Writers' Stage, 83 E. 4th St. GR 7-7030. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE THEATRE OF PERETZ—Frail dramatizations from the works of the nineteenth-century Yiddish writer I. L. Peretz, proving, if nothing else, that the Japanese don't have a monopoly on *no* plays. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3. After Sunday, Jan. 5, no performances until Tuesday, Jan. 14.)

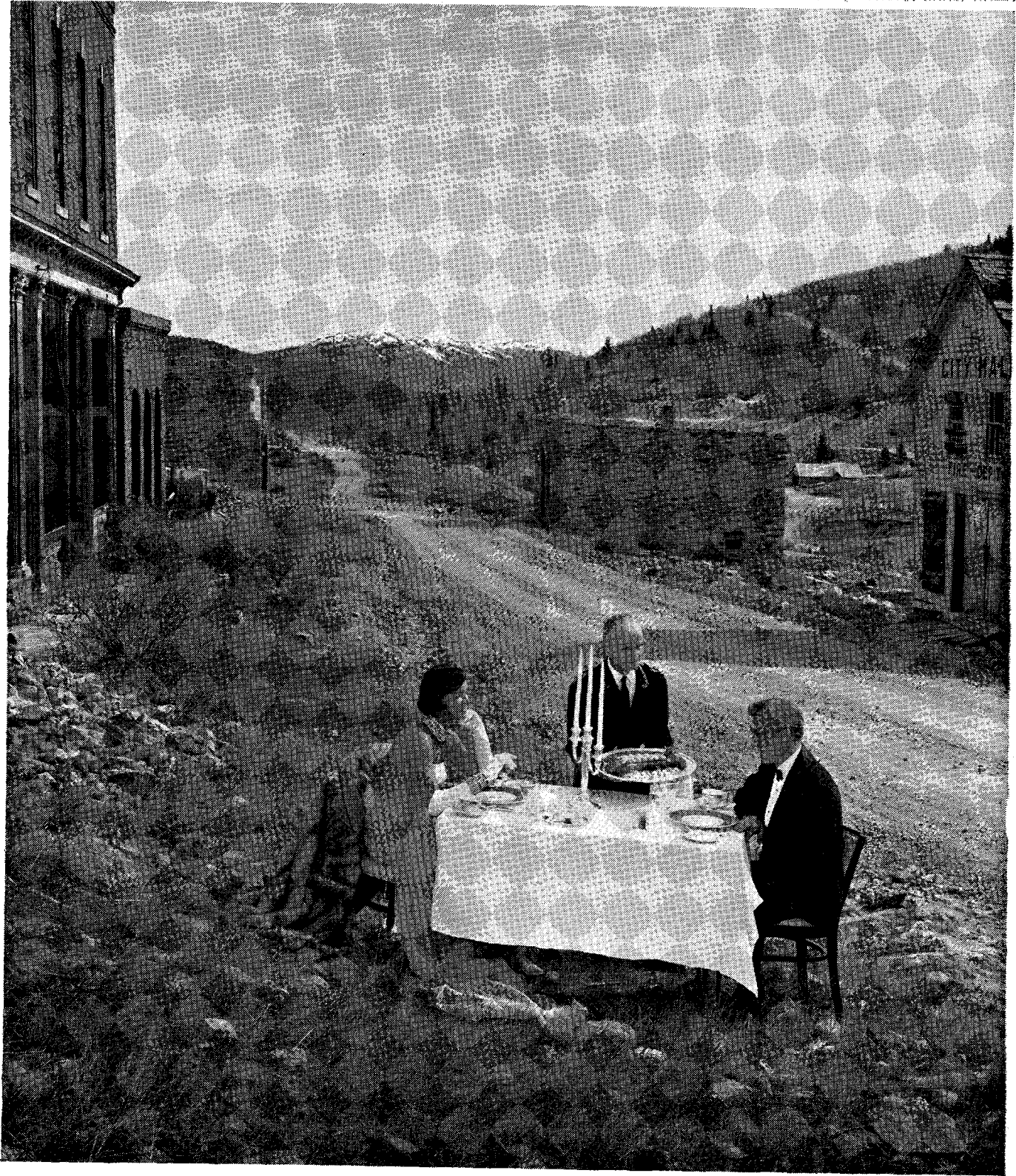
THIS WAS BURLESQUE—A revival of the locally obsolete art form starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. Sometimes comic and sometimes merely dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinees Wednesday, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

THE TROJAN WOMEN—Mildred Dunnock, Joyce Ebert, Carrie Nye, and Jane White in Edith Hamilton's version of the Euripides drama. Directed by Michael Cacoyannis. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

TRUMPETS OF THE LORD—A musical adaptation of "God's Trombones"—a series of poems in the form of sermons by the late James Weldon Johnson—that is, by turns (and at times simultaneously), jubilant, witty, moving, and fervent. The all-Negro cast is made up of



LOCATION: NEVADAVILLE, COLO., EL. 9,200 FT., FUR: JONAS BROS., GOWN: NORMAN'S, SERVICE: BROWN PALACE HOTEL, PHOTO: HANEY-WALLA



Guest of honor at America's finest dining places

We're extremely pleased that America's finest hotels, clubs and restaurants are joining together in a special salute to Prime and Choice Colorado Beef during National Colorado Beef Month, January, 1964. But behind this honor lie years of research and experimentation by Colorado cattlemen in raising a strain of beef which produces meat with more taste and tenderness than any you've ever eaten.

Yet the big thing about Colorado Beef is not how it came about, nor the time it took to develop this exclusive breed. The big difference can be traced to what we proudly call "the magic ingredient" . . . *Colorado's incomparable climate.* For only

here, in this high-altitude state, are steers watered on pure, glacier-fed streams, nurtured to maturity on the rich grasses of lush mountain meadows, then fattened for market by the most scientific feeding methods known today.

The result of all this is waiting for you now at your favorite dining spot in the form of delicious steaks and roasts, prepared exactly to your liking. Why don't you join in the celebration by calling up and making "reservations for two?"

COLORADO DIVISION OF COMMERCE AND DEVELOPMENT
Livestock Products, State Capitol Building, Denver, Colorado

**I. MAGNIN & CO. SAN FRANCISCO • OAKLAND
PALO ALTO • SACRAMENTO • CARMEL • FRESNO
LOS ANGELES • BEVERLY HILLS • SANTA BARBARA
PASADENA • LA JOLLA • SAN FERNANDO VALLEY
SANTA ANA • PORTLAND • SEATTLE • PHOENIX**



**I. MAGNIN & CO.
BELONGS
TO THE
WORLD**

THE CONTEMPORARY LOOK...A HERRINGBONE
WEAVE SILK SHIRT DRESS...BY M. NADLER
IN SKYLARK BLUE, PALE PINEAPPLE YELLOW
OR OYSTER BEIGE IN 10 TO 18 SIZES 115.00

MAIL ORDERS (ADD 55¢ FOR SHIPPING) TO UNION SQUARE
SAN FRANCISCO OR TO 3240 WILSHIRE, LOS ANGELES
OR TELEPHONE YOUR NEAREST I. MAGNIN CO. STORE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

three good actors and six good singers. The music is made up of spirituals, gospel songs, and freedom songs. Vinnette Carroll is the adapter. (Astor Place Playhouse, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. YU 2-4240. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Jan. 2: "Swan Lake," "Fantasy," "Allegro Brillante," and "Gounod Symphony."... Friday evening, Jan. 3: "Four Temperaments," "Orpheus," "Meditation," and "La Valse."... Saturday matinee, Jan. 4: "The Chase," "Square Dance," "Interplay," and "Firebird."... Saturday evening, Jan. 4: "Concerto Barocco," "Raymonda Variations," "Arcade," and "Stars and Stripes."... Sunday matinee, Jan. 5: "Swan Lake," "Fantasy," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Fanfare."... Sunday evening, Jan. 5: "Orpheus," "Prodigal Son," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Gounod Symphony."... Tuesday evening, Jan. 7: "Arcade," "Tarantella" (première), "Apollo," and "Stars and Stripes."... Wednesday evening, Jan. 8: "Scotch Symphony," "Bugaku," "Allegro Brillante," and "La Valse."... Thursday evening, Jan. 9: "Raymonda Variations," "Episodes," "Waltz Scherzo," and "La Valse."... Friday evening, Jan. 10: "Swan Lake," "Orpheus," "Allegro Brillante," and "Firebird."... Saturday matinee, Jan. 11: "Swan Lake," "Concerto Barocco," "Firebird," and "Western Symphony."... Saturday evening, Jan. 11: "Fanfare," "Prodigal Son," "Interplay," and "Gounod Symphony." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CL 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinees at 2:30. Through Sunday, Jan. 26.)

OLÉ! OLÉ!—A company of four flamenco dancers and a guitarist. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. LO 3-1870. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

TAMIRIS-NAGRIN DANCE COMPANY—In a program that includes two new works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Jan. 4, at 8:30.)

JOSÉ GRECO—With his company of Spanish dancers, singers, and musicians. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 11, at 8:30, and Sunday, Jan. 12, at 3.)

MISCELLANY

PRINCETON TRIANGLE CLUB—A musical revue, "Funny Side Up!" is this year's undergraduate production. (54th Street Theatre, 152 W. 54th St. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 3-4, at 8:15. For tickets, call MU 2-6400.)

MAGIC SHOW—An evening of fun and frolic, presented by the Society of American Magicians. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Friday, Jan. 3, at 8:30.)

ICE SHOW—"Ice Follies of 1964." Opens Tuesday, Jan. 7, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 19. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 3, and 8:30; and Sundays at 2 and 6.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—A simple, homespun story line (I want what I want when I want it) threads the ditties intoned by Pearl Bailey, a girl quite likely to get what she wants. She issues her ultimatums to all Santa Clauses twice every night but Sunday in the Royal Box, where there is plenty of dance music.

DELMONICO'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—A Park Avenue showplace (or almost showoff place, such is its ornamentation), with Dickson Hughes at the piano from five to seven-thirty, a clutch of strings-and-tenors Cubans thence until ten, and then three-bounces-to-the-ounce dance tunes by

Charles Turecamo's band and the Cubans until three. No music Sundays.

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Not very often is it so quiet that you can hear a name drop, and more's the pity, for experts at this brand of gamesmanship are rife. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Freddie Jagels' merry-as-a-lark orchestra do the dance music. The alcove called the Champagne Room, intended for immobile types, is gilded by Freddie Fassler's violin, which would a-woooing go at the drop of a lace handkerchief. No dancing Sundays, when just the segment called Perona's is open.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Renato Rossini, an unfeeling romanticist when he takes guitar in hand, graces the Café Pierre every night but Monday, and a handful of Ben Cutler's liveliest musicmakers do a hand gallop every night.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Leslie Uggams, who's in the Persian Room at dinner and supper, is a fully electrified young lady, all right, and her mentors have imposed upon her a diversified portfolio of song that sometimes weighs heavily on her slim shoulders, so one occasionally finds oneself wishing that the real Leslie Uggams would please stand up and sing as she likes. On Wednesday, Jan. 8, she'll give way to Juliet Prowse, a vocal and acrobatic sou-brette who'll put us in touch with what's what in Las Vegas. Emil Coleman's big orchestra and Mark Monte's small one will be kept on to turn out the dance music. Closed Sundays.... Except Mondays, Leo LeFleur's duo burbles in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, before doing a reprise in the Edwardian Room between seven and nine. At eight, Gunnar Hansen moves his violin and his trio into the Palm Court, where a dessert sort of menu, plus light wines and light hearts, prevails until one. He does this every night but Sunday.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette is the home of the cascading band of Peter Duchin and the Latin declensions of Quintero's group.... In La Boite, small and tranquil, there's music with every course (Walter Kay's piano and Jani Sarkozi's fiddle) between the hours of eight and two. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY HILTON, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Columns, whose décor is now red sails in the sunset rather than moonlight on the Riviera, gets real perky dance music from the small band of Arturo Arturos, who is on duty from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty weekdays, and from tea-dance time (six) to eleven on Sundays. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Obviously a habit-forming sort of country-club life, for the same group is gathered around the nineteenth hole night after night. The party begins at cocktail time with pensive piano by Sam Hamilton, proceeds through the dinner hour with piano by Goldie Hawkins or Wayne Sanders, and ends up after the theatre with a double-team deal by the Messrs. Hawkins and Sanders. Closed Sundays.... **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A scholarship here entitles one to sit in the middle of a big, happy Florentine family that undertakes to instruct one in the production of *spiedini*, Puccini, and *vini*. Aldo Bruschi is impresario, pianist, basso profundo, and (from Thursday through Sunday each week) dance master in charge of a trio. Three or four all-out singers assist his opera-house maneuvers. Closed Mondays.... **EMBASSY CLUB**, in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): Bobby Short's newest *pied-à-terre* is a *pied-à-southerre*, since it's belowstairs. It's also big, and full (after ten) of Mr. Short, his sidemen (Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan), and his play-time ballads. Ray Hartley's neatly thought-out piano begins at seven and goes on until midnight, at least. Mondays bring dead silence.... **CAFÉ AMBASSADOR**, also in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): Venetian-glass piano is part of the six-to-nine dinner hour every night but Sunday.... **ARCHIE'S**, 863 First Ave., at 48th St.

New! An extraordinary Spray Mist
in a most elegant filigree design



3.50 plus tax

INTIMATE

BY REVLON

CHERISHED AS ONE OF THE WORLD'S SEVEN GREAT FRAGRANCES

BONWIT TELLER



MISS BONWIT BRIGHTENS THE RESORT SCENE

Smart little dress to wear through the spring and then some... in cheerful colors of rayon spun to look like chevron linen: red, cornflower blue or green. By Adele Martin. 8 to 16 sizes, 25.00 Mail and phone orders.

MISS BONWIT CAREER DRESSES

Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York
Also in Manhasset White Plains Short Hills
Chicago Oakbrook Cleveland Boston

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(EL 5-9395): The Downeys, of the renowned Eighth Avenue greenroom of the same name, are engaged in a smaller East Side counterpart, where Hugh Shannon, repatriated from Stresa, deals out piano constructed of bonhomie and barroom bounce, and lyrics full of the quip that cheers. Michael Burr is his bassist; ten to four is the daily-except-Sunday stint... **GOGI'S**, 126 E. 56th St. (PL 3-5019): In the inner sanctum, which is to the rear of the latest dignified domicile devised by Gogi, once the seigneur of the little paradise called Larue, there's piano by Tony Gorody, recently of the Caribbean escapist set. The sound runs from nine-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Mondays... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): An almost incurable case of flamenco, done from the heart. Dancing for the customers, too. Closed Mondays... **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): One end of the bower is presided over by a flourishing green bay tree, and the other by Cy Walter, who has an even-tempered clavichord at the tips of his eloquent fingers. His music is on tap at cocktails, dinner, and supper, though not on Sundays, when Forrest Perrin does the honors... **CHATEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A not very forbidding medieval walled town, whose drawbridge is always lowered across the moat. At the inner end of it is Norbert Faconi and his soulful violin. No music Sundays... **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another of King Henri's real-estate deals, likewise decorated in a fashion that is full of the oddest bodkins. From throne room to pavilion and back again, George Cardini circumnavigates with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays... **RITZ BAR**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): On the flight deck of the bar in the Carlton House, there's well-modulated piano between cocktails and one in the morning. No music Sundays... **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country... **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): *Die Wacht am Tiber*, conducted (with considerable pomp and circumstance) from one of the Seven Hills. A set of jolly street musicians marches up the hill and down from six until two, and so does the chef. Closed Sundays... **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Roman holiday, and one with strings, too—those that belong to the patrol squad of Herman Honigsberg's violinists. A lesser crew of accordionists is also on parade... **MEDITERRANÉE**, 575 Park Ave., at 63rd St. (TE 8-6130): There's many a fish (edible) in this private ocean, on the rim of which sits a piano cajolled by Ralph Strain, whose manner is social occasional. The sounds it makes are available between six and one every evening but Sunday... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 40th St. (PL 1-3160): Dressed fit to kill describes this *salle à manger*, and it's a vivacious setting for the guitar of Gustavo Lopez, whose music is at home in both Manhattan and Madrid. Mondays are silent nights... **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): An emotional, and social, outlet for youngsters who are engaged in a couple of the performing arts. Sort of ranchhouse in mood and diet, and urged on by a clearly enunciating jazz trio from time to time during the week, by a duo on Sunday... **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency Room, pillar of society, the hours between five-thirty and twelve-thirty every evening but Monday are assigned to Rack Godwin for the construction of his own special fugues for piano... **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Another time, another place is the atmosphere of this quondam town house, now a restaurant with a bar in which—from five-thirty to seven and again from eleven to three—there is organ music of a serenity quite appropriate to the setting. No music Sundays... **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): There's nothing here for dinner or supper but crusts—all of them upper, though. The crunching is accompanied by George Feyer's helter-skelter piano. Sundays are his holidays... **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Perpetual emotion in favor of the

good old days in Budapest emanates from lips and strings as the music goes on and on into the night. Dancing. Closed Mondays... **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Everybody, from busboy to chef, wants to get into the act, which is "Tosca," "La Forza," or a kindred confection. Closed Mondays... **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): Apply here for your complete cross-section of the city's night-lifers, who are at table until ten-thirty and then at exercise on a dance floor of the most modest dimensions. Closed Mondays... **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): A short life (Mondays through Fridays, from six to nine-thirty) and a musical one is led by Conrad Monjoy, the pianist of this miniature Alhambra... **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): State of grace is the mood, and three hours at dinner is par for the courses, which can run to six or seven. Jules Kuti, whose piano knows its way around our town and the European capitals, is in the bar from five to eleven. Closed Sundays... **BILTMORE**, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000): On Monday, Jan. 6, Joan Bishop resumes her role of doyenne of the Palm Court, which at times is the ninth member of the Ivy League. Her dulcet piano runs from five to eight-thirty every day but Sunday... **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner, who occupies the cool landscaping of the Casino-on-the-Park, does judicious but joyous piano from five-thirty to midnight every night but Sunday.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A hitherto undiscovered fairy tale, "Diamond Fair," is inclined toward aesthetics and not toward the pointing of a moral. The princes do handstands, carom off trampolines, and produce doves out of thin air; the princesses are gowned for an apocalyptic coming-out party. It has been grandiloquently staged by Alec Shanks, of London, and blithely choreographed by our own Donald Saddler. The current ringleaders, the Kim Sisters, who are Korean song-and-prance princesses, will disappear after Saturday, Jan. 4. Dancing... **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Count Basie's giant band blasts off on Saturday, Jan. 4, instantly followed by Keely Smith, who can think of unexpectedly antic ways of finishing up a ballad. The establishment reopens on Thursday, Jan. 9, to house the big (and peerless in its area) band of Duke Ellington and the rather treacly modern trio of Ahmad Jamal.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

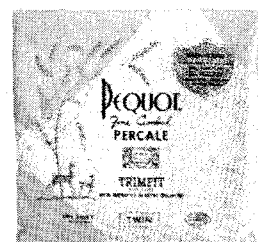
PLAZA 9-, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): "Baker's Dozen," the most recent of the hardly perennial revues devised by Julius Monk, is working out twice a night against its official launching, on Thursday, Jan. 9, when there will be just one show at eight-thirty. It contains the veteran and invaluable Gerry Matthews, and several more recent accessions—Barbara Cason, Jamie Ross, and Nagle Jackson among them—to the Monk Repertory Theatre. Frank Wagner is the coach, William Roy is first pianist and principal composer, Robert Colston is second pianist. Closed Sundays... **BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Reopens on Friday, Jan. 3, as a soapbox for Vaughn Meader in his new incarnation as roving philosopher and jokester. Also present will be Fredricka Weber, whose arias are compounded of sassafras and witch hazel, and the Free Wheelers, earnest new believers in folk music. All this happens right after dinner and during supper... **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is east of Washington Square (AL 4-0480): The exploding universe in which the Second City troupers lead their talented lives steadily encompasses new ideas and improves old ones, wherefore their current revue, like the others, is full of resounding glee. The cast is detachable on short notice, but Severn Darden, a cast in himself even without saying a word, is present now, and so are Barbara Harris and Bob Dishy. Tom O'Horgan's incidental music occurs largely on his own harp. The charades start at eight-thirty and eleven,

**This Pequot Easy-Care
sheet looks like any
other freshly-ironed
percale.**

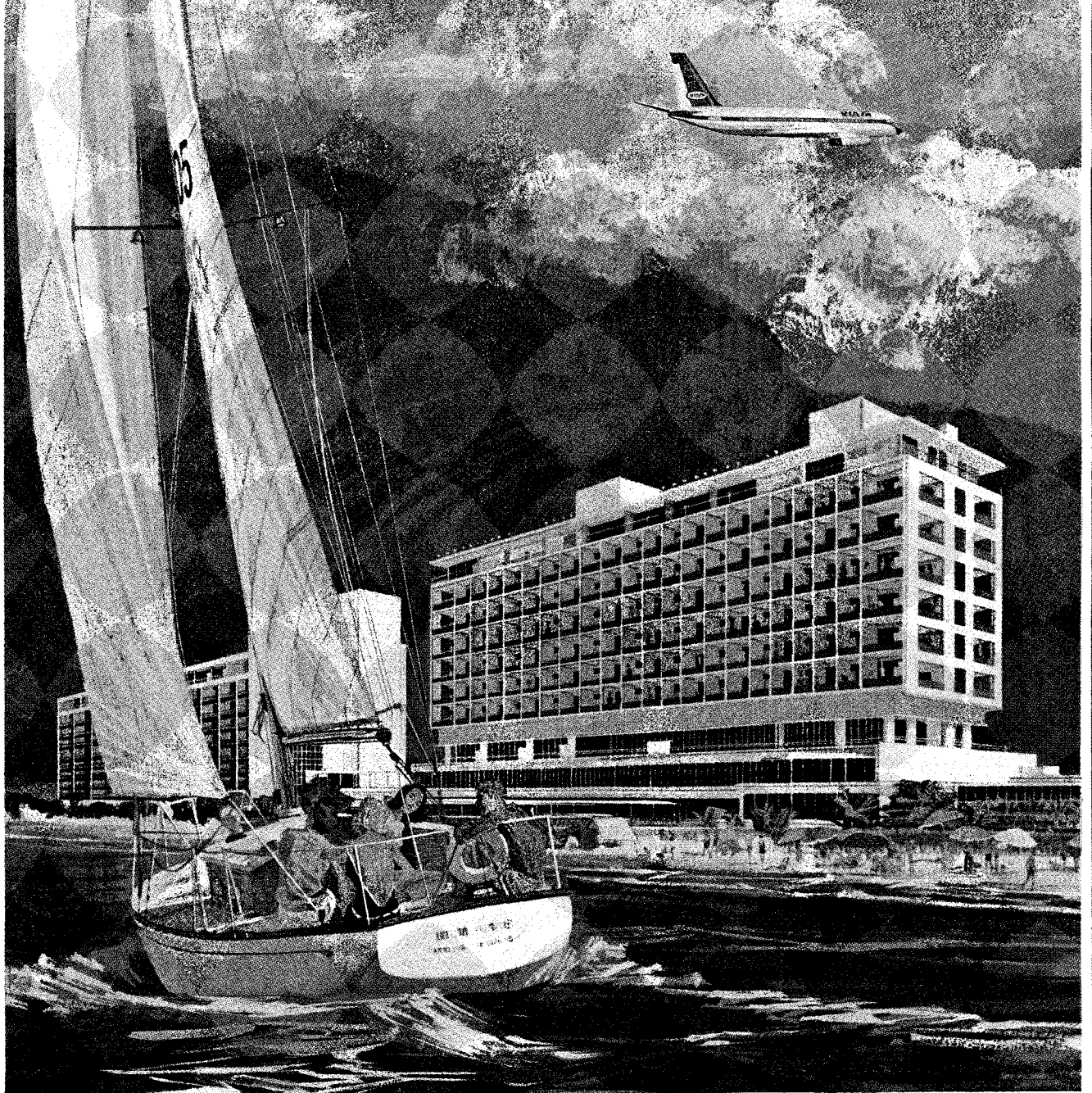


**Except it hasn't been
ironed.**

With a fabulous sheet like Easy-Care is it any wonder Pequot has been famous for over 100 years? These luxurious 180 thread combed percale sheets and pillow cases need no ironing! Pequot's exclusive Easy-Care finish takes care of that. All you have to do is wash them, dry them and make the bed. From about \$3.50 to \$8.50 at your favorite store. Or write to Pequot, 111 W. 40th St., N. Y. 18, N. Y.



VENEZUELA



MACUTO-SHERATON HOTEL

All your ideas about vacation excitement or fun-on-a-business-trip are about to be changed — because now there's the Macuto-Sheraton. Exotic. Magnificent. At the foot of the Andes, on the shore of the Caribbean. Great gourmet dining. Enchanting night life. Private deep sea marina . . . and some of the spunkiest marlin anywhere. Swimming in surf or pool. Golfing. And nearby, the bullfights. Call your Travel Agent or nearest Sheraton Hotel for reservations at the sensational Macuto-Sheraton. Only 4 VIASA jet-hours from New York.

ALSO CALL SHERATON FOR RESERVATIONS AT OTHER VENEZUELA HOTELS: HOTEL MARACAY IN MARACAY, HOTEL CUMANAGOTO IN CUMANÁ, HOTEL BELLA VISTA IN MARGARITA, HOTEL PRADO RIO IN MERIDA, HOTEL LLANO ALTO IN BARINAS, HOTEL MORUCO IN SANTO DOMINGO, HOTEL AGUAS CALIENTES IN TACHIRA STATE, HOTEL TRUJILLO IN TRUJILLO, HOTEL MIRANDA IN CORDO, HOTEL "EL TAMA" IN SAN CRISTOBAL.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

except on Saturdays (then at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty), and on Sundays (when there's only an eight-thirty showing). Mondays, darkness prevails. . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB**, 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): Peter Cook, of "Beyond the Fringe" *réclame*, views the world through morose-colored glasses as he thinks up the conversation indulged in by Peter Bellwood, Alexandra Berlin, Francis Bethencourt, Roddy Maude-Roxby, and Carole Simpson, who are the wholly admirable cast of the third edition of a revue stemming from London's Establishment. The lyrics that Miss Simpson declaims are the work of Stephen Vinaver. Marian McPartland's progressive jazz trio is the American leavening. Steak-and-kidney pie and that sort of thing go along with the fun. The regimen: Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty; Sundays at four and eight; Mondays not at all. The McPartland trio plays in the bar after the second show. . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): David Shepherd, offshoot of the Compass Players, is the man behind the throne of a small revue-with-music that, instead of standing on ceremony, treads on the toes of urban, suburban, and exurban folkways. Some of it is mild, a lot of it is bumpiously funny, and the participants—Mary Louise Wilson, Paul Dooley, MacIntyre Dixon, Jane Alexander, and Richard Libertini—are just right. "Twice Over Nightly" is the name; nine-fifteen and midnight are the starting times. Closed Sundays. . . **IN THE DOWNSTAIRS**, there are Mabel Mercer, patron saint of the *chanson d'amour*, which she has raised from mere infancy to a fine art, and Sam Hamilton, by hereditary right her pianist. Ten-thirty is their hour of arrival. Closed Sundays. . . **CHATEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): As his interlude of ventriloquism reaches its climax, one may be pardoned for suspecting that Señor Wences is the funniest man ever to put words in the mouths of others. When he's not practicing his bland magic, the invincible Chavales de España, assisted in their parades and fanfares by a brace of flamenco dancers, do not only drill work but dance music. Twice weekdays, thrice on Saturdays, only at nine-thirty on Sundays is the schedule. The customers, no slouches at footwork themselves, are given further time on the dance floor by a band, led by Emilio Reyes, that dines exclusively on gingersnaps. . . **AFTER TEN** in the tiny alcove just off the bar, there is the Pied Piper guitar of Juan de la Mata, which will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it, as well as Domingo Alvarado, whose voice eloquently decries the waywardness of Spanish love life. . . **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): The lines of communication between Olga Guillot, who's a clarion soprano from Cuba, and her audience are all but visible, and she leaves not a single leaf of music unturned in her recital, the important part of the baby revue that occurs amid the Latin cuisine twice a night during the week, three times on Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The present incumbents are a soprano called Betty Carter and a trio run by Roger Kellaway. There's an afternoon session on Sundays, from four-thirty to seven. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): At the moment, it's a home for part-time workers. On Friday and Saturday, Jan. 3-4, the singing will issue from Geula Gill and her Oranin Zabbar Singers and from Ethel Ennis. . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The *Kaffeeklatsch* here depends on real coffee and nothing else; the folk music depends on real performers, not subdeb amateurs. The Serendipity Singers, whose rampant arias come from America's rocks and rills and templed hills, are the mainstay. They're off duty Tuesdays. . . **ROOM AT THE BOTTOM**, 23 W. 8th St. (GR 5-5388): Life on the Mississippi, as narrated in brassbound style by Wilbur de Paris and his band, which includes Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, Wilber Kirk, and Sonny

White. Their last night will be Saturday, Jan. 4. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . **THE MOST**, 875 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-5738): Life in a frontier town, an odd locale for Joe Mooney, who, seated at night at the organ, finds quite a few lost chords with which to ornament his tricky jazz ballads. His trio helps with the ornamentation. Carol Sloane's voice is tricky, too, in a wild-goose way. They all stay home Sundays, when Benny Golson heads up a new-school group of musicians. . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Cannon to the right of them, cannon to the left of them are what confront the listeners here. Twist is the music early in the evening; later, Red Allen, that Roman candle, opens up with his quartet, and Louis Bellson sets his band rolling. Guest performers pick up the instruments (those not too hot to handle) on Sundays. . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Gerry Mulligan, his private army swelled to thirteen men, is now really able to get down to brass tactics. Extracurricular sessions Mondays, when other hands take over. . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A rest home for players who like to make their public statements before an attentive audience. The quintet owned by Zoot Sims and Al Cohn has the floor at the moment. Closed Mondays. . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): That's-more-like-it is the situation in this place, now that Peanuts Hucko, Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, and Yank Lawson have landed to plant the banner of tradition. Closed Sundays. . . **RED GARTER**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): Where once Nick's steaks and jazz sizzled, the G-String Strugglers, a sort of skiffle band (three banjos, a washboard, a tuba, and a trombone), roam the range from about eight to about three. Herbert Jacoby, past master of the boites called Le Ruban Bleu and Blue Angel, is the entrepreneur, and period-piece is the décor. . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Experimental research is the project. Thelonious Monk, a venerable and celebrated splinter group, is on the job with a handful of acolytes, and Roland Hanna's trio takes every second stanza. On Mondays, the Upper Bohemia Six (Larry Rivers, better known as an exhibitor in our art galleries, is on saxophone) play, but only after a fashion, for listening and dancing. There are, in addition, Sunday-afternoon sessions, from four to eight, by guest artists. . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Tyree Glenn's quartet, which now overlooks the maddening crowd from the bandstand, departs on Sunday, Jan. 5; the following evening Jonah Jones' quartet reopens fire. . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Howard Reynolds, who contributes quite a bit of facility and fancy to contemporary music, plays piano for the threesome inside the oval bar. No action Mondays. . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The little gray home in the west of 52nd Street, where so many of us were brought up, is offering—on a new site—the same sort of courses as before. Cliff Jackson's period-piece piano is audible throughout the week. Mondays through Wednesdays, Marshall Brown augments Mr. Jackson; Thursdays through Saturdays, Zutty Singleton and Tony Parenti sign on as his running mates. No music Sundays. . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The spirit of a football rally on a coeducational campus prevails; on a shelf overlooking the young people sits a squadron of banjoists (the Banjokers) who, from nine to three or four every night but Monday and Tuesday, give the classics of two generations ago a good sound nasal twang. On Mondays and Tuesdays, a set of banjoists called the Red Onion Minstrels takes over.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

CAMERON BOOTH—Abstractions; through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)
FRITZ BULTMAN—Bronze sculptures, drawings,

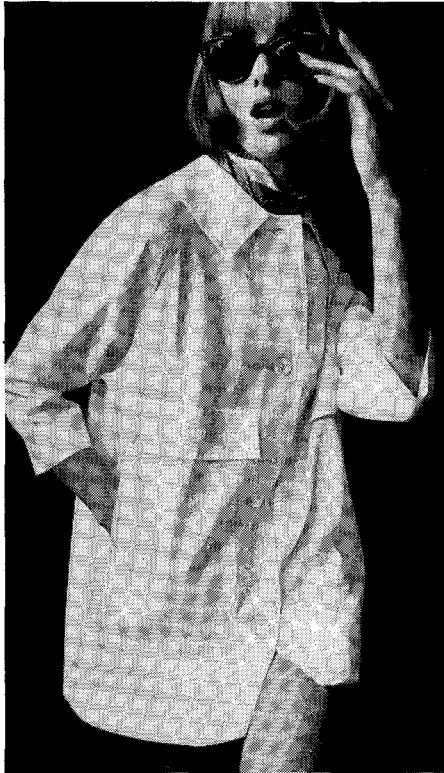
B Altman & Co



Meadowbrook greets Spring . . . with the arrival of this delightful embroidered 3-piece textured rayon suit! Pistachio green or peacock blue . . . 10 to 20. Third floor Meadowbrook® Shop, Fifth Avenue and suburban stores. **70.00**

How to find space on a crowded beach.

"Contact," a Folker fabric of 50% Avril rayon/50% Fortrel® polyester.



Most anyone would be anxious to share their space with you in this beach jacket. Woven with Avril® rayon it gives you everything. Great dash, smoothness, shapeliness. Strength and luster, too. After many, many launderings. White only. Small, Medium and Large, \$19.00.

Saks Fifth Avenue

AVRIL

New
Generation
Rayon

American Viscose Division, FMC Corporation



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

- and collages; through Saturday, Jan. 4. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St.)
- LOVIS CORINTH** (1858-1925)—Self-portraits by the German artist; through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Frumkin, 32 E. 57th St.)
- MICHEL ELIA**—Marble sculptures, semi-abstract in style; through Jan. 25. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)
- JOHNNY FRIEDLAENDER**—Water colors and etchings by a Paris artist noted for his black-and-whites; through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Lefebvre, 47 E. 77th St.)
- EMILE GLIOLI**—Abstract bronze sculptures; through Jan. 25. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)
- EUGENE HIGGINS** (1874-1958)—Realistic paintings and drawings; through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Braverman, 23 E. 67th St.)
- FRITZ KOENIG**—Figurative and non-figurative bronzes by a young German sculptor; through Saturday, Jan. 11. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)
- ANDRÉ LANSKOY**—Paintings by a member of the contemporary Paris School; through Jan. 31. (Loeb, 12 E. 57th St.)
- EDVARD MUNCH** (1863-1944)—Paintings, drawings, and graphics; through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Granville, 929 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)
- LOUISE NEVELSON**—Drawings, etchings, and early sculptures, shown for the first time; through Jan. 18. (Balin-Traube, 11 E. 74th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5.)
- CHARLES SHAW**—Abstractions; through Jan. 18. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)
- ART OF TUSCANY**—Paintings and sculptures by Giotto, Fra Angelico, Botticelli, and other thirteenth- to sixteenth-century masters; through Jan. 31. (Duveen, 18 E. 79th St.)
- AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS**—At the **BABCOCK**, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century drawings and water colors by Eastman Johnson, Childe Hassam, Marsden Hartley, and others; through Saturday, Jan. 4. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Water colors by William Thon, Edward Betts, and Jason Schoener; through Jan. 18. . . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Paintings by the gallery group of contemporaries, among them Ogden Pleissner, Stephen Etnier, and Adolf Dehn, through Saturday, Jan. 11. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **NORDNESS**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Paintings and sculptures by members of the gallery, including Rico Lebrun, David Aronson, and Milton Hebal; through Feb. 1. . . . **OSBORNE**, 965A Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Milton Avery, Jane Freilicher, Jane Wilson, and Hyde Solomon are four of the artists represented in a showing of landscape paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 4. . . . **PARSONS**, 24 W. 57th St.: An exhibit of toys made by Marisol, George Ortman, Alexander Calder, and other artists; through Friday, Jan. 3.
- AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS**—At the **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Sculptures and drawings by Darrel Austin, Aristide Maillol, and Jules Pascin (to mention a few); through Jan. 25. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **VIVIANO**, 42 E. 57th St.: Drawings by (for instance) Afro, Max Beckmann, and Joseph Glasco; through Saturday, Jan. 4.
- EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW**—Master drawings by, among others, Watteau, Fragonard, Toulouse-Lautrec, and Matisse; through Saturday, Jan. 11. (Slatkin, 115 E. 92nd St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

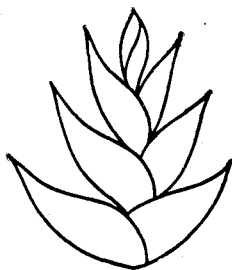
- METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—“Recent Additions to the Print Collection,” including examples from every century since the fifteenth by such artists as Goltzius, Rembrandt, and Goya. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)
- MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.—The galleries will be closed until mid-May while the Museum gets on with its remodeling and building program.
- BROOKLYN MUSEUM**, Eastern Parkway—Albrecht Altdorfer's “The Adoration of the Shepherds” (circa 1518-20), on loan for the Christmas season from the West Berlin Städtliche Galerie; through Sunday, Jan. 5. . . . An exhibition of Asian art (loaned by Ernest Erickson and the Erickson Foundation), made up of Islamic ceramics, miniatures, metalwork, textiles, and rugs; Indian miniature paintings and sculptures; and Nepalese, Thai, and Cambodian sculptures. Through Jan. 12. An admission charge of fifty cents is being made to support the Museum's special exhibitions fund. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)
- FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART**, 62 E. 78th St.—A loan exhibition of sixteenth-century Venetian paintings by, among others, Titian, Tintoretto, and Paolo Veronese; through Jan. 31. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)
- SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM**, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of oils by the British painter Francis Bacon; through Jan. 12. . . . A loan showing of master drawings of this century by such artists as Picasso, Matisse, de Kooning, and Tobey; through Sunday, Jan. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)
- JEWISH MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Abstract paintings in black and white by Josef Albers, Willem de Kooning, Franz Kline, Jackson Pollock, and others; through Feb. 3. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 6.)
- MORGAN LIBRARY**, 29 E. 36th St.—Books and manuscripts from the Heineman Collection, including musical manuscripts, French and German literary and historical autographs, first editions and bindings, and illuminated manuscripts; through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)
- MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS**, 29 W. 53rd St.—“Craftsmen of the Eastern States,” a regional survey of work by American designer-craftsmen; through Sunday, Jan. 5. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)
- MUSEUM OF EARLY AMERICAN FOLK ARTS**, 49 W. 53rd St.—“Toys and Amusements,” a display of objects from the early nineteenth century—large circus and carousel animals, circus posters, paintings, handmade articles, and manufactured toys; through March 1. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)
- MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART**, 15 W. 54th St.—“Art of Empire: The Inca of Peru,” an exhibit, drawn chiefly from collections here and abroad, consisting of silver and gold figurines, wood and stone carvings, featherwork garments, and textiles produced by the people of the Andean region of South America; through Feb. 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)
- NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY**, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A new installation of the Library's Berg Collection of manuscripts, letters, and other rarities of English and American literature. Among the items (selected from a total of 85,000) on view are several Virginia Woolf notebooks, a manuscript synopsis of Shaw's “Man and Superman,” and an 1855 copy of Walt Whitman's “Leaves of Grass.” (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)
- WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1963 Annual Exhibition of Contemporary American Painting, an invitation show, comprising a painting apiece by a hundred and forty-five artists, among them Helen Frankenthaler, Hans Hofmann, and Andrew Wyeth; through Feb. 2. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday evening, Jan. 2: “La Traviata,” with Joan Sutherland, Janis Martin, Flaviano Labò, and Mario Sereni. . . . Friday evening, Jan. 3: “The Magic Flute” (in English), with Leontyne Price, Gianna d'Angelo, Lynn Blair, John Alexander, David Ward, Morley Meredith, and William Walker. . . . Saturday matinée, Jan. 4: “Faust,” with Anna Moffo, Janis Martin, Barry Morell, Cesare Siepi, and Vladimir Ruzdak. . . . Saturday evening, Jan. 4: “Rigoletto,” with Roberta Peters, Mignon Dunn, Richard Tucker, Robert Merrill, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . Sunday eve-



A NEW KIND OF PARADISE IN HAWAII

discover the

*Kahala
Hilton*

it's a
heavenly world
of its own

by Peter Griffith

If you've always thought of a Hawaiian vacation in terms of Waikiki Beach, there's a surprise ahead for you. Between Diamond Head and Koko Head, 10 minutes from Waikiki, you'll discover Kahala, the luxury suburb of Honolulu. Here you'll find the new Kahala Hilton . . . a new kind of paradise, even for Hawaii.

A very private paradise

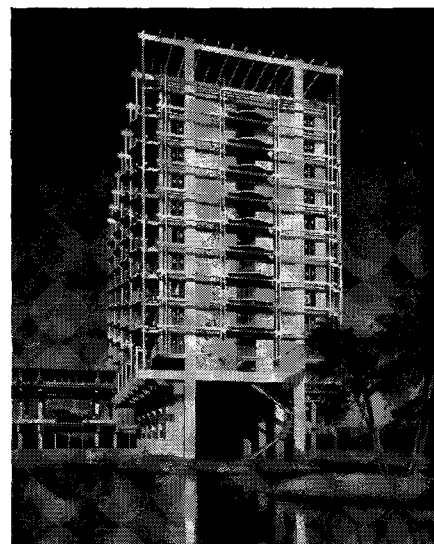
The Kahala Hilton's seven-acre estate is bordered on three sides by the golf course and tennis courts of the exclusive Waialae Country Club and on the fourth by Maunala Bay, with an 800-foot coral-free beach. There's that spectacular ocean for sailing, surfing, water-skiing, skin-diving and just plain old-fashioned swimming. Of course there's a swimming pool, too.

Epicurean delights

Start your evening with cocktails in the Maile Lounge . . . follow up with gourmet cuisine in the stately Maile Lanai dining room, where a fountain murmurs while you enjoy classic or exotic delicacies. Another time, try the Hala Terrace, where dining is a treat day or night. Whichever you choose, you'll find the chef is a genius, the

menu the equivalent of an international tour.

The dining room and the cocktail lounge (one of the nicest spots on the



island for dancing), are on the edge of a large lagoon stocked with exotic tropical fish. The bar overlooks the beach and the swimming pool.

All this and Hawaii, too

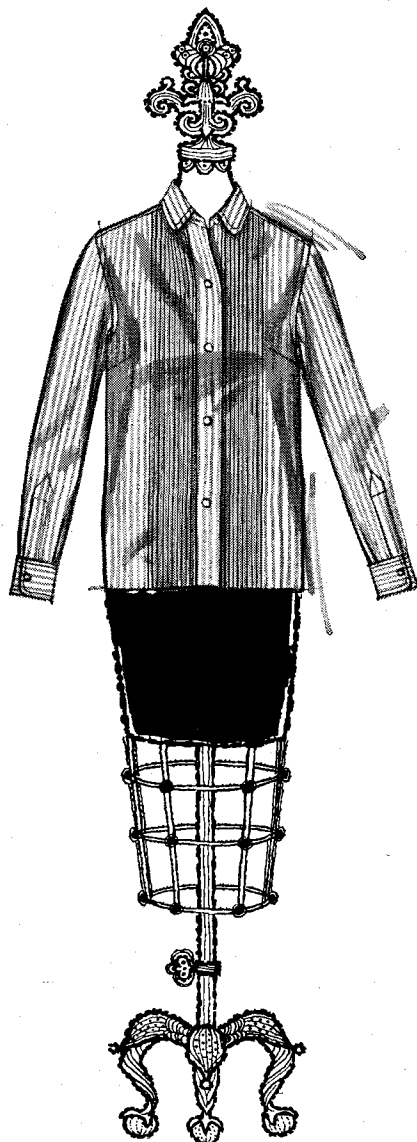
The Kahala Hilton is designed to pamper you with every luxury possible. The rooms and suites are over-sized, the furnishings and décor are more what you'd expect to find in a palatial home than in a hotel.

Naturally, with all this and Hawaii too, the Kahala Hilton costs a little more than ordinary resort hotels. But probably not as much more as you'd expect. Rates start at \$24 a day and go on up to \$150 for a luxurious suite. For reservations, see your travel agent or call any Hilton Hotel or Hilton Reservation Office. New York: LO 3-6900.

**GO INTERNATIONAL—WITH ALL
THE COMFORTS OF HILTON**



PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.



The Fine Line

Thin clear lines . . . too narrow to be stripes except when pressed together by the pin-tucks down the front. The VILLAGER® collector will recognize a rare quality of breeding in its *sotto voce* presence, unsurprising anywhere, from parties to paddocks. Fine shirting cotton, lined in Green, Red, or Blue. Sizes 8 to 16.

About eight dollars at good stores and college shops



1407 Broadway, New York

© THE VILLAGER INC., 1964 • MANNEQUIN DES. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ning, Jan. 5: Act I of "La Traviata," the first and second scenes from Act III of "Lucia di Lammermoor," and Act III of "La Sonnambula." With Joan Sutherland, Janis Martin, Jeanette Scovotti, Sándor Kónya, Richard Tucker, Nicolai Gedda, Giorgio Tozzi, and others (A benefit performance; for tickets, call TR 7-8281.)... ♪ Monday evening, Jan. 6 "La Traviata," with Mary Costa, Marcia Baldwin, Flaviano Labò, and Mario Sereni. ♪ Tuesday evening, Jan. 7: "La Bohème," with Lucine Amara, Jolanda Meneguzzi, Sándor Kónya, Theodor Uppman, Cesare Siepi, and Gerhard Pechner. ♪ Wednesday evening, Jan. 8: "La Sonnambula," with Joan Sutherland, Joy Clements, Janis Martin, John Alexander, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and John Macurdy. ♪ Thursday evening, Jan. 9: "Faust," with Dorothy Kirsten, Mildred Miller, Richard Verreau, George London, and Norman Mittelmann. ♪ Friday evening, Jan. 10: "Adriane auf Naxos," with Lucine Amara, Roberta Peters, Teresa Stratas, Sándor Kónya, Walter Cassel, Morley Meredith, Paul Franke, and Donald Gramm. ♪ Saturday matinée, Jan. 11: "La Traviata," with Joan Sutherland, Marcia Baldwin, Nicolai Gedda, and Mario Sereni. ♪ Saturday evening, Jan. 11: "Don Carlo," with Mary Curtis-Verna, Biserka Cvejic, Richard Tucker, Robert Merrill, Giorgio Tozzi, and David Ward. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 2-4, at 8:30, and Sunday, Jan. 5, at 3 (all with Zino Francescatti, violin); and Thursday, Jan. 9, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 10, at 2:15; Saturday, Jan. 11, at 8:30; and Sunday, Jan. 12, at 3 (all with Aaron Copland, piano).

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman directing a Bach-Schubert program, with Martina Arroyo, soprano; Frances Bible, mezzo-soprano; Alva Tripp, tenor; Thomas Paul, bass; and a chorus. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 4-5, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

MUNICIPAL CONCERTS CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Julius Grossman conducting, with William Kroll, violin. (Town Hall, Friday, Jan. 10, at 8:30.)

AMOR MUSICAE—Sterling Hunkins directing a performance of Handel's opera "Acis and Galatea" in concert form, plus a Bach harpsichord concerto, by the Seiber Chorale, the Kohon String Quartet, and several instrumentalists, with Karen Ranung, soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; and Norman Farrow, bass-baritone. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Jan. 11, at 8:30.)

VIENNA CHOIR BOYS—Uwe Mund directing two different programs. (Town Hall, Thursday, Jan. 9, at 8:30, and Saturday, Jan. 11, at 2:30.)

RECITALS

BUDAPEST STRING QUARTET—The final three in a series of six all-Mozart programs. Friday, Jan. 3, at 8:30: With Walter Trampler, viola. ♪ Tuesday, Jan. 7, at 8:30 (postponed from Nov. 22): With Walter Trampler, viola, and Myron Bloom, horn. ♪ Friday, Jan. 10, at 8:30: With Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)... ♪ A varied program, with Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano. The last in a series of programs. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Wednesday, Jan. 8, at 8:30.)

SHAKESPEARE QUATTRO-CENTENNIAL CONCERT—Music from Shakespeare's plays and time, performed by Beatrice Krebs, mezzo-contralto; John Langstaff, baritone; and the Stanley Buetens Lute Trio. (Town Hall, Friday, Jan. 3, at 8:30.)

NEW YORK STRING TRIO—Chamber music. (Town Hall, Sunday, Jan. 5, at 5:30.)

GRACE BUMBRY—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall, Sunday, Jan. 5, at 8:30.)

KARLHEINZ STOCKHAUSEN—Composer, in a lecture-recital entitled "The Development of Musical Form since 1951," with David Tudor, piano, and others. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. RE 7-8490. Monday, Jan. 6, at 8:40.)

RALPH KIRKPATRICK—Harpsichord, in a sonata recital. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. RE 7-8490. Tuesday, Jan. 7, at 8:40.)

LENOX QUARTET—With Eric Simon, clarinet; Loren Glickman, bassoon; Paul Ingraham, French horn, and Julius Levine, double bass. (Town Hall, Wednesday, Jan. 8, at 8:30.)

SZYMON GOLDBERG—Violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 11, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

TERESA BERGANZA—Mezzo-soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Jan. 11, at 8:30.)

NOTE—Malcolm Frager will give a piano recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Jan. 12, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Jan. 6, in the order written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

JAZZ CONCERT—The Orchestra U.S.A., conducted by Gunther Schuller and Harold Farberman, with Skitch Henderson, narrator. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Jan. 3, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—Knicks vs. Cincinnati. (Madison Square Garden, Saturday, Jan. 4, at 8:30.)

BOXING—José Torres vs. José Gonzalez, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden, Friday, Jan. 3. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)... ♪ Joe Shaw vs. Harold Richardson, welterweights, 10 rounds; and Bob McKinney vs. Wilhem von Homberg, light heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. LT 1-0845. Monday, Jan. 6. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 9:15 and 10.)

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Jan. 4, at 2: Rangers vs. Detroit. ♪ Sunday, Jan. 5, at 7: Rangers vs. Toronto.

INDOOR POLO—Two games (plus a spot of Rugby) every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

FOR CHILDREN

CONCERT—Siegfried Landau conducting the Brooklyn Philharmonia, with James Mathis, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 11, at 2:30.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the B. GAY PUPPETS: "The Emperor's New Clothes." (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Saturdays at 2.)... **NANCY COLE'S PUPPETS**: "Edmund, the Mouse-Tronaut," Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 2-5, at 1.... ♪ "Salut, Guignol!" and "Punch and Judy," Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 2-4, at 3. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave. at 13th St. OR 7-3070.)... **EXPLORE, INC.**: "Androcles and the Lion." (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. OX 7-5853. Saturdays at 11, 1, and 3, and Sundays at 1.)... **GRAMERCY ARTS CHILDREN'S THEATRE**: "Little Red Riding Hood." (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7738. Saturdays at 2 and 3:30, and Sundays at 1.)... **HILLTOP PRODUCTIONS**: "Hansel and Gretel." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.)... **MAXIMILLION PRODUCTIONS**: "Gabriel Ghost." (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MERRIMES**: "Pinocchio." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.)... **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN**: "The Prince and the Pauper." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays

BEST & CO.

Fifth Ave. at 51 St., N.Y. 22, N.Y.



The snow country

beckons fashionables who sport the latest in chic skiwear . . . such as our reversible parka of blue and white, toile print, Admiral birdcloth that reverses to solid blue. All cotton with cozy Kodol® polyester interlining. Sizes S-M-L. By Walter Jerome. **30.00**

Mail and phone orders filled—Plaza 9-2000
New York Store Only

and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . "Little Red Riding Hood." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, Jan. 5, at 2:30.) . . . PEPPER-MINT PLAYERS: "Aesop's Fables." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1.) . . . PICKWICK PUPPETS: "Long, Broad and Quick-Eye." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Thursday and Friday, Jan. 2-3, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 4, at 1:30 and 3; and Sunday, Jan. 5, at 2.) . . . STAGE 73: "The Absent-Minded Dragon." (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.) . . . UNICORN PLAYERS: "Robin in the Enchanted Forest." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturdays at 11.) . . . LEA WALLACE PUPPETS: "Hans Brinker; or, The Silver Skates." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Saturday, Jan. 4, at 1:30. For information about tickets, call LE 4-1672.)

MOVIES—A series of British films, performed by a cast of professional children. (34th Street East Theatre, 241 E. 34th St. MU 3-0255. Saturdays at 10.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archaeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . "Paintings of Christmas by children from many countries; through Sunday, Jan. 5. (Daily, except Saturday, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Galileo and the Stars," demonstrates Galileo's major astronomical discoveries. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

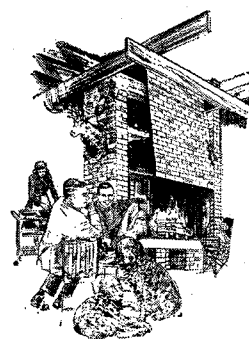
PRESIDENT JOHNSON—Delivering his State of the Union address to a joint session of Congress on Wednesday, Jan. 8, at 12:30. The speech will be carried by all major radio and television networks.

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

TREASURE OF TUTANKHAMEN—Thirty-three objects (nearly half of them in gold) lent by the Egyptian Museum, in Cairo, and including a miniature gold coffin, signet rings, amulets, and sculptures buried with the Pharaoh three thousand years ago. Through Jan. 15. An admission charge of seventy-five cents is being made for the preservation of the Abu Simbel temples. (Carnegie Endowment International Center, 345 E. 46th St. Daily, 11 to 7.)

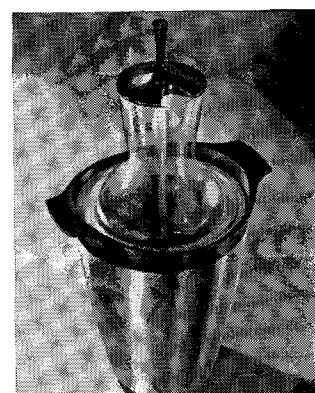
AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday and Friday, Jan. 2-3, at 1:45: French, English, and other furniture and decorations, porcelains and decorative art, engravings and lithographs, paintings and drawings, color prints, tapestries, and Oriental rugs; from several owners, among them Dr. Charles B. Penrose. . . . Saturday, Jan. 4, at 1:45: Aubusson, Bes-sarabian, needlepoint, Savonnerie, and other rugs, collected by Ohan Berberyan and others. . . . Thursday, Jan. 9, at 1:45: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Jean Dufy, Renoir, Matisse, and Maniship, together with a group of enamels by Rouault and a modern Aubusson tapestry; the property of Aizic Weinberg and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 4.

A&F

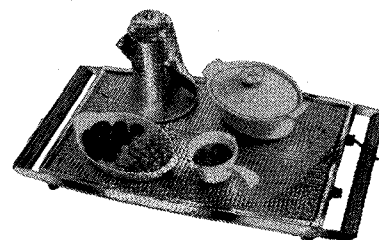


Easy Entertaining

These attractive, year-round conveniences from A&F will make your entertaining more carefree than ever.



Drink Cooler. Mix your favorite drink with ice cubes and cold-capsule will keep it ice-cold with the least dilution. Cold-capsule, container, pitcher, cover and stirrer. . . . **22.00**



"Hotrays." Ingenious radiant-heat glass trays keep foods warm, won't dry them out. Aluminum frames, walnut handles. 115v-AC.

Epicure. 26" X 13½" . . . **34.50**

Patio Master. 22" X 11" . . . **27.50**

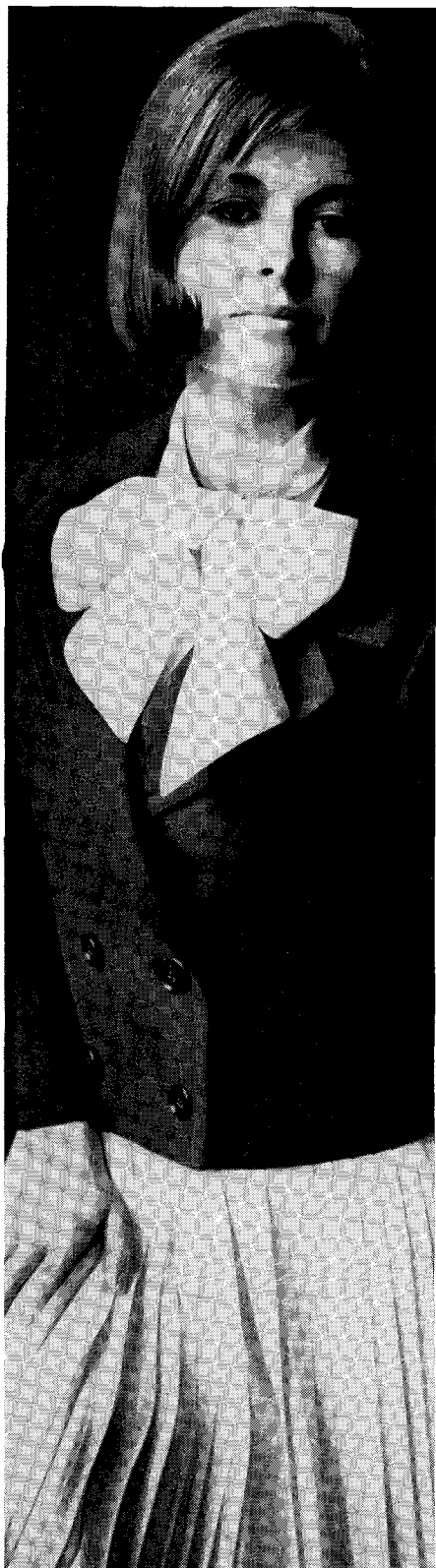
Gourmet. 18" X 9½" . . . **16.95**

Elite. 16" X 7½" . . . **9.95**

Come in, write or phone

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO
COLORADO SPRINGS SHORT HILLS
PALM BEACH SARASOTA



Only the look is priceless

Just about the freshest look going! Junior Accent brings it to perfection in crepe. Under the double-breasted blazer, a spirited, young pleated dress with little-girl bow. Celanese acetate, the beauty fiber, is the reason for this handsome crepe. Degen's rayon and acetate crepe. White with navy or black. Sizes 5 to 15. About \$55. At Bonwit Teller, N.Y. & branches; Bramson, Chi.—all stores; Nan Duskin, Phila.

Celanese
CONTEMPORARY FIBERS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

AMERICA—AMERICA—A beautiful and touching act of family piety by Elia Kazan, whose Greek ancestors appear to have been a determined and attractive lot. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

BILLY LIAR—An English comedy with Tom Courtenay, in which it turns out that honesty is the best policy but not much fun. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

CLEOPATRA—Oh, go ahead and see it. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE—An extremely comic, because ruthlessly reasonable, farce, in which it's demonstrated that if the only way out of an unhappy marriage is murder, then murder has much to be said for it. The setting is Sicily, the star of an exceptionally able cast is Marcello Mastroianni, and the director is Pietro Germi. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Jan. 8. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)

THE EASY LIFE—Vittorio Gassman depicts a good-looking rogue in eruption on the sunny seacoast of Italy. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

8½—A movie by a famous movie director, Federico Fellini, about a famous movie director engaged in making a movie and failing. Very fine. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through Jan. 7. . . . Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Jan. 8, tentative.)

HIGH AND LOW—A remarkably good thriller from Japan that has to do with a kidnapping and its consequences. Starring Toshiro Mifune and directed by Akira Kurosawa. (Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th, LT 1-1788; 34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD—A Cinerama comedy. Never have so many done so little with so much. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

LAWRENCE OF ARABIA—A rendering, in scenes of extraordinary natural beauty, of T. E. Lawrence's famous "Seven Pillars of Wisdom." Lawrence was a strange little Englishman who loved Arabia and fought to free it of the Turks, and it is this love that has been well celebrated here. The cast includes Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Anthony Quinn, and Anthony Quayle, and the director is David Lean. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

THE LIST OF ADRIAN MESSENGER—John Huston in top directing form in a nice, complicated thriller, with a cast that includes George C. Scott, Kirk Douglas, Clive Brook, Dana Wynter, and a number of passing stars in heavy disguise. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Jan. 8.)

MY NAME IS IVAN—This Russian movie concerning a twelve-year-old boy who acts as a spy against the Germans is shocking, sad, and frequently quite beautiful. It could have been perfect if only those responsible for the script had not tried quite so hard to convince us of the obvious—that war is undesirable. Kolya Burlaiev gives a wonderful performance in the title role, and Andrei Tarkovsky is credited with the effective direction. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting Jan. 8.)

THIS SPORTING LIFE—Professional Rugby is the sport under consideration in this savage English movie about a player who is unlucky in love. Richard Harris is splendid as the tragic hero, and so is Rachel Roberts, opposite him. Lindsay Anderson is responsible for the pretentious direction. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Jan. 5-7.)

TO BED . . . OR NOT TO BED—A pleasing Italian comedy, not at all like its title. With the great comedian Alberto Sordi. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, PL 1-1535.)

TOM JONES—A happy-go-lucky cartwheel of a comedy, based on Fielding but owing much of its success to the skill and high spirits of its director, Tony Richardson. With Albert Finney, Susannah York, Hugh Griffith, Joyce Redman, and many others. (Cinema-1, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

REVIVALS

A NOUS LA LIBERTÉ (1932)—René Clair deals with prison life and factory life, which seem to be similar. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 3-6.)

THE BALCONY (1963)—Taken from the savage comedy by Jean Genet and acted by Peter Falk, Shelley Winters, and Lee Grant. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Jan. 4.)

CITY LIGHTS (1931)—The old familiar Chaplin, plus a blind flower girl and an alcoholic millionaire. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

DAVID AND LISA (1962)—A survey of adolescent schizophrenia. Keir Dullea, Janet Margolin, and Howard Da Silva. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Jan. 4.)

HAMLET (1948)—Laurence Olivier is the melancholy Dane in this English picture. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 2.)

JULES AND JIM (1962)—A French study of an unprincipled and desirable woman and how she rewards the men who love her. With Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner, and directed by François Truffaut. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; through Jan. 6.)

LOLITA (1962)—A comedy centering on a middle-aged professor and a sexy adolescent. James Mason, Peter Sellers, Shelley Winters, and Sue Lyon. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Jan. 7. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)

THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN (1956)—A kind of Oriental Western, directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; and Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Jan. 7.)

MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY (1954)—A romp at a seaside resort, with Jacques Tati. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 2.)

RICHARD III (1956)—Shakespeare's chronicle of the last of the Plantagenets. An English film, with Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, and Claire Bloom. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 3-6.)

SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER (1962)—François Truffaut directed this French movie about a pianist in a Paris café. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; through Jan. 6.)

TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND (1949)—Some Scots and a wartime whiskey shortage. An English comedy, with Basil Radford. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 3-6.)

TWO WOMEN (1961)—An Italian movie about a young widow who flees wartime Rome with her daughter. Sophia Loren, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Eleanora Brown. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Jan. 7. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)

UMBERTO D. (1955)—Vittorio De Sica's sad account of the twilight of an aged government pensioner. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Jan. 7.)

VIRODIA (1962)—Luis Buñuel's examination of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. A Spanish picture. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Jan. 7.)

THE WRONG ARM OF THE LAW (1963)—Hanky-panky in the London underworld. Peter Sellers and Lionel Jeffries. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Jan. 5-7.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—The auditorium, now closed for repairs, will reopen in May.

THE MOVIE HOUSES



THE BROADWAY AREA

- ASTOR**, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Move Over, Darling," Doris Day, James Garner.
- CRITERION**, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"The Victors," George Peppard, George Hamilton.
- DEMLLE**, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"The Cardinal," Tom Tryon, Romy Schneider. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)
- FORUM**, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Love on a Pillow," Brigitte Bardot, Robert Hossein.
- LOEW'S CINERAMA**, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Best of Cinerama," a film composed of excerpts from the first five Cinerama movies. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)
- MUSIC HALL**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Charade," Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn.
- NEW EMBASSY**, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Not Tonight, Henry," Hank Henry.
- PALACE**, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"The Sword in the Stone," a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.
- PARAMOUNT**, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"4 for Texas," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin.
- RIVOLI**, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CLEOPATRA.
- STATE**, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Love with the Proper Stranger," Natalie Wood, Steve McQueen.
- TOHO CINEMA**, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
HIGH AND LOW (in Japanese).
- VICTORIA**, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Who's Been Sleeping in My Bed?," Dean Martin, Elizabeth Montgomery.
- WARNER CINERAMA**, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD.

EAST SIDE

- ART**, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Any Number Can Win" (in French), Jean Gabin, Alain Delon.
- NEW CHARLES**, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; no afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)
Through Jan. 7: *LOLITA*, revival; and *TWO WOMEN* (in Italian), revival.
From Jan. 8: *DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE* (in Italian); and "Throne of Blood" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune.
- ACADEMY OF MUSIC**, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
"Kings of the Sun," Yul Brynner, George Chakiris.
- GRAMERCY**, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Jan. 7: "Under the Yum Yum Tree," Jack Lemmon, Carol Lynley.
From Jan. 8: *THE LIST OF ADRIAN MESSENGER*; and "Women of the World," a documentary film.
- KIPS BAY**, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Jan. 8 (tentative): *8½* (in Italian).
- MURRAY HILL**, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Love with the Proper Stranger," Natalie Wood, Steve McQueen.
- 34TH ST. EAST**, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
HIGH AND LOW (in Japanese).
- TRANS-LUX 52ND ST.**, Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"4 for Texas," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin.
- SUTTON**, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Victors," George Peppard, George Hamilton.
- TRANS-LUX EAST**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Act One," George Hamilton, Jason Robards, Jr.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				2	3	4
5	6	7	8			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST
APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED
ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

- R.K.O. 58TH ST.**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Jan. 7: "Mary, Mary," Debbie Reynolds, Barry Nelson; and "The Raiders," Robert Culp.
From Jan. 8: "Women of the World," a documentary film; and "Fury at Smugglers Bay," Peter Cushing.
- FINE ARTS**, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Love on a Pillow" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Robert Hossein.
- PLAZA**, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
CITY LIGHTS, revival.
- BARONET**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
BILLY LIAR.
- CORONET**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
TO BED... OR NOT TO BED (in Italian and Swedish).
- CINEMA I**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
TOM JONES.
- CINEMA II**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Ladybug Ladybug," Christopher Howard.
- BEEKMAN**, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.
- 68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala.
- TOWER EAST**, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Fantasia," revival, a Walt Disney film.
- 72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Who's Been Sleeping in My Bed?," Dean Martin, Elizabeth Montgomery.
- TRANS-LUX 85TH ST.**, Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Move Over, Darling," Doris Day, James Garner.
- R.K.O. 86TH ST.**, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Jan. 7: "Mary, Mary," Debbie Reynolds, Barry Nelson; and "The Raiders," Robert Culp.
From Jan. 8: "Women of the World," a documentary film; and "Fury at Smugglers Bay," Peter Cushing.
- ORPHEUM**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Jan. 7: "Under the Yum Yum Tree," Jack Lemmon, Carol Lynley.
From Jan. 8: "A New Kind of Love," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward; and "To Catch a Thief," revival, Cary Grant, Grace Kelly.

WEST SIDE

- BLEECKER ST. CINEMA**, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Through Jan. 6: *JULES AND JIM* and *SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER* (both in French and both revivals).
From Jan. 7: *THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN* (in Japanese), revival; and *VIRODIA* (in Spanish), revival.
- WAYERLY**, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Jan. 4: *DAVID AND LISA*, revival; and *THE BALCONY*, revival.
Jan. 5-7: *THIS SPORTING LIFE*; and *THE WRONG ARM OF THE LAW*, revival.
From Jan. 8: To be announced.
- 8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE**, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
HIGH AND LOW (in Japanese).
- 5TH AVE. CINEMA**, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Hallelujah the Hills," Peter H. Beard.

- SHERIDAN**, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Jan. 7: "Under the Yum Yum Tree," Jack Lemmon, Carol Lynley; and "The Swingin' Maiden," Michael Craig.
From Jan. 8: "A New Kind of Love," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward; and "To Catch a Thief," revival, Cary Grant, Grace Kelly.
- GREENWICH**, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Jan. 7: "Take Her, She's Mine," James Stewart, Sandra Dee; and "30 Years of Fun," excerpts from various silent movies.
From Jan. 8: *MY NAME IS IVAN* (in Russian); and "Fiasco in Milan" (in Italian), revival, Vittorio Gassman, Claudia Cardinale.
- R.K.O. 23RD ST.**, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Jan. 7: "Mary, Mary," Debbie Reynolds, Barry Nelson; and "The Raiders," Robert Culp.
From Jan. 8: "Women of the World," a documentary film; and "Fury at Smugglers Bay," Peter Cushing.
- GUILD**, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Three Lives of Thomasina," Patrick McGeehan.
- FESTIVAL**, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
THE EASY LIFE (in Italian).
- 57TH ST. NORMANDIE**, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Jan. 6 (tentative): "Under the Yum Yum Tree," Jack Lemmon, Carol Lynley.
From Jan. 7: To be announced.
- LITTLE CARNEGIE**, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"The War of the Buttons" (in French), with a cast of children.
- CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA**, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Der Rosenkavalier," a Salzburg Festival performance, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Anneliese Rothenberger. (Nightly at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)
- PARIS**, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
AMERICA AMERICA.
- LOEW'S 83RD ST.**, B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Jan. 7: "Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala; and "The Impersonator," John Crawford.
From Jan. 8: "A New Kind of Love," Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward; and "To Catch a Thief," revival, Cary Grant, Grace Kelly.
- NEW YORKER**, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Jan. 2: *HAMLET*, revival; and *MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY*, revival.
Jan. 3-6: *RICHARD III*, revival; and *TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND*, revival.
Jan. 7-8: "Confidential Agent," revival, Charles Boyer, Lauren Bacall; and "Special Agent," revival, Bette Davis, George Brent.
- SYMPHONY**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Jan. 7: "Mary, Mary," Debbie Reynolds, Barry Nelson; and "The Happy Road," revival, Gene Kelly.
From Jan. 8: "Women of the World," a documentary film; and "Kill or Cure," revival, Terry-Thomas.
- THALIA**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Jan. 2: "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn; and "One Summer of Happiness" (in Swedish), revival, Ulla Jacobsson, Folke Sundquist.
Jan. 3-6: *À NOUS LA LIBERTÉ* (in French), revival; and "The Captain from Koepenick" (in German), revival, Heinz Ruhmann.
From Jan. 7: *UMBERTO D.* (in Italian), revival; and *THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN* (in Japanese), revival.
- MIDTOWN**, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Jan. 7: *8½* (in Italian).
From Jan. 8: *MY NAME IS IVAN* (in Russian); and "Fiasco in Milan" (in Italian), revival, Vittorio Gassman, Claudia Cardinale.

SUPER-ROYAL CREAM

Nature's most mysterious gift to Beauty



Mysterious because Royal Jelly has always defied complete analysis—
but a wonderful gift to beauty for the countless women
who have experienced its beautifying effect on their skins.

Germaine Monteil



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE arrived home well after dark on the evening of last week's first snowstorm. Snow had fallen thickly and silently all through the afternoon, cooling the city's long fever of Christmas buying, softening the patient's harsh mutterings. Buses munched along the uptown avenues, throwing up rich waves of slush and exhaust fumes, and the storefronts of neighborhood delicatessens and dry-cleaning establishments cast cherry-bright designs on the white sidewalks. As we turned into our street, one shoe full of freezing snow and our shoulders aching with the final armload of packages, we discovered a party of gravediggers at work directly in front of our brownstone walkup. Three men stood in the classic attitude of their calling, heads down and shovels at rest, watching a fourth, who was wielding a pick; the fissured layer of snow on their caps and shoulders looked like old sheep's wool. The man at work



had already carved out a neat black rectangle next to the curb. As we approached, his pick rose and fell in the darkness, a spark sprang up from the frozen concrete, and his accompanying "Huh!" came out in a little cloud of vapor. We decided that it was unlikely that a grave was being dug right at our doorstep, but other unpleasant possibilities suggested themselves. A congealed water pipe? A leaking gas main? A major construction site?

We stopped beside the workmen and asked, "What's the trouble?"

The pickman straightened up, and the three other men looked at us tolerantly. "No trouble," one of them said,

"No trouble at all." The group exchanged smiles.

"Well, what is going on?" we inquired.

"We're planting a tree," said the man with the pick. "Nothing to worry about." He jerked his head in the direction of a nearby truck, and then we saw that it had a tree lying in the back. It was horizontal, fast asleep in its burlap swaddlings.

"You're working awfully late, aren't you?" we said, still not believing in this municipal miracle. "And it's a funny time for tree-planting."

"This is our last job today," said one. "We plant trees for the City—all over town. We got slowed up by the weather. We'll be going home after this one."

Late that night, we were awakened by a party of revellers in the street. They were singing the "Marseillaise," faking the words of the hard middle part. We got out of bed and stuck our head out the window. The snow had stopped, and the white roofs of parked cars below looked like a small range of mountain foothills. The singers turned the corner and disappeared, and an immense, listening silence descended. It was broken by a slow clapping of hoofs, and two mounted policemen came up the block, headed home to the Armory. The policemen talked in low voices, and the horses blew great puffs of vapor into the cold night air. Then we saw the new tree, directly under our window. It was upright now, planted, and neatly trussed with wire cables to two sentry stakes. It wasn't much of a tree—a thin cluster of upraised fingers, more stripling than sapling. We couldn't even venture an identification; it was just another city tree. But it was unquestionably ours, and its narrow branches, frosted with a skin of ice that reflected gleams from the street lamp across the way, held within them the promise of a benevolent change, the brush of dusty green leaves in the heat of a city summer. We went

back to bed and fell asleep thinking about the year to come.

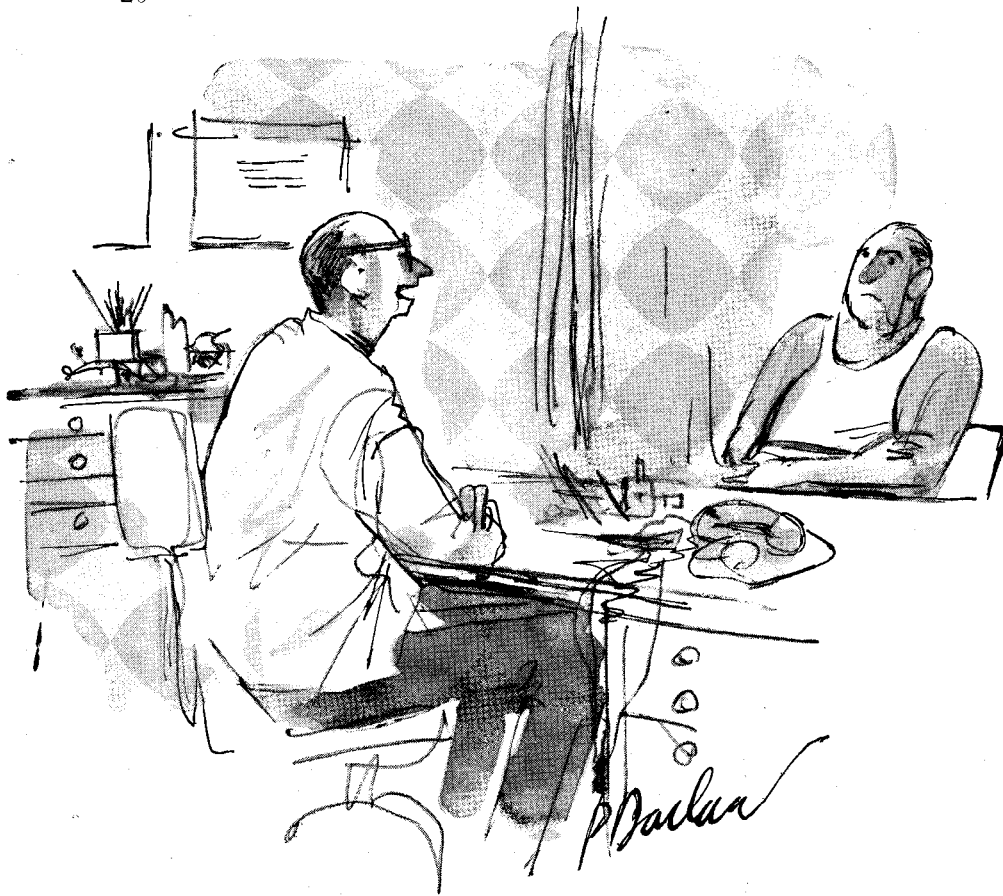
The Cat Show

ONE pre-Christmas night, in order to get out of the cold, we stopped in at the New York Trade Show Building and went to a cat show. Cardboard signs in the lobby directed us to the second floor, where hundreds of cats had been brought for display and competition by the Atlantic Cat Club, the Knickerbocker Cat Club, and the Long Island Cat Breeders Club, three subsidiaries of the Cat Fanciers Federation. According to the catalogue, whose cover was decorated with a drawing of a deranged-looking white cat sticking its head through a holly wreath, all cats were eligible for some sort of competition unless they happened to be sick or pregnant.

Opposite the elevators on the second floor were two tables, one covered with plates of aging cat food and the other with sandwiches and coffee for sale, at modest prices, to exhibitors and visitors. A woman standing in the entrance to



the exhibit hall was telling a friend that she had made the dress she was wearing, which had a pattern of cats' heads around the hem. Inside the hall, we noticed a cat's cage lined with the same material. We wandered up and down the aisles, past cages filled with sturdy cats of various colors, shapes, and lengths of hair, and decorated with ribbons and rosettes awarded to the inmates for combinations of virtues that included correct eye shape and proper size and bone structure. Cats in the long-hair division are expected to have short tails, the catalogue informed us, while the tails of



"I'm afraid Blue Cross doesn't recognize 'pooped.'"

Abyssinians ought to be "fairly long" and "unusually thick at the base." In a Manx, "taillessness must be absolute." In a Siamese, crossed eyes and a receding chin are undesirable.

All the cats except those with particularly nasty or voluptuous expressions looked good to us. Some of them were labelled as being apt to bite and others as being for sale; most of them, like their owners, or fanciers, seemed exhausted by the show, which was in its second, and final, day. Members of the C.F.F., mostly women dressed in dilapidated smocks and skirts or slacks, were sitting dazedly in front of their cats' cages, or pacing restlessly as they waited for their numbers to be called for the final rounds of competition. We sat in on one of the long-hair finals, and were quick to congratulate the woman next to us when she shrieked with delight at learning that her entry had won the rosette for Second-Best Cat.

As we were leaving, we passed an artist who was sketching from life a cat in a cage that was furnished with a carpet, a Christmas tree with presents under it, and an upholstered armchair.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE: The biographical questionnaires sent to candidates for *Who's Who in the*

American Theatre have spaces for the listing of up to seven spouses.

The Canaday Affair

OUR attention has been called to a letter that appeared recently in the *Times*:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK TIMES:

In John Canaday's account of the Museum of Modern Art's acquisition of Matisse's "Dance" he states that the picture was painted as a study for the version of the same subject commissioned by the Russian collector Serge I. Shchukin, an error unfortunately picked up by the headline writer.

Actually, the Shchukin picture was commissioned after Shchukin saw the version now at the Museum of Modern Art. Hence the museum's new acquisition may have become a study for the later version but was not painted as one, as in fact the remainder of Mr. Canaday's article makes clear.

It may be a fine point, but when I write mystery novels, I write more carefully than that.

MATTHEW HEAD.

John Canaday is the art critic and art-news editor of the *Times*, and he and Matthew Head, we have just been told, are one and the same. This intramural joke was revealed to us by a devotee of mystery novels, who said, "Canaday has written seven murder

mysteries under the nom de plume of Matthew Head, and I've read every one of them. They're well written and psychologically interesting—whydunits rather than whodunits. The first one was 'The Smell of Money,' in which a young art professor takes a summer job as a kind of painter-in-residence, teacher of painting, and extra man at a rich woman's place in the country. It has *two* murders."

We immediately went over to see Mr. Canaday in the newsroom of the *Times*, and he confirmed the joke. "I wrote 'The Smell of Money' in 1942, when I was teaching art at the University of Virginia," he said. "I'd been painting for several years, but I'd decided to retire as a painter, and I had just held a campus sale of my work at which I charged the cost of my materials plus a wage of thirty-five cents an hour. This came to a dollar up. Everything was sold—mostly to the faculty. I felt under a necessity to direct my creative impulses elsewhere, and I thought of murder novels as a vehicle. I had never read any mysteries, so my wife and I proceeded to read fifty in a row. I wasn't satisfied with them; they didn't tell enough about the two chief characters—the murderer and the murderee. The murderee was generally killed off so early in the game that you didn't get to know him, and the convention demanding that the identity of the murderer be concealed meant that you really didn't know *him*, either. In 'The Smell of Money,' the first murder doesn't occur until the book is a third over, and the second murder takes place at the end. I wrote the whole book in three weeks, working from eight at night until three or four in the morning, and sent it to Simon & Schuster. They accepted it, as an Inner Sanctum mystery, and suggested additions that took me four days more. They told me it was the second book they had ever published that had been sent in cold. I didn't want to sign it with my own name, because I didn't know whether it would be a success, and if it wasn't a success I didn't want my name on it. I thought if it wasn't a success the university authorities might take a dim view of it. Also, I wanted to save my own name for writing about art, which I began doing later. I picked the name Matthew Head because I once knew a beautiful girl called Beverly Head and because I thought the combination of Matthew and Head looked faintly sinister."

Mr. Canaday, who looks faintly sinister himself, told us that "The Smell of Money" sold seven thousand copies in the trade edition and was succeeded by

six more Inner Sanctum mysteries—"The Devil in the Bush" (1945), "The Accomplice" (1947), "The Cabinda Affair" (1949), "The Congo Venus" (1950), "Another Man's Life" (1953), and "Murder at the Flea Club" (1955). "They've earned me from two thousand to five thousand dollars apiece," he said. "One has been translated into French, two have been published in England, and they've gone into paperbacks here and in England, Australia, Mexico, and the Argentine. Avon is now reprinting them all, in a series. They're largely autobiographical, except for the murders. 'The Smell of Money' is based on a couple of summers I spent in the early nineteen-thirties—I was just out of the Yale School of Fine Arts—teaching painting to a rich old lady who lived in Ossining. I had a house on her estate all to myself. I changed the scene to San Francisco and made the hero a Harvard man. Three of the others, with Congo settings, are based on nine months I spent in the Belgian Congo in 1943 on a Board of Economic Warfare mission to procure strategic commodities. I subsequently joined the Marines, but that bore no literary fruit; the experience was too impersonal. They were all great fun to write."

We asked Mr. C. why he had abandoned Mr. H. after 1955, and he replied that he'd been too busy with other things. "Around 1952, when I was head of the school of art of Newcomb College, at Tulane University, the late Francis Henry Taylor, then director of the Metropolitan Museum, came down to New Orleans on a lecture tour, and I piloted him around," he said. "I know you," Taylor kept saying, although we'd never met before. It turned out he was a murder-mystery fan and had seen my picture, as Matthew Head, on the jacket of 'The Cabinda Affair.' Well, a few years later, when I was chief of the Division of Education of the Philadelphia Museum of Art, and the Met wanted someone to write some bro-

chures on art—the Museum called them Miniatures—Taylor said to Marshall Davidson, who was then its editor of publications and is now the managing editor of Horizon Books, 'I forget his real name, but there's a mystery writer who used to be at Tulane and calls himself Matthew Head who might do one.' Mr. Davidson followed up this suggestion, with the result that Taylor, ironically, murdered Matthew Head. Canaday turned out four Miniatures and went on to write a twenty-four-part series of portfolios called Metropolitan Seminars in Art, which was published by the Metropolitan Museum and distributed by the Book-of-the-Month Club;

over two hundred and fifty thousand subscriptions to the Seminars have been sold, grossing more than ten million dollars. (Their author was paid seven hundred and fifty dollars a Seminar for the first twelve and a thousand dollars for the second twelve, and he receives a diminutive royalty.) In 1959, Canaday joined the *Times* as art critic, having been recommended for the post by, among others, James J. Rorimer, Taylor's successor at the Met. "The *Times* takes up most of my time, and while here I've also published three books on art history and art criticism, which pay better than mystery novels," Canaday said. "The advance on the last



"First you work things out with Khrushchev, then you work things out with Castro, and then, before you know it, you're working things out with Mao. By God, I say you've got to draw the line somewhere!"

one, 'Keys to Art,' enabled me and my wife to go to Egypt last March. The market seems to absorb any number of books on art. I'm now working on a fourth."

We asked Mr. Canaday whether his epistolary joke had attracted much extramural notice, and he said, "It attracted a furious letter from a man in Philadelphia who happened to know that Head was Canaday. He said it was punk humor. Would you like to know my favorite *short* Matthew Head passage?"

We said yes.

He reached into his desk, pulled out a copy of "Murder at the Flea Club," opened it to page 196, and read, "If he'd had to choose between wearing the wrong dinner jacket and committing a felony, he'd have gone to pieces without arriving at a decision."

Literal

TAPE-WATCHERS at a local broker's office, we've been informed by a Wall Street man we know, have thought up a game to while away the slower moments of uneventful days. What they do is keep their eyes open for interesting chance juxtapositions of stock symbols on the tape. For instance:

CLA SH, for Colonial Corporation of America and Schenley Industries.

URB AN, for Uris Buildings Corporation and Air Reduction Company.

HI DOC, for Harris-Intertype and Dr. Pepper Company.

First prize so far is held by someone who spotted AWK WAR D, for American Water Works, Warner Company, and Douglas Aircraft.

Science Class

UP at Columbia's School of Engineering and Applied Science, eighteen space-age scholars, most of them nine years old or thereabouts, are whizzing through an experimental course called Science I. Under the aegis of the school's Joint Program for Technical Education, they meet on Saturday mornings for long, lusty confrontations with concepts and hypotheses usually reserved for older, calmer brains, and anyone who has ever been set right on the subject of relativity by a smug offspring or been corrected on an astrophysical assumption by an amused nephew will no doubt appreciate the way we felt at the prospect of a session with

these particularly alarming sprites. Harry Milgrom, the man in charge of elementary science education for the New York City school system, presides over the Science I experiment for Columbia, and it was at his suggestion that we finally decided to brave a class in static electricity a couple of Saturdays ago. Arriving uptown at ten, we were met by Mr. Milgrom—a trim, graying Long Islander wearing a green plaid jacket and that look of slightly harassed benignity common to educators of the very young—at the door of his classroom, the advanced-engineering-mechanics lab.

"Looks like snow, but nothing ever keeps these kids away," Milgrom observed, leading the way past a giant dynamometer, around a combustion chamber, and into a corner of the laboratory, where his charges—fifteen boys and three girls—were sitting at a long, low table, nimbly producing electrical charges through various ingenious juxtapositions of torn tissue paper, strips of acetate, aluminum pie plates, and plastic spoons.

"The picture of these kids discovering the whys of electrical charge by working their own way through problems, using the most basic, familiar household objects as their scientific tools, just about sums up the idea behind this class," said Mr. Milgrom, who has been teaching and administering science for nearly thirty years. "Every youngster here gets treated as a highly competent student—old enough to cope with science and scientific techniques, and, most important, old enough to have a great deal of faith in his ability to think." He paused to shake hands with Richard Plaut, Jr., the director of freshman admissions for the engineering school, who had strolled in to say hello.

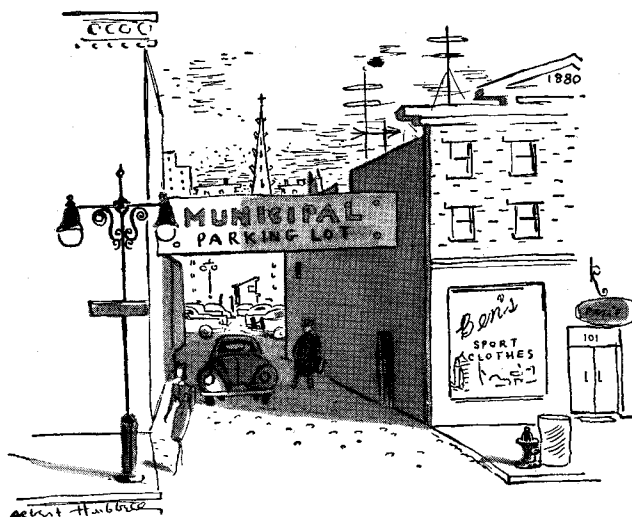
Mr. Plaut, a tall young man in a dark-gray suit, told us that, as an assist-

ant director of the Joint Program for Technical Education ("Joint with anybody who wants to be joint with us"), he had interviewed and selected all the students for Science I, which is now in its second year. "I asked them 'Why does an astronaut stay in orbit?'" he went on. "I wasn't looking for the right answer, needless to say. I just wanted to see how they approached and tackled the problem of thinking something through." He smiled, and added, "The girls were no trouble, but whenever I sent a notice of admission to a boy, I enclosed a pledge to come to class faithfully and resist any temptation to stay home and play ball. One youngster wrote back saying he couldn't promise that. He asked that his application be withdrawn."

We wondered what had become of the first Science I class, and asked Plaut. He thereupon guided us around a steam-turbine experimenter and down to the far end of the laboratory, where we encountered the old boys from Science I—men of ten and eleven now—poring intently over a table piled with seeds. "Science II," Plaut said, with pride. "They're on botany now, studying with David Dragoon, a colleague of Mr. Milgrom's from the Board of Ed. This week is lima beans, I think."

We waved a greeting to Mr. Dragoon, who was drawing bean-gene charts on a blackboard, and made our way back to Science I. A wiry ten-year-old, wearing chinos, a surpassingly collegiate Shetland sweater, and a name tag that proclaimed him to be Gabriel Warren, remarked nonchalantly that if we cared to join him, he would give us the poop on static electricity. We sat down next to Gabriel, who had taped his plastic spoon to the edge of his pie plate to form a handle, and was now rubbing his strip of acetate with the back of his hand. "Watch this," he commanded, holding

up the pie plate by its new handle. He carefully laid the charged acetate on top of the pie plate, touched the plate with a finger, just as carefully removed the acetate, and then guided the pie plate slowly toward his nose. We heard a sharp crackle. "That was electricity. Everything's got it," Gabriel explained. He stopped to jot down this insight in a large Columbia University notebook, under the meticulously hand-printed heading "An Investigation of Static Electricity." Then, having charged the acetate with his hand again, he held it





"Take away her heart of gold and what have you got?"

over his hair, which rose on end. "Electricity," he repeated, with emphasis.

"Say, Gabe, did that first thing give you a shock on the nose?" a young man whose name tag read "Michael Flamm" inquired.

"Sure it did," replied Gabe, as modestly as was possible under the circumstances.

"Well, then, I'm going to give some shock to my mother when I get home," Michael confided to us. "She doesn't know a darn thing about electricity."

Mr. Milgrom, meanwhile, was walking around the table and chatting with each scientist in turn about his particular findings. Jonathan Baum, a merry, bite-size young man in cowboy clothes, announced that he had just ascertained beyond any doubt that electricity flows. Milgrom called the class to attention to hear Jonathan's report, and Jonathan informed them that he had charged *one* side of his acetate strip and then had stuck it to the pie plate by its *other* side. "Can you beat that?" Jonathan concluded.

Milgrom moved on to Kevin Sanders, who was busy waving a piece of charged acetate over his head. "Hey, you can feel the hair being lifted!" Kevin shrieked. He then grabbed his neighbor, who was a girl and had considerably more hair than most members of the class, and repeated the experiment on her. "Yes, I can feel it lift, too," the girl solemnly reported to her colleagues. They wrote down her observations, and afterward argued several rather reckless theories of electric wind until class broke for cookies and juice.

"Notice how the kids do all their own experimenting," Milgrom said, passing us a cup of orange juice. "They discover concepts, and test concepts, this way. They're living through the experience of science; they're involving themselves deeply in what they learn. *That's* how great educational impact occurs—by figuring your way through an experiment, not by watching it as if it were some sort of magic trick."

"Say, Mr. Milgrom," said Gabriel, who had returned to his seat with a fistful of Fig Newtons. "My acetate won't charge any more."

"Well, Gabe, what do you suppose caused that?" Mr. Milgrom asked.

"Sweat?" Gabe ventured.

"Naw, dirt," Michael said.

"Now, gentlemen, why don't you test each hypothesis until you find the answer? In science, we never jump to conclusions," Milgrom said, and before he had finished speaking, the two boys were on their way to the laboratory's heating-system vent to dry their hands in the stream of hot air and test the sweat theory.

HANDWRITTEN message found by a California woman in a package containing a room-spray device, purchased at I. Magnin & Co.:

DEAR MRS. M—:

If you have trouble with this, please take it apart and put it together again.

FOR SPACIOUS SKIES AND AMPLE WAVES OF GREEN

WASHINGTON THERE has certainly been no lack of pessimism here during the Apollo program's past twelve years of trial and error. However, Washington was caught off guard this week when, on the eve of what was to be the first U.S.-Soviet joint man-shot to the moon, the American astronaut B. D. (Duke) Denison refused to travel with the Soviet spaceman until he could be guaranteed that the Russian would get no share of his *Life* magazine contract. Observers were, of course, puzzled about why such an important element of policy had not been previously negotiated, for *Life* has permitted the National Aeronautics and Space Administration almost unlimited contact with the astronauts. But even more surprising was the fact that Premier Khrushchev immediately instructed the business agents representing the Soviet spaceman to hold out for a quite sizable cut of the contract, arguing that the Soviet Union

is, after all, providing the rocket, and has, under *Life* supervision, constructed the launching pad at the Manned Space Center in Houston.

Those who have been opposed to the Treaty of Houston since it was signed by the United States, the Soviet Union, and *Life* nine years ago are, predictably, pointing to the current impasse as proof that the Russians cannot be trusted. But to most observers here the crisis appears to be financial rather than ideological. It should have been clear that space matters were moving in this direction as long ago as 1967, when the three-year-old Gemini program was scrapped rather suddenly by the astronauts' business manager, Everett H. Slade. At the time, Mr. Slade—the New York attorney who set up the original astronauts' corporation, Seven Patriots, Inc.—testified as follows during a one-day Senate Space Subcommittee investigation of the program's cancellation:

SENATOR: Am I to understand, Mr.

Slade, that you have vetoed the scientists' plans for further flights under the Gemini program?

SLADE: That is correct, Senator. I cannot permit my clients to go up in one of those things one more time this year.

SENATOR: You mean because of the danger?

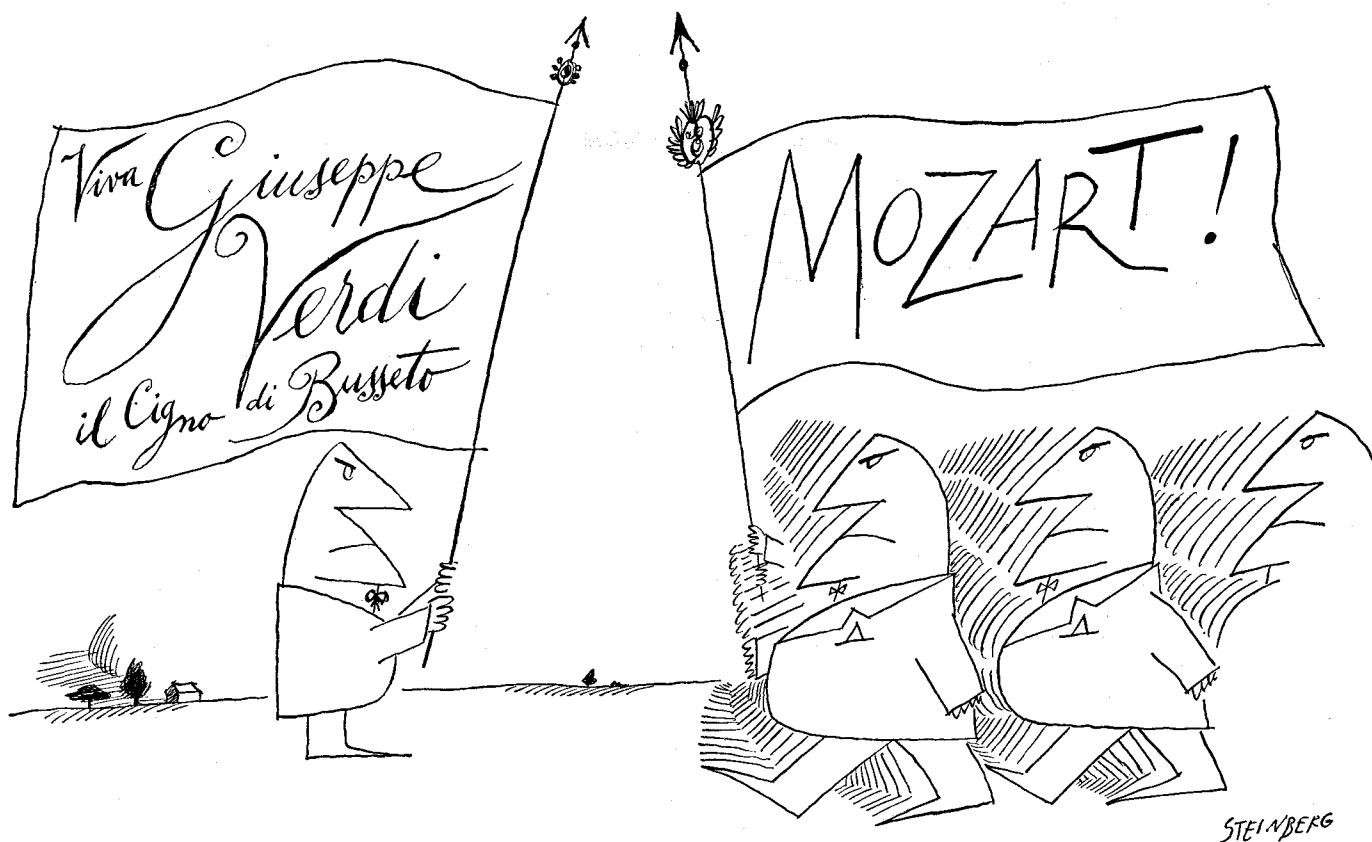
SLADE: No, sir, because of the taxes. Another Gemini flight this year—by the time you figure in articles, speeches, record albums, cigarette endorsements, astronauts' sweatshirts, motels, banks—why, my clients would be in a ruinous tax bracket. As it is, we give their regular service salaries to charity for a tax reduction. With all due respect, Senator, it is my opinion that if an American makes a patriotic sacrifice for his country he ought to be able to do so without the government taking most of it back in taxes.

To those familiar with the immense holdings of Seven Patriots, Inc., today, Mr. Slade's concern at that time with such minor interests as sweatshirts and motels seems almost quaint, and the real unanswered question in Washington this week is why he would hold up the space program by quibbling over a contract that could hardly represent more than a tiny percentage of his clients' annual income. Many

people here believe that the current delay may have been ordered by lower-level Seven Patriots executives without Mr. Slade's knowledge, since Mr. Slade himself has been increasingly occupied with the parent corporation, General Heroics, which he founded during the Carnegie, Pennsylvania, coal-mine cave-in in 1965. After fourteen days of digging, it may be remembered, the Carnegie rescue workers finally reached four trapped miners and discovered that Mr. Slade and representatives of all three major television networks had somehow made their way to the entombed men and, at the time of the rescue, were deep in negotiations for exclusive rights to the miners' story. Since then, General Heroics has swallowed up Seven Patriots, Inc., and has diversified enough to have handled the exclusive story rights of several prom-



"Kupperman, I want your department to come up with some statistics showing we're leading in something."



inent escaped dictators; three of the most bitterly repentant American turn-coats to return from North Vietnam; famed Rumanian athlete Mryzrag Mlzescu, who recently defected to the West with all surviving members of the 1936 Rumanian court-tennis team; and, during natural disasters, countless sets of grief-stricken parents. Mr. Slade has become something of a national figure himself—he recently received the Freedom of the Press Award from the American Newspaper Publishers Association and a special Public Affairs Through Private Enterprise Emmy from the National Academy of Television Arts and Sciences—and there are those who believe that he has not devoted all the time he might have to the management of Seven Patriots, Inc. In support of their contention, these observers point to the astronauts' recent purchase of controlling interest in two large aerospace corporations, United Military Contacts and the corporation represented on the board of the New York Stock Exchange by three Xs, its actual name and dividends being classified information. The purchase was not thought to be characteristic of Mr. Slade's way of doing things; he has long been considered a moderate in these matters.

Another interpretation here holds that Mr. Slade, quite aware of what he is doing, wants to pressure *Life* on some other matters and is merely using the

Apollo program as a convenient lever. It is common knowledge in the publishing industry that *Life* is currently negotiating with Mr. Slade for the exclusive story of the ninety-one thousand San Bernardino survivors—the entire population of San Bernardino, California, which was recently struck by an earthquake that injured no one but inflicted considerable property damage.

WHATEVER the answer, the whole matter could certainly be cleared up more quickly if the President's representatives—as well as those of Mr. Khrushchev and *Life*—could get in to see Mr. Slade. It is, of course, easy to cast the blame for this dangerous confusion on N.A.S.A. But it should be noted that the agency, having been accustomed for a number of years to working through *Life*, can hardly help but be confused when *Life* itself is suddenly not altogether certain what Mr. Slade wants. While nobody is suggesting that a private corporation be forced to divulge its affairs to the general public, Mr. Slade himself should be the first one interested in ending a maze of Washington rumor and counter-rumor that has shaken public confidence in the national defense posture and the stock market at one and the same time. There is the disturbing rumor, for example, that the agents for the Russian spaceman, Sovospace Enterprises, might be, through interlocking directorates and

several holding companies, part of Mr. Slade's General Heroics, and the equally disturbing counter-rumor that Mr. Slade's General Heroics might be part of Sovospace Enterprises. While this may merely be the type of insignificant coincidence often found in complex corporate structures, it seems only reasonable to inform N.A.S.A. which of the companies has controlling interest in the Houston Manned Space Center, and, for that matter, which of them has controlling interest in Houston. Public understanding of the entire situation would be greatly improved, incidentally, by a less rigid arrangement between Colonel R. R. (Happy) Hawkinson, the Apollo Public Information Officer, and the *Saturday Evening Post*.

—CALVIN TRILLIN

Dr. Duvall said the social fabric in the United States is basically sound, including the status of marriage. "The divorce rate has actually decreased since 1946," she said. "That was the all-time high, when hasty war-time marriages collapsed as people soberly faced the reality of life over the breakfast table."

The present rate, she said, is still too high, but statistics are misleading.

"When we read that one in four marriages this year ended in divorce," she said, "this really means there was one divorce for every three weddings. It completely ignores the millions of happy couples who neither married nor divorced."—*Denver Post*.

Exactly. Let's not forget *them*!

I WILL KEEP HER COMPANY

WHEN he achieved the feat of getting down the stairs to the icy living room, it was the peculiar silence there that impressed him. It had not been so noticeable upstairs, where all night he had had company, of a kind. Down in this room, the familiar morning sounds he had known for sixty years—all the crockery, pot-and-pan, and fire-grate noises of married life at break of day, his wife's brisk soprano not least among them—were abolished as though they had never existed.

It was the snow had brought this silence, of course. How many days had it been falling—four, five? He couldn't remember. Still dazed and stiff from his long vigil in a chair upstairs, he hobbled slowly to the window. Sight of the magnificent white spread brought, as always, astonishment. Who would have thought such a vast quantity waited above? Almighty in its power to obliterate the known works of man, especially his carefully mapped highways and byways, the weight of odorless substance was like a reminder that he was of no more account than an ant. But only a few last flakes were falling now, the small aster shapes drifting with dry languor on the hefty waves covering the long front garden.

"They'll be here today," he said aloud, wakened a little more by the dazzle. The sound of his voice was strange to him, like an echo of it coming back from a chasm. His head turning automatically toward the open door leading to the hallway, he broke the silence again, unwilling to let it settle. "Been snowing again all night, Maria. But it's stopping now. They'll come today. The roads have been blocked. Hasn't been a fall like it for years."

His frosting breath plumed the air. He turned back to the window and continued to peer out for a while. A drift swelled to above the sill, and there was no imprint of the robins and tits that regularly landed before the window in the mornings, for breakfast crumbs. Neither was there a sign of the garden gate into the lane, nor a glimpse of the village, two miles distant down the valley, which could be seen from this height on green days. But the mountains, ramparts against howling Atlantic gales, were visible in glitteringly bleached outline against a pale-blue sky. Savage guardians of interior Wales, even their lowering black clouds and whipping rains were vanquished today. They

looked innocent in their unbroken white.

His mind woke still more. The manacled landscape gave him, for the moment, a feeling of security. This snow was a protection, not a catastrophe. He did not want the overdue visitors to arrive, did not want to exercise himself again in resistance to their arguments for his future welfare. Not yet. He thought of his six damson trees, which he had introduced into the orchard a few years before and reared with such care. Last summer, there had been a nice little profit from the baskets of downy fruit. Was he to be forced away from his grown-up darlings now? Just one more season of gathering and, afterward, he would be ready to decide about the future. . . .

Then, remembering something else, he lamented, "They'll come, they'll come!" They had such a special reason for making the journey. And this marooning snow would give even more urgency to their arguments regarding himself. He strained his keen old countryman's eyes down the anonymous white distances. *Could they come?* Could anyone break a way through those miles of deep snow, where nothing shuffled, crawled, or even flew? The whole world had halted. They would not come today. There would be one more day of peace.

Mesmerized at the window, he recalled another supreme time of snow, long ago, before he was married. He and two other farm workers had gone in search of Ambrose Owen's sheep. An old ram was found in a drift, stiff and upright on his legs, glassy eyes staring at nothing, curls of wool turned to a cockleshell hardness that could be chipped from the fleece. Far-

ther away in the drift, nine wise ewes lay huddled against each other, and these were carried upside down by the legs to the farmhouse kitchen, where they thawed into life. But Ambrose, like that man in the Bible with a prodigal son, had broken down and shed tears over his lost ram that had foolishly wandered from the herd. The elderly farmer was in a low condition himself at the time, refusing to be taken to hospital, wanting to kick the bucket not only in his own home but downstairs in his fireside chair. Quite right, too.

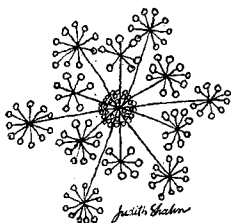
He turned from the window at last, drew a crimson flannel shawl from his sparsely haired head, and rearranged it carefully over his narrow shoulders. He

wore two cardigans and trousers of thick homespun, but the cold penetrated to his bones. Still unwilling to begin the day's ritual of living down in this room, he stood gazing vaguely from the cinder-strewn fireplace to the furniture, his eyes lingering on the beautifully polished rosewood table at which, with seldom a cross word exchanged (so it seemed now), he had shared good breakfasts for a lifetime. Was it because of the unnatural silence, with not the whirr of a single bird outside, that all the familiar contents of the room seemed withdrawn from ownership today? They looked stranded.

Remembrance came that the room had this same hush of unbelonging when he and Maria had first walked into it, with the idea of buying the place, a freehold stone cottage and its four acres, for ninety-five sovereigns, cash down. They were courting at the time, and the property was cheap because of its isolation; no one had lived there for years. The orchard, still well stocked, had decided him, and Maria, who could depend on herself and a husband for all the talking company she needed, agreed because of the tremendous views of mountain range and sky from this closed end of the valley. What a walker she had been! Never wanted even a bike, did not want to keep livestock, and was content with the one child that came very soon after the rushed purchase of the cottage. But, disregarding gossip, she had liked to go down to church in the village, where she sang psalms louder than any other woman there.

He huddled closer into the shawl. Since he would not be staying long down here, was it worthwhile lighting a fire? Then he realized that if the visitors found means of coming, it would be prudent to let them see he could cope with the household jobs. First, the grate to be raked and a fire laid; wood and coal to be fetched from outside. But he couldn't hurry. His scalp was beginning to prickle and contract, and he drew the shawl over his head again. Feeling was already gone from his feet when he reached the shadowy kitchen lying off the living room, fumblingly pulled the back door open, and faced a wall of pure white.

The entire door space was blocked, sealing access to the shed in which, besides wood and coal, oil for the cooking stove was stored. He had forgotten that the wall had been there the day before. Snow had drifted down the mountain slope and piled as far as the back windows upstairs even then; it came back to him that he had drawn the kitchen window curtains to hide that weight of



tombstone white against the panes. "Marble," he said now, curiously running a finger over the crisply hardened surface. He shut the door, relieved that one item in the morning jobs was settled; it would be impossible to reach the shed from the front of the cottage.

Pondering on the dowdy light of the kitchen, he looked at the empty glass oil feeder of the cooking stove, at the empty kettle, at an earthenware pitcher, which he knew was empty, too. He remembered that the water butt against the outside front wall had been frozen solid for days before the snow began. And even if he had the strength to dig a path to the well in the orchard, very likely that would be frozen. Would snow melt inside the house? But a little water remained in a ewer upstairs. And wasn't there still some of the milk that the district nurse had brought? He found the jug in the slate-shelved larder, and tilted it; the inch-deep, semi-congealed liquid moved. He replaced the jug with a wrinkling of his nose, and peered at three tins of soup that also had been brought by Nurse Baldock.

Sight of the tins gave him a feeling of nausea. That last time the nurse had come—which day was it?—a smell like ammonia had hung about her. And her pink rubber gloves, her apron with its row of safety pins and a tape measure dangling over it, had badly depressed him. A kind woman, though, except for her deciding what was the best way for a man to live. The sort that treated all men as little boys. She had a voice that wouldn't let go of a person, but, as she was a woman, a soft wheedling could come into it when she chose. Thank God the snow had bogged her down.

He reached for a flat box, opened it, and saw a few biscuits. Maria always liked the lid picture of Caernarvon Castle, which they'd visited one summer day; he looked at it now with a reminiscent chuckle. His movements propelled by a residue of memory and old habits, he found a tin tray inscribed "Ringers Tobacco" and placed on it the box, a plate, and, forgetting there was no milk left upstairs, a clean cup and saucer. This done, he suddenly sat down on a hard chair and closed his eyes.

HE did not know how long he remained there. Tapping sounds roused him. He jerked from the chair



"You're cruel, egotistical, ruthless, and arrogant!"

with galvanized strength. Agitation gave his shouts an unreasonable cantankerousness as he reached the living room. "They've come! Open the door, can't you? It's not locked."

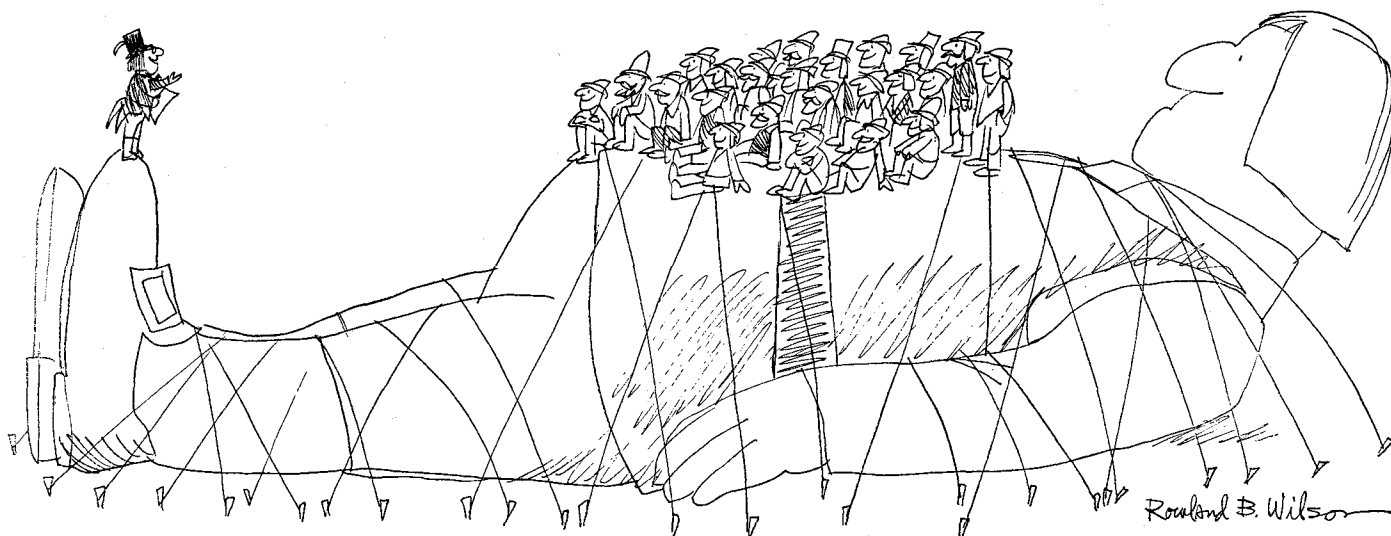
He opened the front door. There was nobody. The snow reached up to his waist, and the stretch of it down the garden slope bore not a mark. Only an elephant could come to this door. Had he dreamed the arrival? Or had a starving bird tapped its beak on the window? The dread eased. He shut the door with both his shaking hands, and stood listening in the small hallway. "They haven't come!" he shouted up the stairs, wanting to hear his voice smashing the silence. "But they will, they will! They are bringing my pension money from the post office. Dr. Howells took my book with him." The self-reminder of this ordinary matter helped to banish the dread, and the pain in his chest dwindled.

Pausing in the living room, he remembered that it was actually Nurse Baldock who had taken his book and put it in that important black bag of hers. She had arrived that day with Dr. Howells in his car, instead of on her bike. The snow had begun to fall, but she said it wouldn't be much—only a sprinkling. And Dr. Howells had told him not to worry and that everything would be put in hand. But even the doctor, who should have had a man's understanding, had argued about the future and coaxed like Nurse Baldock.

Then *she* had said she'd bring Vicar Pryce on her next visit. People fussing! But he couldn't lock the door against them yet. It was necessary for them to come just once again. He would pretend to listen to them, especially the vicar, and when they had gone he would lock the door, light a fire, and sit down to think of the future in his own way.

His eyes strayed about the room again. He looked at the table with its green-shaded oil lamp, at the dresser with its display of brilliant plates and lustre jugs, at the comfortable low chairs, the bright rugs, the scroll-backed sofa from which Maria had directed his activities for the week before she was obliged to take to her bed at last. After the shock of the fancied arrival, the objects in the room no longer seemed withdrawn from ownership. They would yield him security and ease for a long while yet. And the cooking stove in the kitchen, the pans, brooms, and brushes—they had belonged solely to Maria's energetic hands, but after a lifetime with her he knew exactly how she dealt with them. Any man with threepenn'orth of sense could live here independently as a lord.

Resolve lay tucked away in his mind. Today, with the cold stunning his senses, not much could be done. He must wait. His eyes reached the mantelpiece clock; lifting the shawl from his ears, he stared closer at the age-yellowed face. *That* was why the silence had



"First of all, let me congratulate everybody on the swell turnout and on the really bang-up job you all did on such short notice."

been so strange! Was even a clock affected by the cold? Surely he had wound it last night, as usual; surely he had come downstairs? The old-fashioned clapping sound, steady as horse hoofs ambling on a quiet country road, had never stopped before. The defection bothering him more than the lack of means for a fire and oil for the stove, he reached for the mahogany-framed clock, his numb fingers moving over it to take a firm grip. It fell onto the stone-flagged hearth. There was a tinkle of broken glass.

"Ah," he shouted guiltily, "the clock's broken, Maria! Slipped out of my hand!"

He gazed at it in a stupor. But the accident finally decided him. Down in this room, the last bits of feeling were ebbing from him. There was warmth and company upstairs. He stumbled into the kitchen, lifted the tin tray in both hands without feeling its substance, and reached the hallway. Negotiation of the stairs took even more time than his descent had. As in the kitchen, it was the propulsion of old habit that got him up the flight he had climbed thousands of times. The tray fell out of his hands when he reached a squeaking stair just below the landing. This did not matter; he even liked the lively explosion of noise. "It's only that advertisement tray the shop gave you one Christmas!" he called out, not mentioning the crocks and biscuit box that had crashed to the bottom. He did not attempt to retrieve anything. All he wanted was warmth.

In the clear white light of a front room, he stood for some moments looking intently at the weather-browned face of the small woman lying on a fourposter bed. Her eyes were com-

pactly shut. Yet her face bore an expression of prim vigor; still she looked alert in her withdrawal. No harsh glitter of light from the window reached her, but he drew a stiff fold of the gay-patterned linen bed curtains that, as if in readiness for this immurement, had been washed, starched, and ironed by her three weeks before. Then he set about his own task. The crimson shawl still bonneted his head.

His hands plucked at the flannel blankets and larger shawls lying scattered on the floor around a wheel-backed armchair close to the bed. Forcing grip into his fingers, he draped these coverings methodically over the sides and back of the chair, sat down, and swathed his legs and body in the overlapping folds. It all took a long time, and for a while it brought back the pain in his chest, compelling him to stop. Finally, he succeeded in drawing portions of two other shawls over his head and shoulders, so that he was completely encased in draperies. There had been good warmth in this cocoon last night. The everlasting flannel was woven in a mill down the valley, from the prized wool of local mountain sheep. Properly washed in rain water, it yielded warmth for a hundred years or more. There were old valley people who had been born and had gone in the same pair of handed-down family blankets.

Secure in the shelter, he waited patiently for warmth to come. When it began to arrive, and the pain went, his mind flickered into activity again. It was of the prancing mountain ponies he thought first, the wild auburn ponies that were so resentful of capture. He had always admired them. But what did their lucky freedom mean now?

They had no roof over their heads, and where could they find victuals? Had they lost their bearings up in their fastnesses? Were they charging in demented panic through the endless snow, plunging into crevasses, starvation robbing them of instinct and sense? Then there were the foxes. He remembered hearing that during that drastic time of snow when he rescued Ambrose Owen's sheep, a maddened fox had dashed into the vicarage kitchen when a servant opened the back door. It snatched in its teeth a valuable Abyssinian cat lying fast asleep on the hearthrug, and streaked out before the petrified woman could scream.

A little more warmth came. He crouched into it with a sigh. Soon it brought a sense of summer pleasures. A long meadow dotted with buttercups and daisies shimmered before him, and a golden-haired boy ran excitedly over the bright grass to a young white goat tied to an iron stake. Part of the meadow was filled with booths of striped canvas, and a roundabout of painted horses galloped to barrel-organ music. It was that Whitsuntide fête when he won the raffled goat on a sixpenny ticket—the only time he had won anything all his life. Maria had no feeling for goats, especially rams, but she had let their boy, Richard, lead the snowy-haired beast home. He had looked after it all its sturdy years and, at its hiring, got for himself the fees of its natural purpose in life—five shillings a time, in those far-off days.

The father chuckled. He relaxed further in the dark chair. His hands resting lightly on his knees, he prepared for sleep. It was slow in taking him, and when, drowsily, he heard a whirring

sound, he gave it no particular attention. But he stirred slightly and opened his eyes. The noise approached closer. It began to circle, now faint, then loud, now dwindling. He did not recognize its kind. It made him think of a swarm of chirping grasshoppers, then of the harsh clonking of roused geese. Neutral toward all disturbance from outside, he nestled deeper into the warmth bred of the last thin heat of his blood, and when a louder noise shattered the peace of his cocoon, he still did not move, though his eyes jerked wide open once more.

THE helicopter circled twice above the half-buried cottage. Its clacking sounded more urgent as it descended and began to pass as low as the upstairs windows at the front and back. The noise became a rasp of impatience, as if the machine were annoyed that no reply came to this equivalent of a knocking on the door, that no attention was paid to the victory of this arrival. A face peered down from a curved gray pane; the head of another figure dodged behind, moving to both the side panels.

Indecision seemed to govern this hovering above the massed billows of snow. After the cottage had been circled three times, the machine edged nearer the front wall, and a square box wrapped in orange-colored oilskin tumbled out, fell accurately before the door, and lay visible in a hole of snow. The machine rose; its rotor blades whirled for seconds above the cottage before it mounted higher. It diminished into the pale afternoon light, flying down the valley toward immaculate mountains that had never known a visit from such a strange bird.

Evening brought an unearthly blue to the sculptured distances. Night scarcely thickened the darkness; the whiteness could be seen for miles. Only the flashing of clear-cut stars broke the long stillness of the valley. No more snow fell. But the cold hardened during the low hours, and at dawn, though a red glow lay in the sun's disc on Moelwyn's crest, light came with grudging slowness, and there was no promise of thaw all morning. But, soon after the sun had passed the zenith, another noise smashed into the keep of silence at the valley's closed end.

Grinding and snorting, a vehicle slowly burrowed into the snow. It left in its wake, like a gigantic horned snail, a silvery track, on which crawled a plain gray motor van. Ahead, the climbing plow was not once defeated by its pioneering work, thrusting past shrouded hedges on either side of it, its grunting front mechanism churning up the snow

and shooting it out of a curved-over horn onto bushes on the left. The attendant gray van stopped now and then, allowing a measure of distance to accumulate on the smooth track.

The van had three occupants. Two of them, sitting on the driver's cushioned bench, were philosophically patient of this laborious journeying. The third, who was Nurse Baldock, squatted on the floor inside the small van, her legs stretched toward the driver's seat and her shoulders resting against the back doors. She was a substantial woman to begin with, and the ungainly fur coat she wore gave her the dimensions of a mature bear. She tried not to be restless. But as the instigator of this rescuing operation, she kept looking at her watch, and she failed to curb herself all the time. The two men in front had not been disposed for talk.

"I hope that thing up there won't break down," she said presently. "It's a Canadian snowplow—so I was told on the phone. The Council bought it only last year."

"It took them a deuce of a time to get one after we had that nasty snowfall in

1947," remarked the driver, a middle-aged man in a sombre vicuña overcoat and a bowler hat. "A chap and his young lady were found buried in their car halfway up Moelwyn when we had that lot—been there a week, if you remember, Vicar. Thank God these bad falls don't come often."

"Councils seldom look far outside their Town Hall chamber after election," mumbled Vicar Pryce, who had been picked up in Ogwen Village twenty minutes earlier. Under his round black hat, only his eyes and bleak nose were visible from wrappings of scarves. It was very cold in the utilitarian van, lent for this emergency expedition by a tradesman of the market town at the valley's mouth; the road from there to Ogwen had been cleared the day before.

"Well, our Council has got hold of a helicopter this time, too," Nurse Baldock reminded them, not approving of criticism of her employers from anyone. "Soon as I heard they had hired one to drop bundles of hay to stranded cattle and mountain ponies, I said to myself, 'Man first, then the beasts,' and flew to my phone. I'm fond of old John



Evans, though he's so willful. I arranged to have tins of food, fruit juice, milk, a small bottle of brandy, fresh pork sausages, and bread put in the box, besides a plastic container of cooker oil and a message from me."

"Couldn't you have gone in the helicopter?" the driver asked, rather inattentively.

"What, and got dropped out into the snow with the box?" The nurse's bulk wobbled with impatience. "If the machine couldn't land anywhere on those deep slopes of snow, how could I get down, I ask you?"

"I thought they could drop a person on a rope." The driver sounded propitiatory now. For him, as for most people, the district nurse was less a woman than a portent of inescapable forces lying in wait for everybody.

"Delivery of necessities was the point," she said dismissively, and, really for Vicar Pryce's wrapped ears, continued, "After getting the helicopter man's report yesterday, I was on the phone to the Town Hall for half an hour. I insisted that they let me have the snowplow today—I fought for it. It was booked for this and that, they said, but I had my way in the end."

"Last night was bitter," Vicar Pryce said, following a silence. "I got up at 3 A.M. and piled a sheepskin floor rug on my bed."

"Bitter it was," agreed Nurse Baldock. "We single people feel it the more." Neither of the men offered a comment, and, with another look at her watch, she pursued, "Of course, the helicopter man's report needn't mean a lot. Who could blame Evans if he stayed snuggled in bed all day? And at his age, he could sleep through any noise."

"One would think a helicopter's clatter would bring him out of any sleep, Nurse," the vicar remarked.

"I think he's a bit deaf," she replied, rejecting the doubt. "In any case, I don't suppose he'd know what the noise meant." The van stopped, and she decided, "We'll have our coffee now."

She managed to spread quite a picnic snack on the flat top of a long, calico-covered object lying beside her, on which she wouldn't sit. There were cheese and egg sandwiches, pieces of sultana cake, plates, mugs, sugar, and a large thermos flask. A heavy can of paraffin propped her back, and, in addition to the satchel of picnic stuff, she had brought her official leather bag, well known in the valley. Nurse Baldock's thoroughness was as dreaded by many as was sight of her black bag. After determined efforts over several years, she had recently been awarded a social-

SKIN DIVING IN THE VIRGINS

Alfonso was his name; his sad cantina leaned against a palm. Over my head, he scanned a coastline only he could see and took my order in cuneiform.

My water gear, like loose connections from some mild machine, dripped on the table. What a good morning! The wreck I'd shimmied through—a sunken vessel, like Alfonso, somewhat Spanish in the stern—still weighed its gold,

while angelfish and sunfish still made mouths to tell me nothing. That kind of poetry one is, in principle, against. But what sweet swarms of language to be silent in! I tasted salt, half dreaming back and down.

All of a sudden came the pelicans: crazy old men in baseball caps, who flew like jackknives and collapsed like fans . . . They'd zeroed in, Alfonso said, on fish that shark or barracuda'd chased inshore. Hitting the water, bull's-eye on bull's-eye, they'd sit there rocking, naked in their smiles.

Those birds ate well. Was there some new conclusion to be drawn from such vast hunger without appetite? In the next rising wave, I saw a barracuda standing on its tail, clear as a sea horse in a paperweight.

Alfonso, listing, brought me canned corned beef and a cool wet Amstel winking in the bottle. *Beware of irony*, I thought, and swigged my beer, *seek depths where irony cannot descend*. The bald sun rolled in the bland sky. One clown, cartwheeling pell-mell to the kill, just missed another floating off, his big pouch full.

—JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN

science diploma, and now, at forty-five, she hoped for a more important position than that of a bicycle-borne district nurse. This rescuing mission today would help prove her mettle, and Vicar Pryce, to whom she had insisted on yielding the seat in front, would be a valuable witness of her zeal.

"I'll keep enough for the young man in the snowplow," she said, pouring coffee. "He ought not to stop now. The quicker we get there, the better."

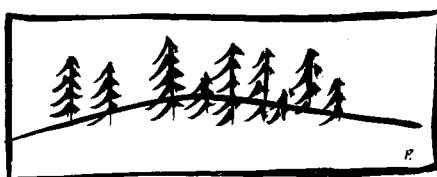
"Makes one think of places on the moon," the driver remarked, gazing out at the waxen countryside.

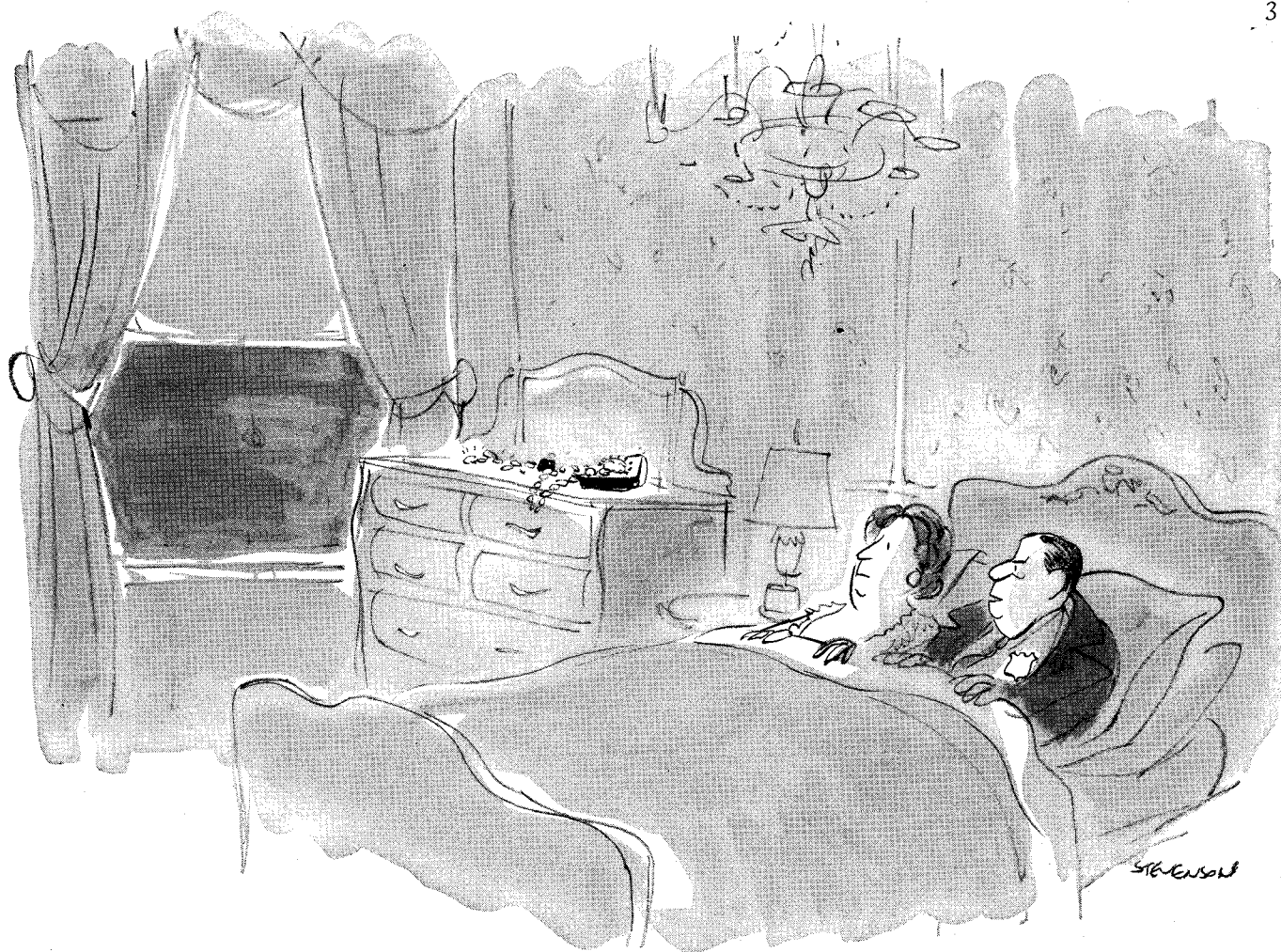
Sipping coffee, she resumed, "I have eight patients in Ogwen just now, and

really I ought not to be spending all this time on a man who's got nothing the matter with him except old age and obstinacy. Two confinements due any day now." The men drank and ate, and she added, "What a time for births! There's Mavis Thomas, for instance—she's not exactly entitled to one, is she, Vicar? But at least that man she lives with keeps her house up in Sheep's Gap warm, and her water hasn't frozen."

"Nobody except a choirboy turned up for matins last Sunday," the meditative vicar said. "So I cancelled all services that day."

Nurse Baldock finished a piece of cake. "I heard yesterday that a married woman living up in Sheep's Gap was chased by two starving ponies that found a way down from the mountains. You know how they won't go near human beings as a rule, but when this woman came out of her farmhouse in her gum boots they stampeded from behind a





"If this plan works, Mrs. Getline, in a few minutes you're going to see a very surprised jewel thief."

barn, with their teeth grinding and eyes flaring. She ran back screaming into the house just in time."

"Perhaps she was carrying a bucket of pig feed and they smelt it," the driver suggested, handing back his mug.

Undeterred, Nurse Baldock gave a feminine shiver. "I keep an eye open for them on my rounds. We might be back in the days of wolves." The van resumed its amble on the pearly track as she proceeded. "But these are modern times. Old Evans would never dream he would get a helicopter for his benefit, to say nothing of that great ugly thing in front, *and* us. There's real Christianity for you! This affair will cost the Council quite a sum. It will go on the rates, of course."

"John and Maria Evans," Vicar Pryce said, rewinding his ears in the scarves, "were always faithful parishioners of mine when they were able to get down to the village. I remember their son Richard, too. A good tenor in the choir. Emigrated to New Zealand and has children of his own there, I understand."

"Well, Vicar," Nurse Baldock said,

packing the crocks into the satchel between her knees, "I hope you'll do your very best to persuade Evans to leave with us today and go to Pistyll Mawr Home. Heaven knows *I* did all I could to coax him when I was at the cottage with Dr. Howells the other day."

"It will be a business," he mumbled.

She pursed her lips. "He told me it was healthy up there in his cottage, and that he and his wife had always liked the views. 'Views!' I said. 'Views won't feed and nurse you if you fall ill. Come now, facts must be faced.' Then he said something about his damson trees. I told him Pistyll Mawr had fruit trees in plenty."

The driver, who lived in the market town, spoke up. "Don't the new ones take offense at being forced to have a bath as soon as they enter the doors of Pistyll Mawr?"

"So you've heard that one, have you? Why, what's wrong with a bath? Is it a crime?" Nurse Baldock bridled. "I am able to tell you there's a woman in Pistyll Mawr who *brags* about her baths there—says that for the first time in her life she feels like a well-off lady,

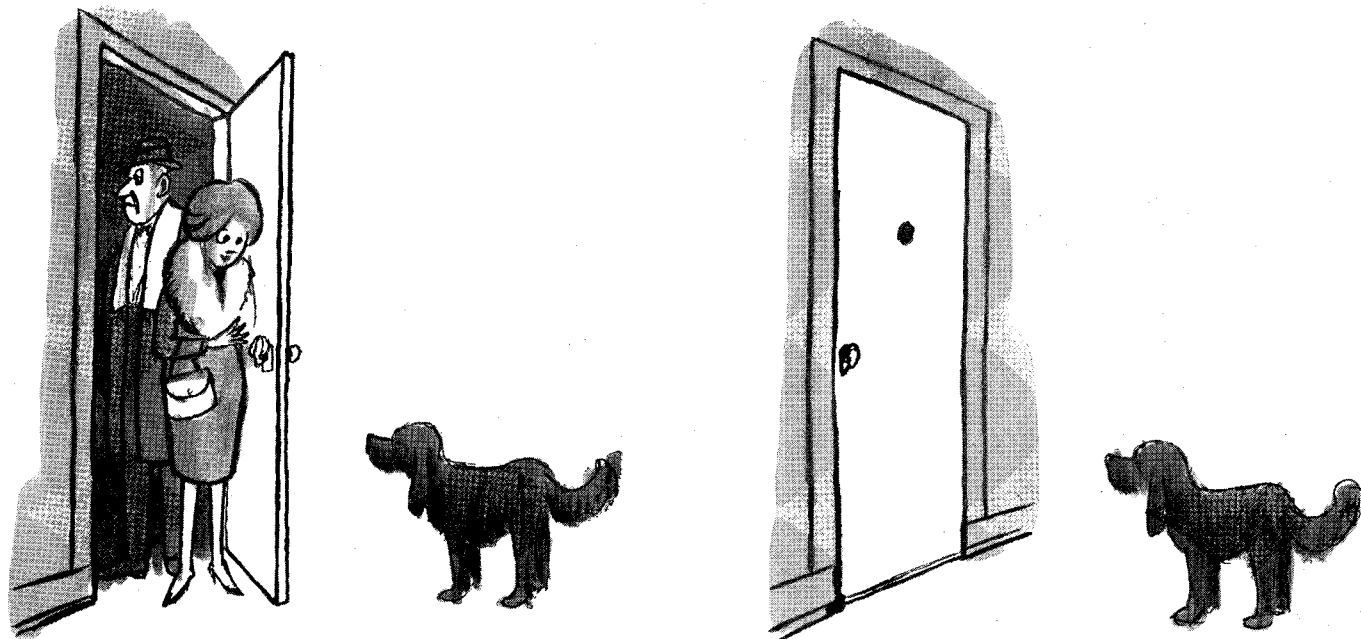
with a maid to sponge her back and hand her a towel. You're out of date, sir, with your 'take offense.'"

"Aren't there separate quarters for men and women, even if they're married?" he persisted.

"As if very elderly people are bothered by what you mean! Besides, they can flirt in the garden if they want. But old people have too much dignity for such nonsense."

"I daresay there are one or two exceptions."

"Ah, I agree there." Nurse Baldock pulled gauntlets over her woollen gloves. "The aged! They're our biggest problem. The things that come my way from some of them! One has to have nerves of iron, and it doesn't do to let one's eyes fill. Why must people trouble themselves so much about the young? My blood boils when I see all the rubbishy fuss made about youngsters by newspapers and busybodies of the lay public. Sight of the word 'teen-agers' makes me want to throw up. Leave the young alone, I say! They've got all the treasures of the world on their backs, and once they're out of school they



don't put much expense on the rates."

After this tirade, no one spoke for a time. As the van crawled nearer the valley's majestic closure, Nurse Baldock herself seemed to become oppressed by the solemn desolation outside. Not a boulder or streak of path showed on Moelwyn's swollen heights. Yet, close at hand, there were charming snow effects. The van rounded a turn of the lane, and breaks in the hedges on either side revealed birch glades, their spectral depths glittering as though from the light of ceremonial chandeliers. All the crystalline birches were struck into eternal stillness—fragile, rime-heavy boughs sweeping downward, white hairs of mourning. Not a bird, rabbit, or beetle could stir in those frozen grottoes, and the blue harebell or the pink convolvulus would never ring out in them again.

"Up here doesn't seem to belong to us," Vicar Pryce said, when the van halted again. "It's the white. If only we could see just one little robin hopping about the branches! The last time I came this way, I saw pheasants crossing the road, and then they rose. Such color! It was soon after Easter, and the wind-flowers and primroses were out."

"We might be travelling in a wheelbarrow," sighed Nurse Baldock, as the van moved. She looked at her watch, then into her official bag, and said, "I've got Evans' old-age pension money. Because of his wife's taking to her bed, he worried about not being able to leave the cottage. I told him, 'You're lucky you've got someone like me to look after you, but it's not my bounden duty to collect your pension money, Council-employed though I am. Things can't go on like this, my dear sir—come now.'"

"You've been kind to him," the vicar acknowledged at last.

"It's the state that is kind," she said stoutly. "We can say there's no such things as neglect or old-fashioned poverty for the elderly now. But in my opinion the lay public has begun to take our welfare schemes too much for granted. The other day, I was able to get a wig free of charge for a certain madam living not a hundred miles from this spot, and when I turned up with it on my bike she complained it wasn't the right brown shade and she couldn't wear it—a woman who is not able to step outside her door and is seventy-eight!"

"The aged tend to cling to their little cussednesses," Vicar Pryce mumbled in a lacklustre way.

"Yes, indeed." They were nearing their destination now, and Nurse Baldock, tenacity unabated, seized her last opportunity. "But do press the real advantages of Pistyll Mawr Home to Evans, Vicar. We are grateful when the clergy do their share in these cases. After all, my concern is with the body." This earned no reply, and she said, "Germs! It's too icy for them to be active just now, but with the thaw there'll be a fine crop of bronchials and influenzas, mark my words! And I don't relish coming all this way to attend to Evans if he's struck down, probably through not taking proper nourishment." There was a further silence, and she added, "On the other hand, these outlying cases ought to convince the Health Department that I must be given a car—don't you agree, Vicar?"

"I wonder you have not had one already. Dr. Howells should—"

A few yards ahead, the plow had

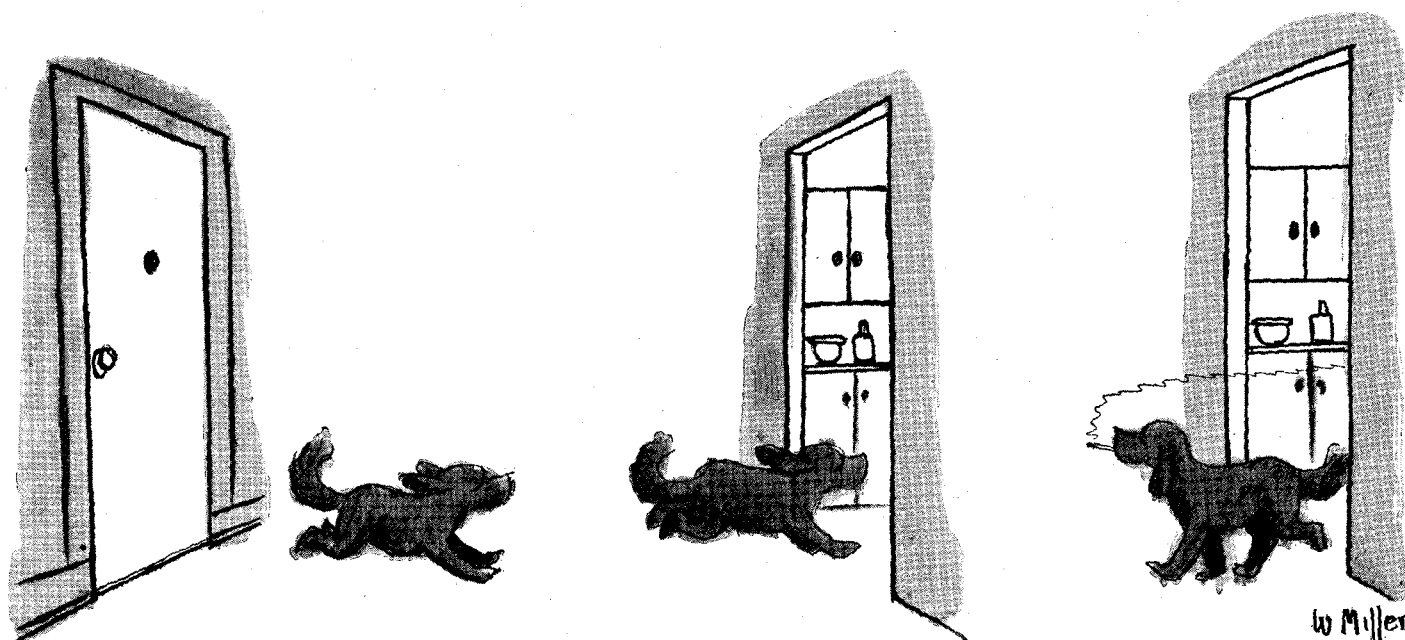
stopped. Its driver leaned out of his cab and yelled, "Can't see a gate!"

"I'll find it," Nurse Baldock declared.

THE vicar and van driver helped to ease her out of the back doors. She shook her glut of warm skirts down, and clumped forward in her gum boots. A snow-caked roof and chimney could be seen above a billowing white slope. Scanning the contours of a buried hedge, the nurse pointed. "The gate is there. I used to lean my bike against that tree." It was another lamenting birch, the crystal-entwined branches drooped to the snow.

The plow driver, an amiable-looking young man in an elegant alpine sweater, brought out three shovels. Nurse Baldock scolded him for not having four. Valiantly, when he stopped for coffee and sandwiches, she did a stint, and also used the vicar's shovel while he rested. They had shouted toward the cottage. There was no response, and, gradually, they ceased to talk. It took them half an hour to clear a way up the garden. They saw the oil-skin-wrapped box as they neared the door. The nurse, her square face professionally rid of comment now, had already fetched her bag.

It was even colder in the stone house than outside. Nurse Baldock, the first to enter, returned from a swift trot into the living room and kitchen to the men clustered in the little hallway. She stepped to the staircase. All-seeing as an investigating policewoman, she was nevertheless respecting the social decencies. Also, despite the sight of broken crockery, a biscuit box, and a tray scattered below the stairs, she was refusing



to face defeat yet. "John Ormond Evans," she called up, "are you there?" Her voice had the challenging ring sometimes used for encouraging the declining back to the world of health, and after a moment of silence she added, with an unexpected note of entreaty, "The Vicar is here!" The three men, like awkward intruders in a private place, stood listening. Nurse Baldock braced herself. "Come up with me," she whispered.

Even the plow driver followed her. But when the flannel wrappings were stripped away, John Ormond Evans sat gazing out at them from his chair as though in mild surprise at this intrusion into his comfortable retreat. His deep-sunk blue eyes were frostily clear under arched white brows. He looked like one awakened from restorative slumber, an expression of judicious independence fixed on his spare face. His hands rested on his knees, like a Pharaoh's.

Nurse Baldock caught in her breath with a hissing sound. The two older men, who had remained hatted and gloved in the icy room, stood dumbly arrested. It was the ruddy-cheeked young man who suddenly put out a bare, instinctive hand and, with a movement of extraordinary delicacy, tried to close the blue eyes. He failed.

"I closed my father's eyes," he stammered, drawing away in bashful apology for his strange temerity.

"Frozen," pronounced Vicar Pryce, removing his round black hat. He seemed about to offer a few valedictory words.

Nurse Baldock pulled herself together. She swallowed, and said, "Lack of nourishment, too!" She took off a gauntlet glove, thrust fingers round one

of the thin wrists for a token feel, and then stepped back. "Well, here's a problem! Are we to take him back with us?"

Vicar Pryce turned to look at the woman lying on the curtain-hung bed. Perhaps because his senses were blurred by the cold, he murmured, "She's very small—smaller than I remember her. Couldn't he go in the coffin with her for the journey back?"

"No," said Nurse Baldock immediately. "He couldn't be straightened here."

The van driver, an auxiliary assistant in busy times to the Messrs. Eccles, the market-town undertakers, confirmed, "Set, set."

"As he was in his ways!" burst from Nurse Baldock in her chagrin. "This needn't have happened if he had come with me, as I wanted six days ago! Did he sit there all night deliberately?"

It was decided to take him. The coffin, three days late in delivery, was fetched from the van by the driver and the young man. Maria Evans, aged eighty-three, and prepared for this journey by the nurse six days before, by no means filled its depth and length. Gone naturally, of old age, and kept fresh by the cold, she looked ready to rise punctiliously to meet the face of the Almighty with the same hale energy as she had met each washing day on earth. Her shawl-draped husband, almost equally small, was borne out after her in his sitting posture. Nurse Baldock, with the vicar for witness, locked up the house. Already it had an air of not belonging to anyone. "We must tell the police we found the clock lying broken in the hearth," she said. "There'll be an inquest, of course."

John Evans, head resting against the van's side, travelled sitting on his wife's coffin; Vicar Pryce considered it unseemly for him to be laid on the floor. The helicopter box of necessities and the heavy can of paraffin, placed on either side of him, held him secure. Nurse Baldock chose to travel with the young man in the drafty cab of his plow. Huddled in her fur coat, and looking badly in need of her own hearth, she remained sunk in morose silence now.

The plow, no longer spouting snow, trundled in the van's rear. "Pretty in there!" the driver ventured to say, in due course. They were passing the spectral birch glades. A bluish shade had come to the depths.

Nurse Baldock stirred. Peering out, she all but spat. "Damned, damned snow! All my work wasted! Arguments on the phone, a helicopter, and this plow! The cost! I shall have to appear before the Health Committee."

"I expect they'll give you credit for all you've done for the old fellow," said the driver, also a Council employee.

She was beyond comforting just then. "Old people won't listen! When I said to him six days ago, 'Come with me, there's nothing you can do for her now,' he answered, 'Not yet. I will keep her company.' I could have taken him at once to Pistyll Mawr Home. It was plain he couldn't look after himself. One of those unwise men who let themselves be spoilt by their wives."

"Well, they're not parted now," the young man said.

"The point is, if he had come with me he would be enjoying a round of buttered toast in Pistyll Mawr at this very moment. I blame myself for not trying hard enough. But how was I to know



"Creep!"

all this damned snow was coming?"

"A lot of old people don't like going into Pistyll Mawr Home, do they?"

"What's wrong with Pistyll Mawr? Hetty Jarvis, the matron, has a heart of gold. What's more, now I've got my social-science diploma, I'm applying for her position when she retires next year."

"Good luck to you." The driver blew on his hands. Already, the speedier van had disappeared into the whiteness.

"The lay public," Nurse Baldock sighed, looking mollified, "will cling to its prejudices." And, half to herself, she went on, "Hetty Jarvis complained to me that she hasn't got anything like enough inmates to keep her staff occupied. 'Baldock,' she said to me, 'I'm depending on you,' and I phoned her only this week to say I had found someone for her, a sober and clean man I would gamble had many years before him if he was properly cared for."

"Ah," murmured the driver. He lit

a cigarette, at which his preoccupied passenger—after all, they were in a kind of funeral—frowned.

"People should see the beeswaxed parquet floors in Pistyll Mawr," she pursued. "When the hydrangeas are in bloom along the drive, our Queen herself couldn't wish for a better approach to her home. The bishop called it a noble sanctuary in his opening-day speech. And so it is!"

"I've heard the Kingdom of Heaven is like that," the young man remarked idly. "People have got to be pushed in."

Nurse Baldock turned to look almost professionally at his round face, to which had come, perhaps because of the day's rigors, the faint purple hue of a ripening fig. "You might think differently later on, my boy," she commented, in a measured way. "I can tell you there comes a time when few of us are able to stand alone. You saw today what resulted for one who made the wrong choice."

"Oh, I don't know. I expect he knew what he was doing, down inside him."

She sighed again, apparently patient of ignorance and youthful lack of feeling.

"I was fond of old Evans," she said.

"Anyone can see it," he allowed.

She remained silent for a long while.

The costly defeat continued to weigh on her until the plow had lumbered onto the flat of the valley's bed. There she looked at her watch and began to bustle up from melancholy. "Five hours on this one case!" she fidgeted. "I ought to have gone back in the van. I'm due at a case up in Sheep's Gap."

"Another old one?"

"No, thank God. An illegitimate maternity. Not the first one for her, either. And I've got another in the row of cottages down by the little waterfall—a legitimate." The satisfaction of a life-giving smack on the bottom seemed to resound in her perked-up voice. "We need them more than ever in nasty times like these, don't we? Providing a house is warm and well stocked for the welcome. Can't you make this thing go faster?"

"I'm at top speed. It's not built for maternities of any kind."

Nurse Baldock sniffed. She sat more benevolently, however, and offered from the official black bag a packet of barley-sugar sweets. The village lay less than a mile distant. But it was some time before there was a sign of natural life out in the white purity. The smudged outline of a church tower and clustering houses had come into view when the delighted young man exclaimed, "Look!" Arriving from nowhere, a hare had jumped onto the smooth track. His jump lacked a hare's usual celerity. He seemed bewildered, and sat up for an instant, ears tensed to the noise breaking the silence of these chaotic acres, a palpitating eye cast back in assessment of the oncoming plow. Then his forepaws gave a quick play of movement, like shadowboxing, and he sprang forward on the track with renewed vitality. Twice he stopped to look back, as though in need of affiliation with the plow's motion. But, beyond a bridge over the frozen river, he took a flying leap and, paws barely touching the hardened snow and white scut whisking, escaped out of sight.

—RHYS DAVIES

DEPARTMENT OF ELEGANCE

[From the Cincinnati Enquirer]

Does a concert pianist ever play the piano just for her own enjoyment?

If she's Madame Jeanne Marie Darre, the answer—c'est "Qui."

OUR FAR~FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

A BOTTLE OF COLD PERRIER

WHEN I made a stay of several weeks in Conakry, the capital of the young Republic of Guinea, not long ago, my hotel was new—still under construction, in fact—and the bar-restaurant on the main floor was not scheduled to open for several weeks. It was therefore necessary that I do my dining and drinking elsewhere. Fortunately, on my way to Conakry, aboard a liner sailing from Palma de Mallorca to Dakar, I had shared a cabin with a French salesman whose work had taken him to all the former French colonies in West Africa, including Guinea, and he had recommended a restaurant, only a few minutes' walk from my hotel, that more than satisfied my dining requirements. But fulfilling my drinking needs was quite another problem. I don't want to give the impression that I'm a candidate for Alcoholics Anonymous, or anything of the sort. I am what is generally called a polite social drinker, at worst; my main need in Conakry was water. I arrived there at the height of the five-month dry season, and the sun bore down with passion. The clammy heat produced a thirst that was large and terrible. My efforts to quench it were hindered initially by recollections of dark warnings against drinking untreated water in Africa, and by the fact that the hotel was unable to supply French bottled mineral water, which I knew was both safe and pleasant to drink. It was plain torture to shave and bathe in the cool water in my bathroom and not be able to drink it. I went to bed with a thirst, awoke with one, and spent most of the first few days, while I went about the newspaper assignment that had brought me to Guinea, feeling like a wretch lost in the Sahara.

It was with pleasure, therefore, that I presently discovered a watering place just a few yards from my hotel. The latter was not situated in the best section of town, though not in the worst, either. Conakry is a city where wattle huts appear here and there in the shadows of modern apartment houses. I was a good fifteen minutes' walk from the seashore drives, lined with palm and mango trees, where many of the republic's officials live, and a bit farther from the elegant, sea-cooled Hôtel de France. My hotel was very close to the center of the city, in the vicinity of several large new branches of French variety stores and some smaller, older French shops. It occu-

pied a corner next door to a concrete quonset hut that housed a clacking printshop. Beyond the printshop was the watering place. This was in a flat-roofed one-story concrete building, originally painted dark blue; its walls had long ago been faded by the ungentle weather, and, like almost everything else in the city, it wore a cloak of dust. Inside was a large, square room with a huge, barred, unglazed window facing the street. The place was part general store, dispensing such items as soap, tinned sardines, and candy, and also blocks of ice from a refrigerator room out back. But it was primarily a sort of bar-tavern, without tables or seating facilities—the absence of which evidently permitted the owners to sell beer and wine without a tavern license, and to sell them at cut rates. The interior of the building was divided by a broad, rough counter into two sections, the customers' portion claiming scarcely a third of the total space. This establishment, which was operated by a European couple, had no name and no distinction, and it needed neither. It could hardly have been more popular if it had affected all the fuss and frills of a Champs-Élysées café.

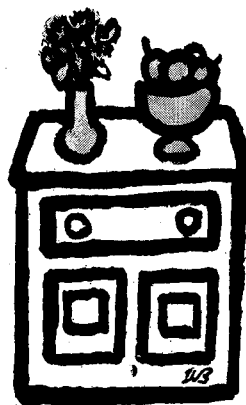
Twice daily, I stopped here for a bottle of cold Perrier water. Until evening, the fort was held by the proprietress, a youthfully slender European woman with pallid skin and gray-ing dark hair worn brushed back and braided into a rope that hung to her hips. Her face was as simple as her coiffure—rougelessly comely, with nostalgic gray eyes and thin, wide lips promising a smile. She moved and spoke with an air of languor, and gave a superficial impression of being well adjusted to the slow pace and unvarying pattern of the life around her. Perhaps, I thought, her involvement as interested observer and, frequently, as confidante helped compensate for the sameness of her own life. There were few customers that she did not know by name or reputation, and the give and take across the counter was remarkably amiable and relaxed. Within a few days, I became known to Madame, and to the other customers, as the American Negro who invariably ordered cold Perrier.

During the mornings, when Madame

was alone behind the counter, many of her customers were children, buying soft drinks and candy for themselves or else soap or some other household article for their parents. Workmen trickled in to down a quick beer, and ice sold briskly. A European housewife popped in from time to time, and European men frequently strolled in from the printshop next door or from the offices of a farm coöperative across the street. There was one conspicuous exception to the friendly and trusting relationship between merchant and consumer, but it was one for which Madame could in no way be blamed. The recalcitrant customer was a girl of eight or nine, a bean pole of a Guinean child, with a long, pouting face and huge, suspicious eyes. Apparently, she spent much of her time rounding up discarded bottles, for she showed up regularly with a basket of them borne regally on her head. After the second or third time I had seen her, Madame assured me that the routine of her visits never varied significantly from what I had witnessed. The girl would come in, lower the basket to the floor, and set the bottles on the counter one by one, demanding, as she presented each, that she be paid the amount for which it could be redeemed. If Madame refused to collaborate in this

laborious accounting system, the child would retreat into an evil sulk, pushing out her lips and rolling her eyes. And when, as often happened, Madame refused to accept some of the girl's bottles, explaining that they came from some other shop, the child would become really upset, flinging her arms and stamping her bare feet and screaming in her own language, that of the Susu tribe, while tears ran down

her face. Madame, as patient as an indulgent schoolteacher, would allow the tantrum to run its course, meanwhile nonchalantly attending to other customers. When, finally, the child became convinced that Madame was not going to relent, she would carefully count her earnings, gather up her unsalable bottles, and drag her basket out of the way against the wall. There she would remain for several minutes, counting and fondling the precious francs. At last, still sulking, she would march to the counter and, with the haughtiness of a



princess, order a soft drink or a bar of candy. She never smiled.

Among the regular customers, day and night, were a pair of crumbling Guinean winos who seemed never to work but who nevertheless always had the price of some quantity or other of wine. Madame was endlessly patient with these two, almost affectionately so. She gossiped with them for as long as they were lucid, and did not demand

that they depart when they were not. She was especially tolerant of the older one of the pair, a bewhiskered, moon-faced chap who liked to tell how, in his youth, he had travelled to Sierra Leone and Liberia, and who spoke a few words of English. "He never eats," Madame said to me one day, in the manner of a despairing mother. "He loathes food. His only nourishment comes from wine." The other derelict,

a handsome, leonine fellow with thick, wavy, graying hair, spoke elegant French and affected an imperious air. Both men were obviously better educated than those around them.

Women were greatly in the minority, but several of them were among the more colorful of the regular customers. There was a Susu woman, as silent as a mute, who came in for her nightly beer with her baby strapped to her back. She stood against the rear wall and drained her bottle at a leisurely rate. She never spoke with anyone—not even Madame—and appeared completely oblivious of the confusion of voices and movement about her. The baby slept or else stared, wide-eyed and solemn, but neither cried nor complained. Once the woman had finished her beer, she maneuvered the empty bottle to the counter, then wordlessly edged her way outside. This woman's opposite numbers were two exceedingly unretiring ladies of dubious morality. One, a handsome Senegalese, tall, buxom, and stately, strutted into the place trailing brilliant scarves, flowery scents, and a most provocative bustle. Atop her hair, which was invariably plaited in intricate designs, rested a gay kerchief, the ends of which fell down, wimple-style, over her ears and neck. She was all undulation and coquetry, roving eyes and seductive smiles. She talked with anyone, in a husky, sultry tone; accepted drinks; and seldom departed alone. Her colleague, a middle-aged Arab woman, made much more energetic efforts to attract male company, but with far less success. A wine addict, she always had to buy her own bottle, and her company was so little in demand that she was frequently left to talk—in a loud voice—to no one in particular. From time to time, she interrupted her monologue to take a lumberman's swig from her bottle, raising it to



"I seem to have lost my ticket, but it's a blue Chevrolet and there's a canary-yellow cardigan on the back seat."



TABU

the 'forbidden' fragrance



Dana

PERFUME • COLOGNE • SPRAY COLOGNE • LIPSTICK • DUSTING POWDER • SOAP

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Join the fun...

phone

North Key Largo

"1"

It's the distinctive telephone number at the distinguished 1,300-acre complete oceanfront club community stretching serenely from famous Card Sound to the blue Atlantic in the picturesque Florida Keys.

Enjoy our new and luxuriously expanded facilities!

• 18-hole championship golf course • Yacht harbor for private and charter boats • Finest in-shore, reef, and deep-sea fishing . . . expert guides Private 3,000' airstrip • Beauty salon and barber shop • Tennis • Ocean lagoon and beach • Heated fresh-water pool • Unexcelled food and beverage service • Hotel accommodations with oceanview balconies • Kitchenette villas accommodating 2 to 6 • Yachtel Colony with dockside villas Residential homes by month or season.

LIMITED NUMBER OF WATERFRONT AND FAIRWAY HOMESITES AVAILABLE, AS WELL AS A UNIQUE VACATION VILLA OWNERSHIP PLAN.

Advance reservations advised.
For additional information and rates, phone or write:

OCEAN REEF

Box NY • North Key Largo, Florida
FROM MIAMI, only an hour by car • 30 miles
by boat • 15 minutes by air.

her lips ostentatiously, legs apart, free hand on hip. Every time I saw her, she wore a soiled and faded rust-colored frock and plastic thong sandals, and her graying brown hair was matted and gooey with dirt. There were many Syrians and Lebanese and a few Indians among the non-West Africans in Conakry, but this woman was the only North African I had seen there. I was curious about how she had ended up so far from home, so I asked her.

"How do you know I am North African?" she countered, giving me her most alluring smile and fluttering her dim and stupid brown eyes.

I explained that she had the same blue-black tattoo on her chin that I had seen on the faces of unveiled women in Algiers and Casablanca, and that anyway she looked North African.

"Monsieur is clever!" she exclaimed, brandishing the bottle.

She grew momentarily grave, touching her chin. "Yes, I am an Arab. I am marked like a beast. It is so."

And why was she in Guinea?

"Me?" She shrugged, giggling. "I like to travel."

Madame winked at me and leaned over the counter to whisper to the Arab woman, "Tell Monsieur about your famous client."

The Arab woman beamed, set her half-emptied bottle on the counter, and moved with a confidential air toward me. She glanced about surreptitiously, then waved an unclean hand in my face. "It is not a lie, Monsieur," she said, in what she mistook for a whisper. "I swear it. He gave me one thousand francs. He chose me. Me! He came to me. I have proof. He came to my house."

"Who?" I asked.

"Monsieur —," she replied proudly, naming a local dignitary.

I suppose I looked doubtful, for she proceeded to try to convince me of her allure. She retreated a few steps and began to wiggle in an obscenely decrepit way. "I still have my figure," she said, sliding her palms over her flat chest and down the front of her dress. Then she lifted its skirt, and untied a knot in one of the tatters of her petticoat and extracted a franc note, with which she stumbled to the counter and ordered two small bars of chocolate. One of them she offered to me, and when I refused it, with thanks, she ate

both, washing them down with lusty swallows of wine.

"She has only just been released from jail," Madame said covertly. "She is always in jail."

"Why is she so often in jail?" I asked.

Madame laughed. "Her business is illegal. And now that there are no French military clients, she has a difficult time. The Guineans are afraid of her."

After a few more minutes of loud reminiscence, the Arab woman seized her bottle by the neck, said goodbye all around, and staggered alone into the street. Several nights later, when I

was walking back to my hotel after dinner at the Hôtel de France, I chanced upon the place where she plied her trade. It was only a block away from my hotel, in the neighborhood of one of several hulking, whitewashed cinemas that were patronized exclusively by Africans. Hundreds of

juveniles and young adults were milling about under the arc lamps in front of the barnlike building, and half a dozen of Conakry's omnipresent vending women sat behind their stands, peeling oranges, which they peddled at three for ten francs, or frying bananas, which sold for slightly more. In the shadows of a house set back from the street were three women sitting a pace or two apart on individual mats and calling out to passing men. The most vocal of the trio was the Arab woman, wearing her rusty dress and smoking a cigarette. "*Bon soir, Monsieur l'Américain!*" she shouted at me. "Come to me and I will make you happy! I will make your dreams come true!"

I DID not encounter the proprietor of the bar until more than a week after I had discovered the establishment. It was evening, and he was helping Madame behind the counter, as the space on the customers' side overflowed with thirsty and, for the most part, bedraggled Africans. A round, blubbery, aging fellow, as moist as a seal, he was dressed in what I came to recognize as his favorite costume: a faded shirt, worn unbuttoned; khaki shorts, over which his white belly hung; and badly scuffed black shoes. His legs were gross and unsightly, with blue-tinted varicose veins and pockets of flesh. He owned a truck, which he used in doing contract jobs for construction firms during the day, and he had just returned





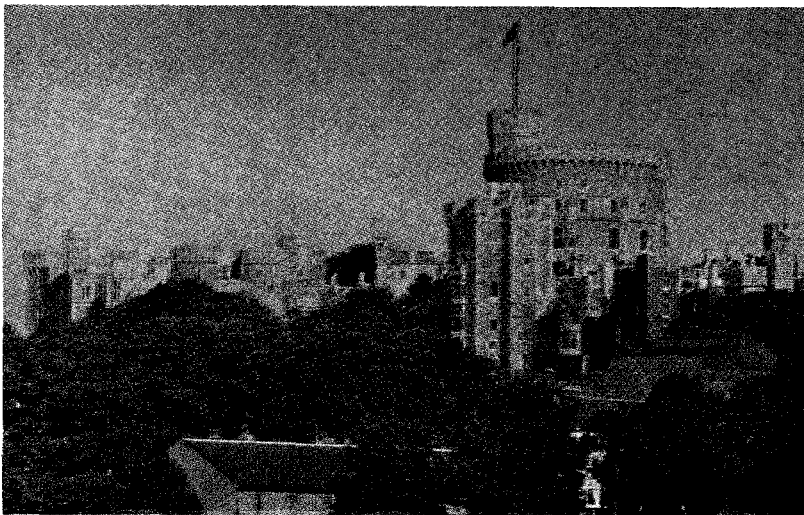
She loves the fine, the subtle, the non-cliche. Hence her Southgoing dress—the simplest of the simple in Galey and Lord's soft, supple whipcord twill. Her dress, hers alone. Her fabric, to be found in collection clothes at America's finest stores. Galey and Lord. A Division of Burlington Industries



Guide to Britain's castles – their lords, sorcerers and heroes

There are more than 300 castles in Britain. The best time to see them is in the Spring or Fall. Battlements are less crowded. Admission is rarely more than 35 cents.

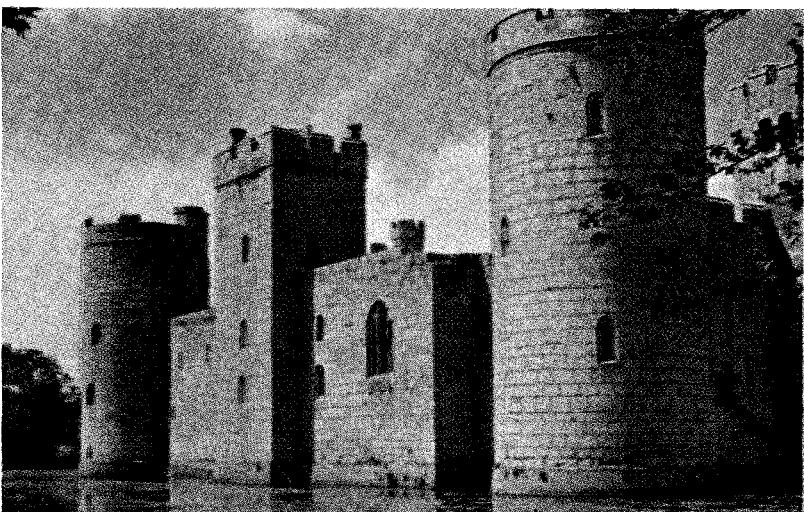
For "Cathedrals, Castles and Abbeys," a free 32-page illustrated booklet, see your travel agent or write Box 514, British Travel Association. In New York—680 Fifth Ave.; In Los Angeles—612 So. Flower St.; In Chicago—39 So. LaSalle St.; In Canada—151 Bloor St. West, Toronto.



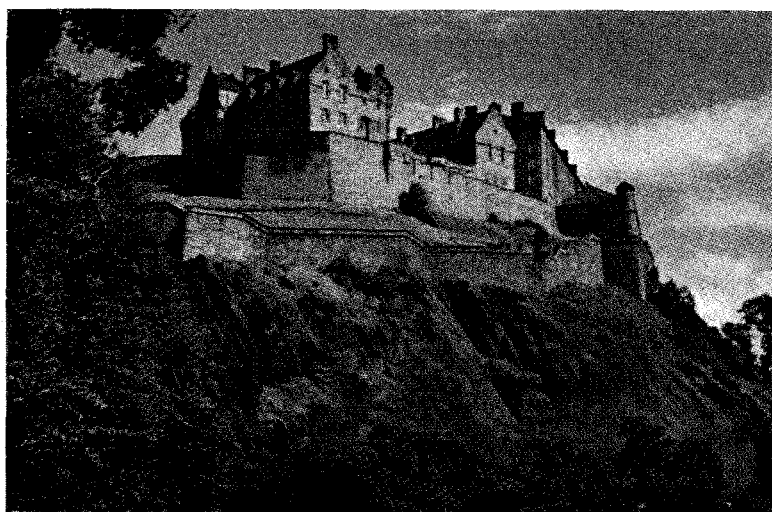
WINDSOR (11th century) England's monarchs have held court here for almost 900 years. Elizabeth I once summoned Shakespeare to Windsor and demanded another play about Falstaff. Hence *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.



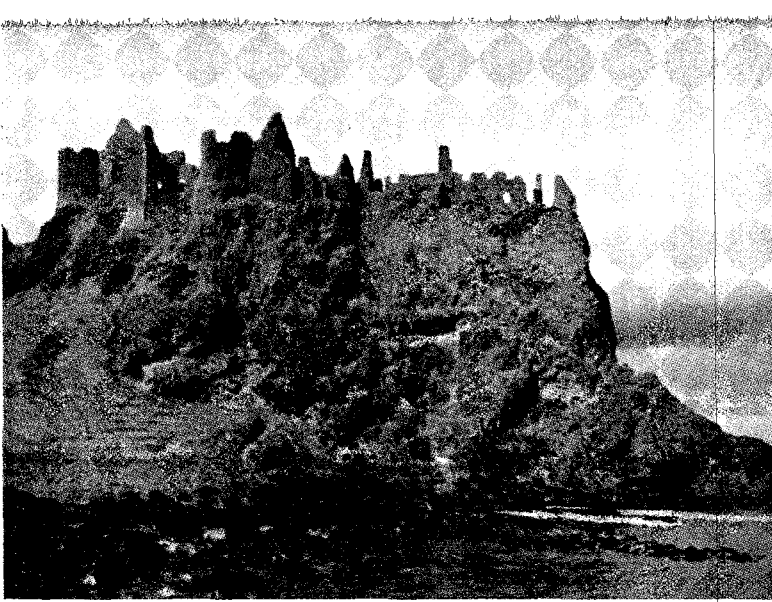
TINTAGEL (12th century) Some people say King Arthur's castle lies beneath these ruins. Stand on this clifftop and let your imagination take over. Suddenly, knights joust. Launcelot woos Guinevere. Merlin the Sorcerer schemes.



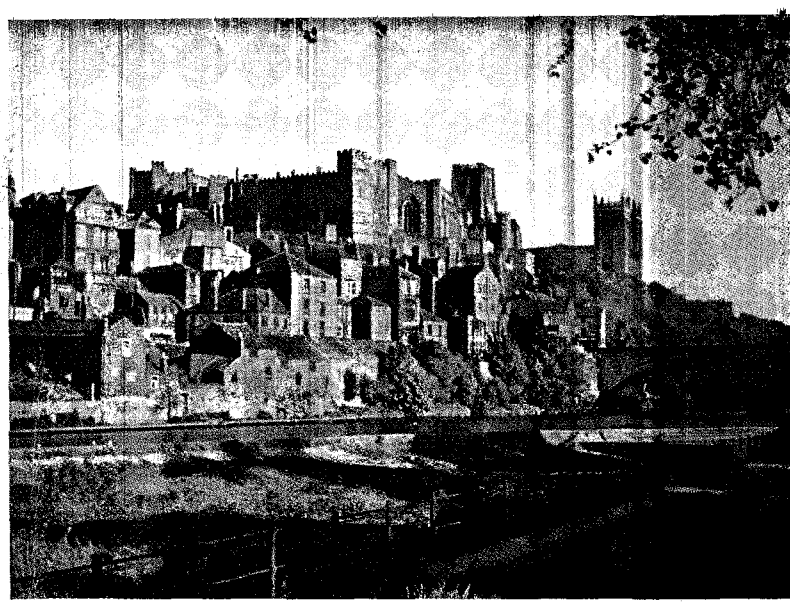
BODIAM (1386 A.D.) Sir Edward Dalyngruge built his castle in the middle of a lily-dappled lake. Bodiam is only an hour's drive from London. Tip: Rent a car for \$40 a week and you can storm more castles than King Arthur.



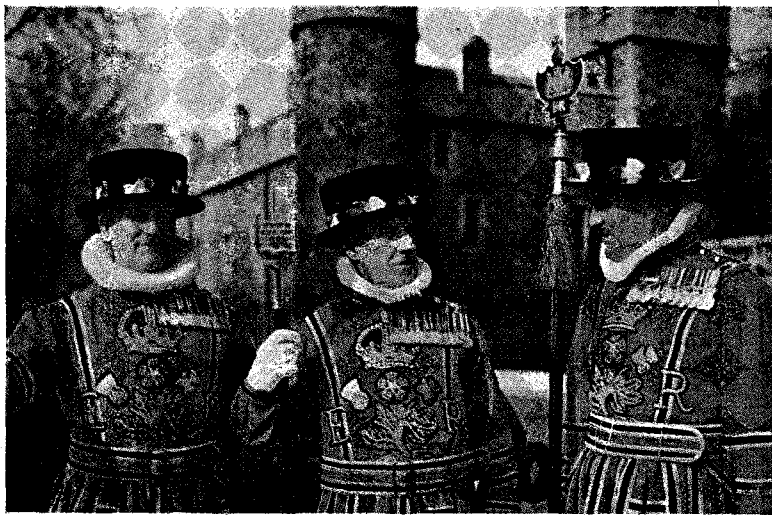
EDINBURGH (12th century) The Earl of Moray once took this castle by leading an army up the rock. These ramparts become the backdrop for a rousing military tattoo during the Edinburgh Festival (Aug. 16–Sept. 5).



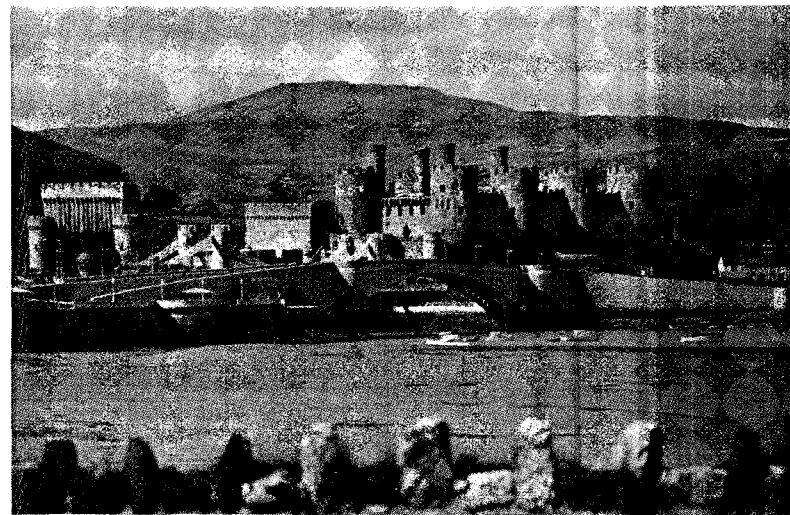
DUNLUCE (16th century) When an Irish tinker entertained the servants here in 1634, the kitchen and eight of his audience plopped into the sea. Dunluce is in Northern Ireland, just 2 hours by air from London.



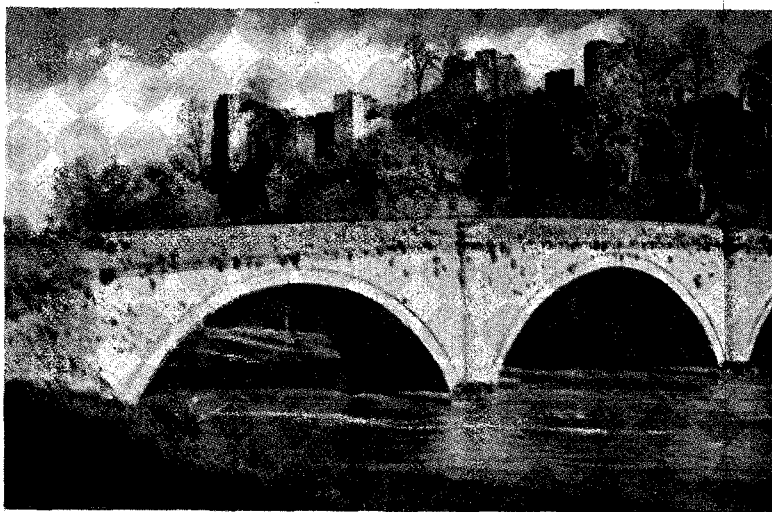
DURHAM (1072 A.D.) William the Conqueror built this castle to keep out the Scots. It is now a *university*. Some castles have become *hotels*. You can stay in them for as little as \$5.50 a night, breakfast included.



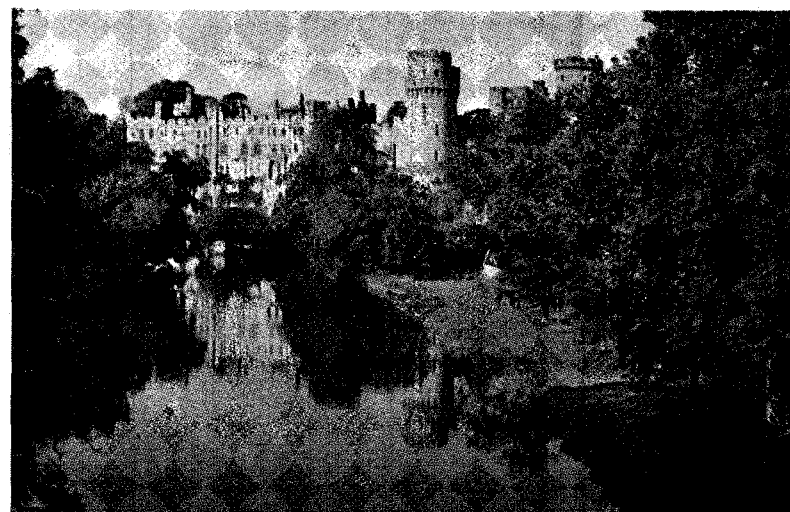
LONDON (1078 A.D.) These "Beefeaters" call their castle the Tower of London. Ask them to show you the Crown Jewels of England—including the Imperial State Crowns. One of these crowns has more than 6,000 diamonds.



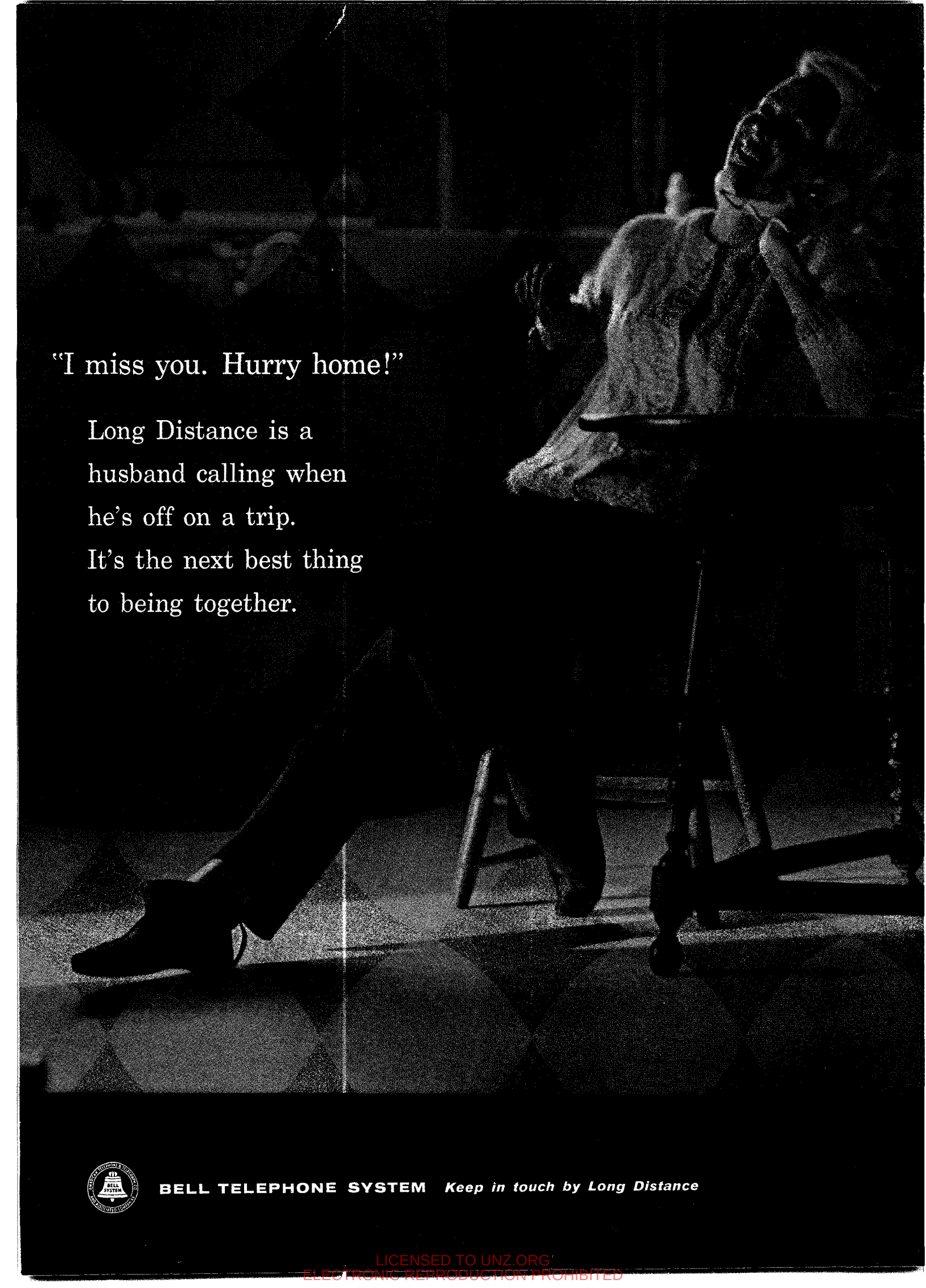
CONWAY (1283 A.D.) This Welsh castle was built by King Edward I, alias Longshanks. It has *eight* towers, craftily arranged for cross fire. If invaders tried to mine the walls, archers could *spray* them with arrows.



LUDLOW (1086 A.D.) In June, Ludlow puts on a two-week festival. You can see Shakespearean plays in the castle courtyard. Note: 1964 is the 400th Anniversary of Shakespeare's birth. Your travel agent has full details.



WARWICK (14th century) You'll find some of Europe's finest private art collections in Britain's castles. Our picture shows the castle of Warwick the King Maker. Its timbered halls glow with Rembrandts and Van Dycks.

A black and white photograph of a woman sitting in a rocking chair. She is looking upwards and to the right, holding a telephone receiver to her ear. Her expression is one of longing or anticipation. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights and deep shadows.

"I miss you. Hurry home!"

Long Distance is a
husband calling when
he's off on a trip.
It's the next best thing
to being together.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM *Keep in touch by Long Distance*

from one of these. Occasionally, he stopped opening bottles of cheap, locally brewed beer long enough to glance out at a group of African youths unloading equipment from his truck, and to shout orders to them through the window. When he saw me, he did an exaggerated double take, then smiled knowingly and nodded in recognition. He had obviously heard about me.

"Ah, *un Perrier!*" he said.

I nodded.

Leaving two hammy handfuls of unopened beers on a huge, crude table that served him and Madame as seat, workbench, and cash repository, he waddled out of the room and returned with a large bottle of the mineral water. He opened it, and presented it to me over the counter. "Ah, you are the American," he said, in English, and somewhat accusingly, as if he had caught me trying to disguise my nationality. "I can see you are American."

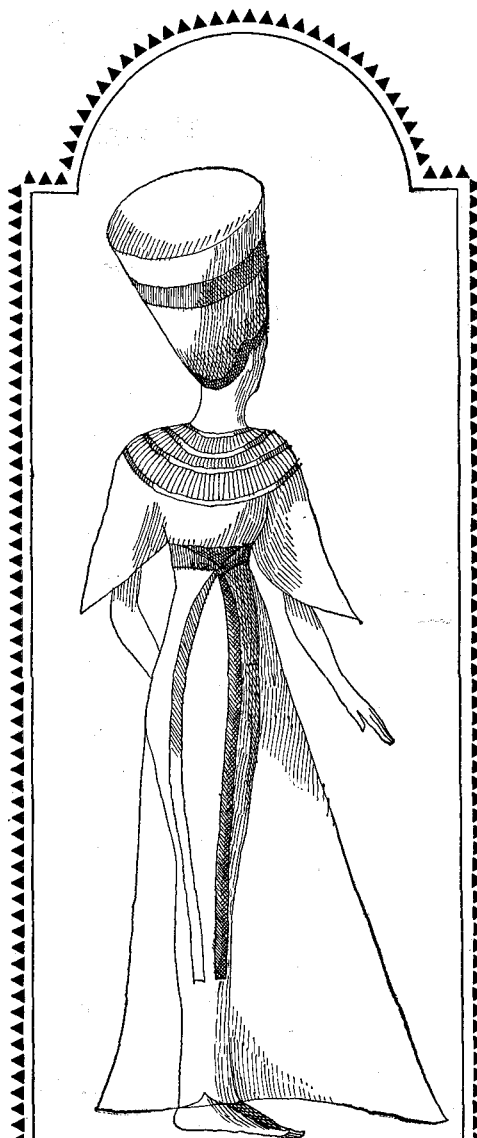
He went back to the beers, opened them, and distributed them to the Africans, then went out and brought in two more handfuls. As they worked, both he and Madame kept in motion a series of small-talk dialogues in French with customers. The Africans also conducted numerous conversations and arguments among themselves, drawing in fresh voices and, presumably, fresh viewpoints from newcomers. The cramped space roared with talk and stank with a formidable stew of cigarette smoke, wine, beer, and unwashed bodies. When there was a pause in the rush of commerce, the proprietor sidled up to me and began a continuing process in which he would intermittently stab me with a query or slap me with an assertion, his tiny blue eyes shifting from me to the doorway to the level of liquid in the bottles on the counter.

"How is Harlem?" he asked the first time; his English heavy and plodding, and his accent distinctly un-French.

Fine, I told him. I had not seen Harlem in ten years, but I knew that to mention such a detail would serve no useful purpose. In the minds of many Europeans, an American Negro must be associated with Harlem, or *a* Harlem. Otherwise, they cannot imagine the Negro's role in American life. And perhaps this is a reasonable enough attitude, after all.

"You drink Perrier, not water," the proprietor said, shaking his tousled gray head. "Ah, you are so American. I think American black people are more American than the Americans."

It was too muddled an observation to warrant a reply, so I asked him when he

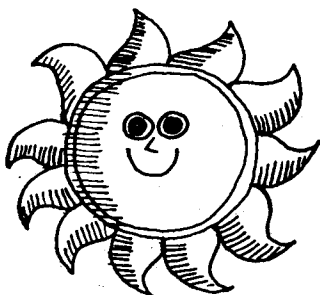


Nefertiti
would've
if
she
could've...
carpeted
the
Pyramids
with
carpet
by
magee

the fibre  Acrilan

The Magee Carpet Company, Fifth Avenue, New York

WHERE DOES THE SUN GO IN WINTER?



...it
follows
BWIA
to...

Antigua
Barbados
Trinidad
Tobago
Jamaica
Grand Cayman
Puerto Rico
St. Thomas
St. Kitts
Guadeloupe
Dominica
Martinique
St. Lucia
St. Vincent
Grenada

All winter long, British West Indian Airways offers you frequent jet service from New York... daily prop-jet service from Miami. Island-hop to your heart's content on BWIA, the airline that knows—and serves—the Caribbean best! For information and reservations, call your travel agent, any BOAC office or, in Florida, BWIA-Miami.

To help you plan your trip, ask for our "Caribbean FunPak." It contains complete information on each of the islands where the fun comes from. For your free FunPak write to: BWIA, Dept. N-1, 530 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. (10036)

BWIA

BRITISH WEST INDIAN AIRWAYS

had been in America, and in what part. "Ah, I went there long ago, before you were born," he said. "I was in New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland. But I did not like it."

I asked him why he had not liked it.

He started to answer, saw an African down the counter take a last swig from a bottle, and shoved off toward him, disappearing for a moment and returning with more beer. He opened a bottle and handed it to the African, changed a hundred-franc note for him, and came back to me. "Americans think only of money," he said. "They are brutal people, without culture. I did not like them."

He told me that New York was full of slums and poverty and European rejects ("the garbage of Europe" was the phrase he used), that it was constructed without imagination or taste, and that it was really impossible for a European of sensitivity and culture to live there. "It is barbaric," he said. "The Americans think Africa is barbaric, but they are more barbaric than the Africans. The Africans are a kind and gentle people, as you can see."

This characterization of America and Americans I had heard from Paris all the way south to Africa—in Bern, in Barcelona, in Palma, and on the ship en route to Guinea. Experience had taught me not to contradict, but now I suggested that many things in America had changed in the thirty years or so since he had been there.

"Nein!" he snapped. And then he flushed, smiled in what seemed to be embarrassment, and said, "No, I do not think so. I read the papers. It is the same as before."

I saw that an African beside me was intent on my every word, studying me with the careful concentration of a lip reader. The proprietor also noticed his interest, and spoke to him in French. "Alioune, this gentleman is American."

The African smiled politely, took my hand, and shook it with the warmth that is customary in West Africa. He was handsome, tall, broad-shouldered, and muscular, with alert, intelligent eyes.

"Ça va?" I asked.

"Ça va bien," he replied.

The proprietor lurched away to serve another customer, and Alioune and I were left looking at each other. For a moment, neither of us spoke. I suppose I expected him to ask the usual questions (What did I think of Guinea? How long was I staying? What was the purpose of my visit?), but if he was curious, he showed no sign of it. He had



Only the look is priceless

An inspired look. Two-piece suit with relaxed blouson top gathered at the bottom by a drawstring. Arnel in the double knit keeps colors fresh and you comfortable. By Peter Pan in Wm. Winkler's Arnel triacetate double knit. White/blue/tan or white/pink/green stripes. 8-14. About \$24. At Gimbel's, N.Y. & branches; Filene's, Boston; Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh.

ARNEL This is the official Arnel symbol—your assurance that this fabric type has been pretested for performance claimed by Celanese®

Celanese
CONTEMPORARY FIBERS

the sparrow has flown...

BUT HER SONG REMAINS: *Piaf! • More Piaf of Paris •
Potpourri Par Piaf • Piaf/Chansons • Piaf and Sarapo at the Bobino •
Soon to be released: Piaf at the Olympia*





Sun Valley
IDAHO

The perfect place for a Winter Vacation. Skiing at its very best on dry powder snow. Over 50 Mogul-free runs and 8 Electric lifts cuts lift-waiting time to practically nothing. Outdoor ice skating and warm water swimming. After dark dining and dancing at the Lodge or the swinging Ram at the Challenger Inn.

"LEARN TO SKI" WEEKS



America's most efficient Ski-School features "Contemporary Skiing" with "beginner" and "advanced" classes. 7 days, 6 nights with all Lessons, Ski-Lift rides, meals, accommodations — all for **\$116.** (plus fare)

FOR FREE COLOR FOLDER . . .
and complete rate information and details
about activities and events — send coupon

Winston McCrea
Dept. 177, Sun Valley, Idaho

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Owned and served by



Union Pacific Railroad

a fresh haircut, a real air-conditioned job, with all the hair clipped off below the crown of his rather large, round head. I had been wondering where I could get a haircut, and I decided to ask him.

Alioune regarded me speculatively, then replied, "The African barbershops are not very modern. Perhaps you would prefer a white barber."

"Not particularly," I said, detecting a note of suspicion in his voice. "It's just that it is so hot here, and I thought I'd like a close haircut, like yours."

He nodded neutrally, but the suspicion had shifted to his eyes. "The barbershop that gave me this haircut is next door to the *gare voitures*, behind the Hôtel Monkarin."

I told him I hadn't the slightest idea where that was, and he nodded again. "If you are free now, I will show you," he said.

Alioune swallowed the last of his beer, and I finished off my Perrier. Just then, the proprietor drifted back in our direction. "Ah, are you leaving so soon?" he asked. I told him that Alioune was going to guide me to a barbershop, and his eyebrows went up. "An African barbershop?" he asked. When I said yes, he shook his head. "You will not like it," he said. "There is a European barbershop on the corner. Perhaps you should go there. The barber will cut your hair as you direct him."

The proprietor said this in English, but Alioune obviously understood the import of the words, for when I turned to him, there was a sneer on his face. I said, in French, "Shall we go?" and he replied, "Perhaps you want the European barbershop, Monsieur. I will show you."

I said no, waved farewell to the proprietor and Madame, and trailed Alioune through the crowd to the door. He led the way up the dusty street, making no effort to converse and cutting short my efforts in that direction with an elaborate economy of words. Near the busy Rue du Niger, he pointed to a shop, sandwiched between a jeweller's and a bootmaker's, that had a sign over the door reading, "*Coiffeur pour Messieurs*." "Perhaps you want this shop, Monsieur," he said. "It is said that American black men prefer the company of white men. You will be more comfortable here."

"That's not true," I said. "I'd like to see your shop, if you would be good enough to show it to me."

He continued past the Hôtel du Niger, across the tip of the aromatic market section, and down a wide street



The redingote skirt walks as perfectly as a greyhound . . . all line and ease and lightness. Dacron polyester and cotton make it sleek . . . the cutaway front wraps partly around and ties. Thirteen colors, among them Frost Gold, Raspberry, Bottle Green, True Blue. 6 to 16. About \$12 at fine stores or write:

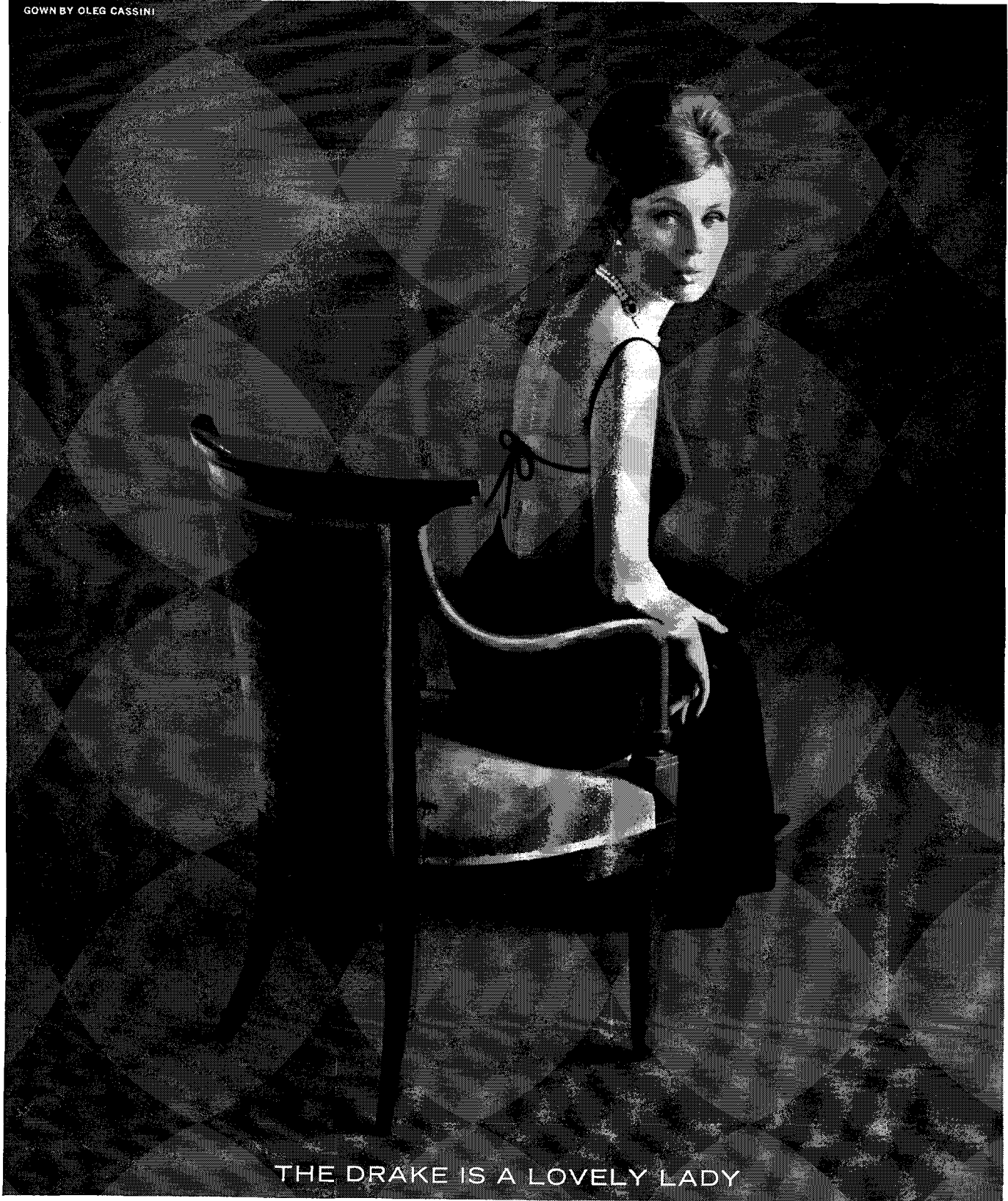


JOHN MEYER
OF **NORWICH**

NORWICH, CONNECTICUT

In New York: 1407 Broadway

GOWN BY OLEG CASSINI



THE DRAKE IS A LOVELY LADY

The Drake is elegant...difficult to ignore at first glance...impossible to resist after the briefest encounter... always discussed. Her charms are constantly commended to others. She's quiet, a gracious hostess, and her admirers are bountiful. She has just added a distinctive new wing...200 magnificently decorated rooms and suites for the convenience of her guests. Yes, the Drake is a lovely lady. Once you accept her invitation, you'll visit no one else. Reservation offices in many leading cities...check your telephone directory for number.

THE HOTEL *Drake* NEW YORK

Park Avenue at 56th Street—Max Blouet, Vice President and General Manager
FORMERLY DIRECTEUR OF THE GEORGE V, PARIS



Only the look is priceless

Shift à la toga. The look may be Roman but the fabric is purely modern. Sharkskin that owes its 20th century washability and whiteness to Arnel. By Sloat & Company in Folker Fabrics' Arnel triacetate sharkskin. White with red or navy. 8 to 16. About \$35. At Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.; Bramson, Chicago—all stores; i. Magnin & Co., West Coast.

Celanese® Arnel®

Celanese
CONTEMPORARY FIBERS

flanked on one side by the rear wall of a massive new building and on the other by a long row of clothing shops operated by gypsy-looking Middle Easterners, all of whom seemed to sell the same merchandise. In front of the shops, small platoons of African men sat at tables or behind machines, sewing, on the spot, the garments to be sold—trousers, shirts, and blue-and-white Moslem robes, which hung from racks beneath the shops' porticoes. At the end of the street, on a small plaza, stood the Hôtel Monkarin, a dusty, ochre-colored three-story building that reminded me of a Chicago flophouse. Behind it was the *gare voitures*, a large service station and parking lot haunted by idle and garrulous dandies and young would-be hot-rodders.

Alioune did not speak until we had crossed the street behind the hotel and were standing on the edge of the parking lot. "It is here," he said then, pointing to a structure directly in front of us. He had turned so that he was looking squarely into my face, to measure my reaction.

Given Alioune's attitude thus far, I had not expected much. Still, I was not prepared for what I saw. The building—nothing more than a lean-to, and a listing lean-to, at that—was less than half the size of a one-car garage. The door, half the length of the shack, was wide open, affording a full view of the interior. A long shelf along the back wall held several pieces of cracked mirror and a variety of combs, brushes, powders, and lotions. All were covered with dust of at least several days' accumulation, and hair clippings covered the floor like a ragged carpet. There were three chairs, all occupied at the moment, and three busy barbers, and several men sat on benches in the corners waiting their turns, passing the time in animated discussion.

Alioune gestured for me to enter, and I did, learning abruptly that the ceiling was low for my six feet plus, and that I should have stooped. Alioune spoke to the barber at the center chair, who was apparently the proprietor, and he stopped work to greet us. "This is an American gentleman," Alioune announced. "He would like a haircut."

All faces turned toward me. I bowed slightly from my stooped stance, trying to look less ridiculous than I felt.

The proprietor greeted me politely, told me that he himself would take care of me shortly, and suggested that I take a seat on a bench.

"No, I haven't time to wait now," I said, imagining Alioune's sneering

De Busschere of Bruges
Shoe Artisans for over 300 years



"Hand-Made"

Cousu-Main Par

De Busschere

Every pair of De Busschere shoes is completely made by hand... carefully, perfectly, with a craftsmanship unique in to-day's world. The hand workmanship ("cousu-main" in its purest translation) and quality of leathers assure years of comfortable wear. Consequently the styling is classic.

FOR WOMEN: Casuals\$22.50
Dress Shoes\$50 to \$145

FOR MEN: Casuals\$25

Full color brochures on request.

MR. HENRI BENDEL
Owner-President

BELGIAN SHOES, Inc.

60 East 56 St., New York 22, N. Y.

IN CALIFORNIA: I. MAGNIN & CO.
San Francisco

Bean's Zipper Duffle Bag



Made of good water repellent duck with zipper running almost the full length. Shaped much the same as a regular traveling bag. Double leather handles. The handiest duffle bag that can be made. Two sizes: Length 21", diameter 11", Price \$10.85. Length 27", diameter 16½", Price \$12.85 postpaid. Prices include 10% Luggage Tax.

L. L. Bean, Inc., 231 Main St., Freeport, Maine
Mfrs. Hunting and Camping Specialties

JAPANESE RESTAURANT

SAITO

TEMPURA BAR • TATAMI ROOM
Cocktails—Private Banquet Room
131 W. 52 St. Closed Sun. JU 2-7809

Derailing a Myth

It takes three nights and two-and-a-half days for the fabled Orient Express to make its trip between Paris and Istanbul.

But on Tuesday night (January 7) at 10:00, NBC viewers will make the very same journey on the very same railroad in the space of an hour.

Lured by a Legend

Their guide on NBC News' "Orient Express" special will be correspondent Edwin Newman, who took the trip expressly (sic) to see if the ride was as full of mystery, knavery and international hokey-pokey as it's tracked up to be.

It turned out that the Paris-Istanbul stretch is about as much a roadbed-of-intrigue as the span between Penn Station and Oceanside. No one on board looked even remotely like Marlene Dietrich or Peter Lorre. No one was stabbed—either in a conspiracy or in a tunnel. And not a single passenger started a conversation with anything as cryptic as, "The lizard will beckon when the afternoon sun strikes the camel's left eye."

Instead, reporter Newman (playing it deadpan all the way) found himself on a trip characterized by a minimum

of comfort, hot water and decent food. "The only real mystery," he reports, "was the disappearance of the dining car during the night."

Each time the train crossed the border there was a change of locomotive and crew. Steam engines were used for most of the journey, with the soot and cinders making it impossible for the passengers to keep a window open. Just before the climactic run into Istanbul, a switch was made to a sleek, electric locomotive, but this was a clear case of Turkish image-makers laying it on with a trowel. (You've heard of those Turkish trowels.)

Yet, despite all the discomforts, the trip (passing through seven nations in all) should



prove fascinating to the NBC audience. The running view of the countryside; the along-the-route interviews with a porter, a food vendor and a Yugoslavian editor; and, above all, the good natured way in which reporter Newman punctures the whole "Orient Express" mystique, make this color special a truly unusual offering.

The program—produced by Lou Hazam—also underscores the fact that NBC News,



the acknowledged leader in electronic journalism, does not confine its operations to news

that's deadly serious and monumentally important. It should be said, however, that even a subject as buoyant as "Orient Express" calls for carloads of preparation.

Prelude to a Trip

It took weeks, for example, to wangle permission for filming the countryside of Yugoslavia and Bulgaria. And in Paris' Gare de Lyon, electricians had to run special wiring across the four-story-high girders, so that the opening sequence on the Paris station's platform would be properly illuminated.

What's more, two cars had to be added to the train itself—a boxcar for all the camera equipment, and a sleeping car for Newman, associate producer Dan Karasik, director Tom Priestley and the rest of the network's 11-man team. Obviously, this was a journey taken in earnest. It just came out funny, that's all.

NBC

Look to NBC for the best combination of news, information and entertainment.

KNOTT HOTELS ARE TOPS...

Both Sides of the Atlantic!

The renown of Knott Hotels is world-wide... for gracious, deluxe hospitality, for luxurious accommodations, for the finest in food and beverage service. Specify Knott Hotels, next time you travel.

NEW YORK



NEW YORK

NEW WESTON
Madison at 50th St. • PL 3-4800

NEW YORK



NEW YORK

WESTBURY
Madison at 69th St. • LE 5-2000

TORONTO, CANADA



LONDON, ENGLAND

WESTBURY
Bond Street • MAYfair 7755

BRUSSELS, BELGIUM



NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

ROBERT TREAT
50 Park Place • MA 2-1000

For reservations, see your
travel agent... or call:

NEW YORK.....	PL 9-6100
BOSTON.....	542-1112
CLEVELAND.....	333-2404
CHICAGO.....	FR 2-7741
DETROIT.....	KE 1-4400
LOS ANGELES.....	622-0787
MONTREAL, CAN.....	844-3274
PHILADELPHIA.....	Enterprise 6800
SAN FRANCISCO.....	EX 2-7277
SEATTLE.....	MA 4-7537
WASHINGTON, D.C.....	546-4040

KNOTT HOTELS CORPORATION

575 MADISON AVENUE,
NEW YORK, N. Y. 10022



face behind me. "I will return tomorrow."

"Very well, Monsieur."

"How much is a haircut?" I asked.

"One hundred and fifty francs, Monsieur."

"Thank you," I said. "I'll be back tomorrow."

Outside again, I thanked Alioune. We shook hands, said "*Au revoir*," and went off in opposite directions. There was a smug expression on Alioune's face when we parted.

I DID not see Alioune again until two days later. He arrived in the bar—most propitiously, as far as I was concerned—at the climax of one of the proprietor's emotional tirades against America. "Excuse me," I said to the proprietor, and stretched out a hand to Alioune, finding it a relief to turn from the bombastic European to the imperturbable African. Alioune shook my hand warmly, even vigorously. His eyes moved directly to my head and stayed there. I inquired about his health and commented on the weather. But he was not to be diverted. "You did not get a haircut, Monsieur," he said.

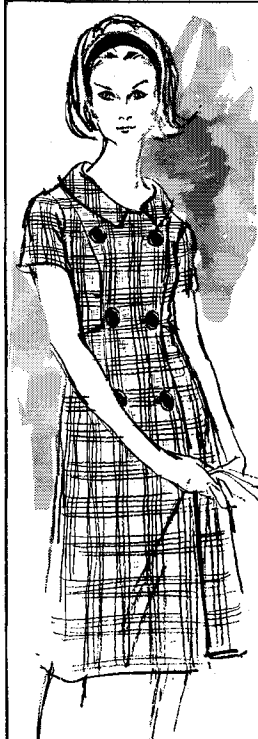
"I have been very busy," I said, truthfully. "I haven't had time."

Alioune nodded knowingly. He ordered a beer, and the proprietor reluctantly left us to fetch it. "Why do you not get a haircut in the white man's barbershop?" Alioune asked when we were alone. "You will like that better."

"No, that is not true," I said, annoyed because I knew I could not hope to explain to him that my feelings about his barbershop had nothing to do with color. "My hair is like yours, and the African barber will know how to cut it."

Alioune smiled, and said no more. The proprietor brought the beer, and he and Alioune started a conversation. I lingered just long enough to finish my Perrier and contribute a few innocuous remarks. On the way out, I waved to Madame.

After breakfast the following morning, I skipped my Perrier and hurried to the barbershop behind the Hôtel Monkarin before any second thoughts could weaken my determination. I had been invited by M. Lionel Debaste, the administrative chief in Conakry of the multimillion-dollar bauxite-mining combine known as FRIA, to dine with him in the firm's eighth-floor penthouse that night. Several government Ministers had also been invited, and I thought I should present a decent appearance. A haircut would certainly be helpful in that respect. On entering



Write or phone
for our new Spring-
Resort Maternity
Booklet and our
Layette-Nursery
Furniture Booklet.

Our future
addition to
the clan—
the glen
plaid coat
dress, 35.00

At home
everywhere —
our dress that
knows no

season is an easy A-line coach-
man style, buttoned on the dou-
ble. A black and white blend of
rayon and Arnel® triacetate. 6-16
sizes. Maternity Shop.

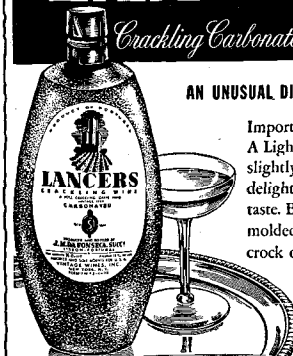
Saks Fifth Avenue

LANCERS

Crackling Carbonated Vin. Rose

AN UNUSUAL DINNER WINE!

Imported from Portugal.
A Light-bodied Rosé wine—
slightly effervescent—
delightfully different in
taste. Bottled in hand
molded earthenware
crock or glass jug.



SOLE IMPORTERS VINTAGE WINES, INC.
625 W. 54th St. N.Y. 19, N.Y.

5 MINUTES TO NEW 18 HOLE LONGBOAT KEY GOLF COURSE

Club-like setting. Bath-
ing. Safe private beach.
Tennis. Superb food.

Only \$5.00 greens fees
for our guests

*Lido
Biltmore*
CLUB HOTEL
FLOYD ALFORD, JR., PRES. & GEN. MGR.

LIDO BEACH • SARASOTA • FLORIDA



the shack, I saw that the coat of dust had thickened, and that fresh nap had been added to the hair rug on the floor. The center barber was busy, so I took the chair on his left. It was presided over by a thin, weaselly-looking young man, who, bafflingly, was as neat and starched as the shop was disordered and dirty.

The barber proceeded to chat, as barbers will, but I said very little, preferring that he give all his attention to his work. I wanted him to finish as soon as possible. I imagined all sorts of dread germs leaping from his implements and burrowing into my scalp, and I wanted to dash back to the hotel to wash it before the microbes had a chance to settle down and start breeding. The barber snipped away rapidly enough, perhaps too rapidly, and several times I stopped him and warned him not to take off *too* much hair. "*Oui, oui, Monsieur, je comprends,*" he said each time, and went on snipping with abandon.

When, finally, he presented me a fragment of mirror and invited me to view the finished job, I was appalled. My head looked as if a flock of chickens had been scratching about in it. "Is it as Monsieur wished?" the barber asked solicitously, the scissors poised. I quickly answered that it would have to do, for it seemed inadvisable to risk letting him attempt to repair it. Nature would fill in the gaps in the next couple of weeks. I allowed my head and neck to be dusted with talcum, and got out of the chair. The barber at the center chair regarded me with sympathy, I thought.

"*Combien?*" I asked, taking out my wallet.

The barber hesitated, glanced furtively at the next barber, and replied, sotto-voce, "*Cinq cents francs.*"

"*Combien?*" I demanded. It was incredible that the scoundrel would ask five hundred francs for the mess he had made of my hair.

"*Cinq cents francs,*" he repeated, in the same low voice.

I turned to the barber at the center chair and asked, "What did you tell me the other day was the price of a haircut?"

"One hundred and fifty francs, Monsieur," he said apologetically.

I gave my barber a hundred and fifty francs and made a dash for the hotel.

I next encountered Alioune after a lapse of several days, during which I had not only attended the FRIA dinner but had an interview with President Sekou Touré. The haircut had not failed to amuse M. Debaste and his



If you could take only one cruise in a lifetime...

The Grand Springtime Cruise of the ss Independence would be the answer. 52 days of cruising in utter luxury to Europe, Africa, The Near East, The Adriatic, The Isles of Greece, some 29 ports in all. The cost? Anywhere from two to eleven thousand dollars. Use the coupon below to obtain your copy of a free brochure which will give you all the details. You can pick the accommodation that suits you, tinker with your itinerary (sidetrip opportunities include a visit to Jerusalem on Easter Sunday, coasting among The Isles of Greece, and other delicacies) or you can just plain comparison-shop. The brochure is illustrated; it makes interesting reading. Send for it today.

AMERICAN EXPORT & ISBRANDTSEN LINES, Dept. NY-1-4
24 Broadway, New York 10004

Telephone: 797-7222 (N. Y. Area Code 212)

Gentlemen:

Please send me your illustrated brochure on the 52-day Mediterranean Cruise of the Independence, sailing from New York March 7, 1964, to 29 ports including The Isles of Greece and the Holy Lands. I understand that there is no charge or obligation.

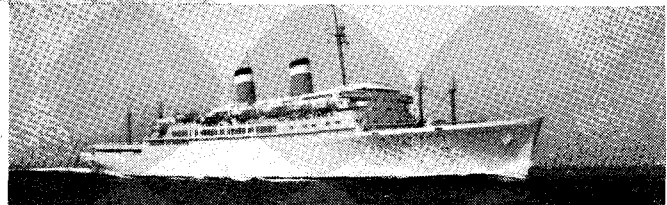
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

MY TRAVEL AGENT IS: _____

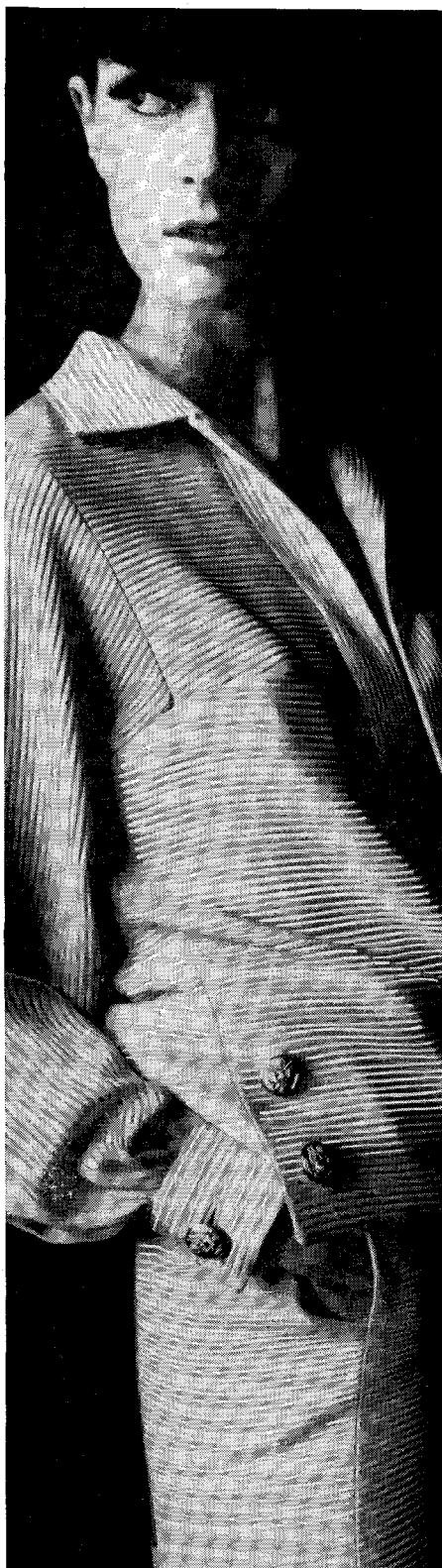
Cruise in American comfort aboard the ss Independence: Madeira • Casablanca • Santa Cruz • Tangier • Gibraltar • Alicante • Beirut • Algiers • Messina • Alexandria • Port Said • Palma • Haifa • Rhodes • Cruise the Bosphorus to the Black Sea • Istanbul • Izmir • Piraeus • Lisbon • Mykonos • Cannes • Marseilles • Barcelona



S.S. INDEPENDENCE

AMERICAN EXPORT and ISBRANDTSEN LINES

24 Broadway, New York 10004



Only the look is priceless

The fisherman's shirt tops a trouser skirt for a starkly new and subtle chic. Celanese acetate, the beauty fiber, gives this crepe its elegance. By The Sidneys in Jacques Maisch's ribbed crepe of acetate and rayon. Cream, pink, blue, black. 6-16. About \$65* at Bergdorf Goodman, New York; I. Magnin & Co., West Coast; Rich's, Atlanta.

*Slightly higher on the West Coast.

Celanese®

Celanese
CONTEMPORARY FIBERS

guests, and even the President. I had eagerly looked forward to telling Alioune of the barber's attempt to cheat me, and when we at last met in the bar, I lost no time in doing so.

"Well, I got my hair cut at your shop," I said, doing a model's whirl so that he could see the results fore and aft.

"It is not very good," Alioune said. "Did the proprietor serve you?"

"No," I said. "He was busy. But the one who did this asked for five hundred francs. What do you think of that?"

He did not seem at all surprised. "Did you pay it?"

"Of course not!"

"Well, do not blame him. You have more money than he has. It is only logical that he should ask what he thinks you will pay."

The bar proprietor, who had been listening, broke into uproarious laughter. "Ah, you see, you do not understand the African way of thinking," he said, in English. "We Europeans understand how they think. We know the Africans. We live with them. You are a white American in black skin."

BUSINESS, each day, picked up swiftly in the bar toward five o'clock, when workers began bicycling or tramping homeward. Dressed in European-style trousers or shorts or else in Moslem robes, they poured into the big room to stand about drinking and chattering. The proprietor usually drove up in his truck just as business had started booming, and, after supervising the unloading of the vehicle, joined his wife behind the counter, looking fully as unwashed and untidy as the mass of his customers. As he trudged to and from the refrigerator room, with sweat streaming down his face and stomach, his breathing became increasingly labored and his disposition correspondingly more irritable. My evening appearance was always the cue for him to take up where he had left off with his gibes against things American.

"What do you think of General Eisenhower?" he asked one evening, employing a flanking assault.

I said I thought Eisenhower a fine and earnest man.

"Bah!" he snorted. "He was only a passable soldier. Compared to Rommel, Eisenhower was a boy playing with guns."

I made no reply, but silence never deterred him.

"You cannot produce great men in America," he went on. "There is no greatness there. Look what you have



Do Not Disturb

Beverly Hills' newest major hotel is **not** a typical American hotel! No conventions. No trade shows. No ballrooms. Designed like a town mansion to provide the privacy of a fine Beverly Hills home, plus the convenience of a grand hotel. Unique plan allows guest to arrange for both rooms and 1964 car in one reservation. Singles from \$13 (with car \$17). Doubles from \$17 (with car, from \$21). See your travel agent or write for brochure.

The Wilshire House

9360 Wilshire Boulevard
Beverly Hills 1, California
Telephone: 273-1400

Free Drive-in Garage

The definitive
portrait
is by

Bachrach

48 East 50th Street, New York • PLaza 5-6233
Bradford Bachrach, photographer of women
Fabian Bachrach, photographer of men.



Ftataetea's Toast! Like mummy never made. It's the newest addition to New York's most talked about supper menu, which includes The Foot Long Hot Dog. And the Frozen Hot Chocolate. Sumptuous lunch starts at 11:30 a.m. Closed Sundays. 225 East 60th St., New York City, TE 8-3531

serendipity **iii** 3

had to do to get your missiles. You have to send for a German, Wernher von Braun. All your best brains come from Europe. You lure them away with money."

"Well, I suppose they come voluntarily," I suggested. "Apparently, they like money."

Madame, who had been left to cope alone with the other customers, handed her husband a banknote and asked for change, and he answered her in German. Taking the banknote, he disappeared into the rear of the building. Originally, I had assumed that the couple were French. If they were German, that explained the "Nein!" that had once slipped from the proprietor's lips and the plowing accent with which he spoke English, and also lent significance to his references to Rommel and von Braun. It occurred to me, too, that the German nationality might account for his intense bitterness toward America. I have several friends of German extraction whose parents came to America shortly after the First World War. Because anti-German sentiment was so prevalent in America at that time, they had told me, their parents had not dared to speak German even in their homes. If the proprietor had arrived in America before my birth, as he had told me, then he was probably there in the early twenties, and might have faced the same resentment.

When he returned, and settled over the counter across from me again, I asked, "Do you miss Germany very much down here in the tropics?"

"Germany?" he said, flushing. Then he laughed. "Ah, my wife and I sometimes speak German, but we are not German. We come from Alsace, near Strasbourg. That is near the border, you know."

It was reasonable. He had spoken in German about money, and perhaps it was wise to keep that sort of information from the ears of his listeners. But somehow I wondered.

"Do you plan to return to America?" he asked.

I said that I did.

"Why do you not live in Europe?"

"Europe is fine, and I like it very much," I said, "but I prefer to return home."

"Bah!" he exclaimed. "How can you call a place home where you are treated so brutally? In Europe you would be treated well. There is no discrimination against black people in Europe. We are civilized. We know how to treat other human beings."

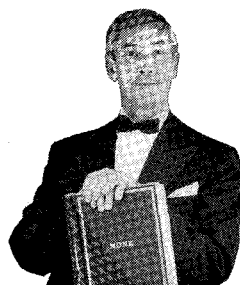
At that moment, patience seemed not a virtue but simply ridiculous, so I said,

NEW SHOW IN TOWN!

S. Loren I. L. Douce Harvard Minna and Ada Everleigh
B. Graham Bunny Girls Joseph E. Levine P. Adler The
Group Freud Queen Bess S. Pepys Peter, Paul and Ma
ry William Shakespeare Sir Francis Bacon The Hamp
tons I. J. Fox Happy R. Bloomingdale's Kentucky Cas
tro Benja

lin Thomas
cess G. Ra
g, Zecken
man Steve
Altman Bo
Poor Rich
inci Mondo
y B. Shelley
hristine Le
e Ivy Leag
rber Mary
Planned P
H. Belafon
rber Snow
petbagge
the Conqu
om House
le The Old

JULIUS MONK IS AT IT AGAIN IMPROPERLY DROPPING PROPER NAMES



min Frank
Dylan Prin
phael Bin
dorf & Tish
Reeves B.
bby Baker
ard L. DaV
Cane Perc
Chicago C
vittown Th
ue Edna Fe
McC Tufts
arenthood
te Your Ba
White Car
rs William,
eror Rand
Greece Ya
Eight-Ten

The Rover Boys Adlai S. Harry Winston Brooks Bros.
Camus J. Reston B. Ives The Tailored Woman S. Brons
tein Elizabeth Barrett B. Mr. John Clementine Paddle
ford Cuba A. Gimbel Lord Byron Boston The AMA Carlo
Ponti Radcliffe Carol Stupell Hertz Cars and Sophia L.

THE NEW POST-PRANDIAL PRANK

'BAKER'S DOZEN'

A FARINACEOUS FARRAGO WITH GERRY MATTHEWS

And JAMIE ROSS, BARBARA CASON, NAGLE JACKSON,
DELPHI HARRINGTON, RUTH BUZZI, RICHARD BLAIR and JAN TEMPLETON

At the Plural Pianos: WILLIAM ROY and ROBERT COLSTON

Staged and Choreographed by FRANK WAGNER • Costumes by BILL BELEW
Musical and Vocal arrangements by WILLIAM ROY

Julius Monk's PLAZA 9-

at The Plaza

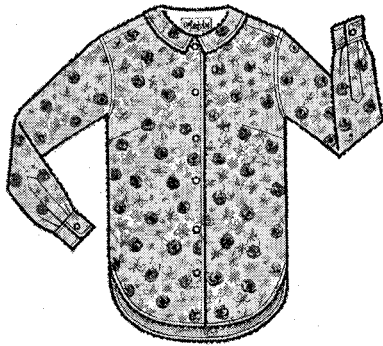
Fifth Avenue at 59th Street

PUBLIC PREVIEWS NOW • GALA OPENING JAN. 9

Two shows nightly 8:45 & 11:30 P.M.

Reservations: PL 9-3933

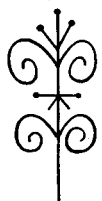
PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST © 1964, LADYBUG JUNIORS CO.



rosy outlook for

A LADYBUG® makes one feel sure the sun will shine, peace prevail, and things in general look up. It may not all be true . . . but sometimes optimism is its own reward.

The illustrated shirt, S,M,L.
Write for your nearest LADYBUG®
shopkeeper. About \$8.



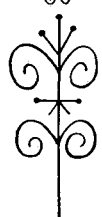
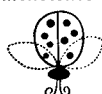
Ladybug

1407 Broadway, New York 18



the near future

Something in which to dream of leisure, live oaks, and Spanish moss. Dacron polyester and cotton, light as air, unmussable. Monotones of massed daisies and mignonette, with a few roses standing vividly out. Pink with Orange roses, Blue with Olive, Green with American Beauty. The dress, 5 to 15. About \$20.



Ladybug

1407 Broadway, New York 18

"I wonder what the six million Jews who were slaughtered in Europe during the war would have to say to that."

He stiffened. His face reddened. The smirk vanished. "It is a lie!" he snapped. "It is a Jewish lie from America. A few hundred Jews were killed, perhaps, but not millions. It is American propaganda."

"At any rate," I said, "the Jews did not find Europe so civilized and humane, did they?"

"It is not the same thing!" he roared, bringing a clenched fist down on the counter. And now, caught up in a frenzy of emotion, he lost his sure grasp of English, and spoke, stuttering and spitting, in a confusion of English and French, with German expletives. The Africans, for once, ceased their chattering, and turned astonished eyes on the two of us. Madame, I saw, was alarmed. She approached her husband timidly, hovering just behind him, as if she dared not interrupt, but knew she must.

"It is not the same thing!" the proprietor repeated, voice and body trembling. "The Europeans are not racists, like the Americans. To hate the Jews is not the same as hating black people. It is not the same at all. *Les juifs sont comme les chiens. Ach, you do not know! If you were European, you would understand that!*"

Madame bravely touched his arm. "Please, I need more beer," she said. "Will you get more beer?"

He jerked his arm away. "Get it yourself!" he shouted. But now he made an effort to control himself. He even attempted to retrieve his smirk. "The Jews have always been a cloud over Europe," he said. "They do not belong in Israel, or in America. Yes, in America. They are vulgar moneygrubbers, just like the Americans!"

"Well," I said, "shouldn't Europe be grateful for the moneygrubbing Americans, Jewish or Gentile? Didn't their money help finance Europe's recovery after the war?"

"More lies!" he shouted. "It is not so! The American businessmen are responsible for what happened to Europe. They plotted the whole thing to make Europe weak. They wanted to control our industry. They divided Europe. They will stop at nothing to get at the money. Nothing!" He leaned across the counter toward me, perspiration dripping down his chin. "But let me tell you!" he said. "Europe will be strong again. We will not remain divided. Europeans do not hate each other. We will be strong. Germany will see to that!"

YOU'VE NEVER REALLY LIVED
IN NEW YORK
UNLESS YOU'VE LIVED AT

The Lombardy



One doesn't simply live at The Lombardy; one luxuriates. It's a heady experience, and costs no more than stopping at ordinary hotels. Service is superlative. Accommodations are air-conditioned and handsomely decorator-styled. The famed Laurent Restaurant is right in the hotel, but a serving pantry with electric refrigerator, and a complimentary Continental Breakfast in your room, are money-saving advantages. Rates are uncommonly attractive for so distinctive and convenient a hotel.

Single from \$20

Double from \$25

Suites from \$35

Also on monthly or annual lease

LOMBARDY HOTEL

111 East 56th St., New York
Norman E. King, Gen. Mgr. (212) PL 3-8600

Your choice of today's foremost portrait painters and sculptors



PORTRAITS, INC.
PORTRAIT CENTER OF AMERICA

136 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK

Largest operator of WORLD TOURS

AROUND THE WORLD with SITA 31st Year

☐ 30-80 Days incl. air. Round trip fr. Weekly Departures Fully Inclusive. \$1988

☐ EUROPE	22-80 Days	\$790
☐ ORIENT	20-30 Days	\$1523
☐ AFRICA	20-53 Days	\$1853
☐ SO. PACIFIC	8-58 Days	\$844
☐ HOLY LAND	23-24 Days	\$1327
☐ SO. AMER.	18-45 Days	\$1020
☐ HAWAII	8-44 Days	\$282
☐ MEXICO	15-18 Days	\$309

☐ STUDENT TOURS: Low-cost Adventure and Study Trips to "Everywhere". 66 Day European trips incl. steamer from \$798.

—Check folders desired.

Ask Your Travel Agent

SITA WORLD TRAVEL

50 Rockefeller Plaza
Dept. Y New York 20

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

"I hope you don't mean that Germany will start another war," I said.

His fist crashed on the wood. "A lie!" he screamed. "Germany did not start the war. The American moneygrubbers started the war! You know nothing. *Rien!* You are a child. *Un enfant.* You know nothing!"

From that evening on, it seemed impossible to hit upon a topic that the proprietor would not use as a base for launching an attack. A few days later, finding myself with nothing to do, I thought of going to a movie, and asked him if he knew what was showing. He shook his head, and said, "I don't know what films are being shown. We seldom go to the cinema. Only when someone really good is playing—Fernandel, Tati, Morgan, Philippe, Gabin. There are probably some silly American films being shown."

"Perhaps Monsieur prefers American films?" Madame suggested politely.

I said that the national origin of a film did not matter to me. I was interested only in whether it was worth sitting through.

"There was just one great artist of the cinema in America," the proprietor announced. "And he could not bear the country. Charlie Chaplin. Charlot. A genius. He made great films satirizing the Americans. Did you see 'A King in New York'?"

I said I hadn't.

"A pity," he said. "But then you would not have liked it. It showed how stupid the Americans are. A great artist, Charlot. A great artist. He could not abide the Americans, and he tricked them. When he had all the money he wanted, he returned to Europe."

I agreed that Chaplin was a great man and that he had made wonderful movies. Then I asked if the proprietor had seen "The Great Dictator."

His face reddened, but this time he did not become excited. "*C'était bête,*" he declared. "It was not a good film. It was the only film he ever made that was not up to standard. A beastly film, really. A mistake. It would have been better if he had not attempted it." He paused a moment, and added, "But then Chaplin is a Jew, you know. That is why he made the film. For the Jews. It was propaganda, not art."

MADAME was made very uncomfortable by her husband's unrelenting belligerence during these sessions, and, partly because of this, I began restricting my evening visits to one a week. However, I continued to stop in for a Perrier after leaving my hotel room each morning. Alone behind the count-



TWO UP?

With a grateful nod to Stephen Potter, Head Skis are a perfect ploy. Over your shoulders, racked on your car roof, thrust upright in the snow as you sun, they quietly but firmly put you *two up* . . . on everybody with a lesser breed of ski.

We didn't plan it that way. But can we help it if hundreds of thousands of people wouldn't let their best friends . . . or worst enemies . . . see them on anything but Heads?

Pure skimanship isn't the only reason. Heads happen to be the *original* metal skis, the ones that brought new fun and satisfaction to skiing . . . from the learning process to the professional downhill. Naturally, Heads are the

most copied skis in all the world. But who wants to own a copy?

If you're just seeking status, casually carry a pair of Heads. If you're skiing for the love of it, let them carry *you* . . . down the happiest slopes of your life. As only great skis can.



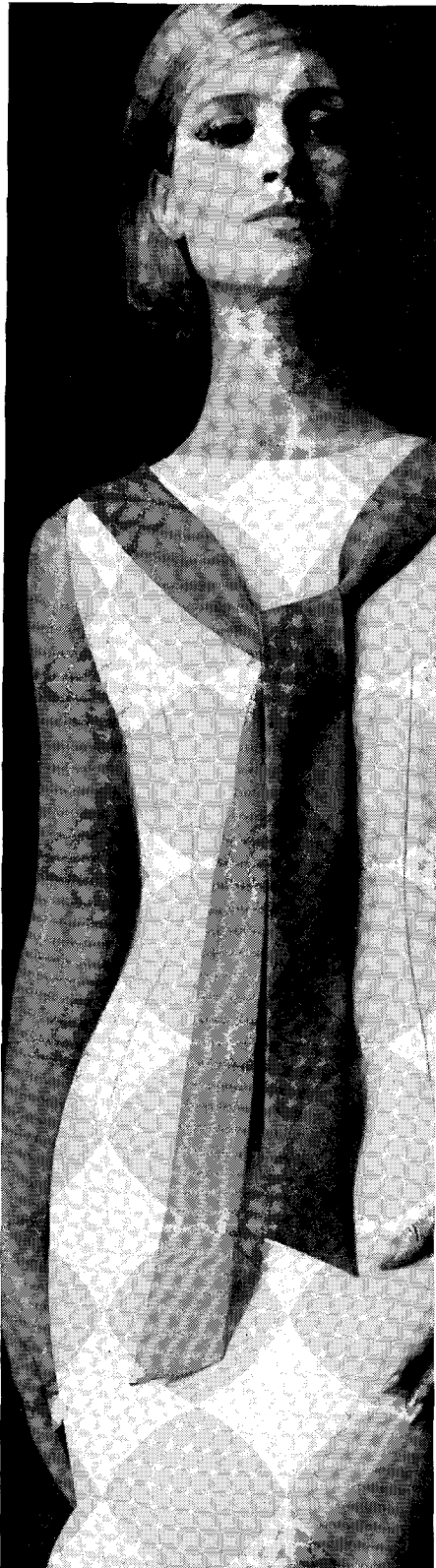
Olympic poster, anyone?

For a full-size, full-color version of our new ski poster pictured here, mail 50c to Head Ski Company, Inc., 47 W. Aylesbury Road, Timonium, Maryland, U.S.A. We'll send along definitive data on all Head Skis . . . Standard, Shortski, Deep Powder (each \$98.50), Master (\$119.50), Vector (\$132.50), Competition (\$142.50), Youngster's Competition (\$112.50). Plus poles (\$24.50). Available only at authorized, serious ski shops, the world over.

...and who makes great skis?



of course!



Only the look is priceless

A middy tie dress with a beautifully bared back. The fabric is Arnel white that stays dazzling-white after washing. By House of Jamison in Folker Fabrics' Arnel triacetate sharkskin. White with red and blue ties. 8-16. About \$35 at Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.; I. Magnin & Co., West Coast; Montaldo's, all stores; Doops, N.J.

ARNEL This is the official Arnel® symbol—your assurance that this fabric type has been pretested for performance claimed by Celanese®

Celanese
CONTEMPORARY FIBERS

er, Madame was as gracious and relaxed as ever. She never mentioned her husband's outbursts, either to support him or to apologize for him. And although I naturally wondered whether her views were similar to his, I never tried to find out. As I downed my bottle of mineral water, I would watch her moving in a sort of rhythmical trance among the counter, the table, and the refrigerator room in the rear, the half smile mobile on her lips, her voice as emotionless as a stray leaf. An aura of wistfulness framed her. It was not merely her pale skin and Nordic features that made her presence in that dusty place so anomalous.

"How long have you lived in Africa?" I asked her one morning during a lull.

Her lips widened into a full smile, but her answer was evasive. "Oh, a long time now," she said.

"Have you been back to Europe since you came?"

She shook her head, and the gray eyes stared straight ahead. There was in her line of vision only the huge barred window, the dusty street, and the balconied front of the farm-coöperative building opposite. But I doubt if these things registered. "No," she said. "I have not been back."

"Do you grow lonely for your home?" I asked. "Africa must be so very different."

For a moment she said nothing, and continued to stare in front of her. Then she turned to me, and though her eyes were still clear, I thought they seemed sad beyond tears. "There are times when we all think of home and wish to return there, Monsieur," she said simply. "But what good is hungering for what you have left behind?"

ON the eve of my departure from Guinea, I paid a final visit to my watering place. The dinner hour was approaching, and the crowd had dwindled sufficiently to permit the proprietor an undisturbed moment of conversation. He leaned over the counter, eying me quizzically. "So, you are going back to America?" he said.

"Eventually," I told him. "I'm going to Spain from here, and I'll probably be there for several months."

He nodded, and continued to regard me questioningly. Suddenly, he had an idea. "Hurry and drink your Perrier," he said. "I will buy you a beer, a good beer. It's from Holland. Not the best beer, but good."

I assumed that I got the point. The best beer, possibly unavailable in Conakry, came from Germany.

Moving to Rome?

Is it the Rome in New York, Georgia, Nevada, or Italy? Moving to Paris in Mississippi, Indiana, Texas, or France? Doesn't matter. Tell us where in the world you want a house and trust us to find it. Homerica's research assembles all the facts you need on cities, suburbs, neighborhoods, in the U.S., Caribbean Islands, Europe, or elsewhere.

Homerica begins to screen houses as soon as we know your requirements, whatever they may be. Homerica safeguards your interests throughout the homefinding/home-buying procedure, charges you nothing, shields you from the seller, from well-meaning friends—even from yourself! Tell us what you're after, but be candid. We'll respect your confidence.



HOMERICA
INC.

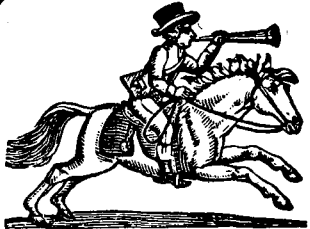
New York
200 Park Avenue
661-3111

Los Angeles
3460 Wilshire Blvd.
387-3111

VIRTUTE NON VERBIS

Internationally Famous
Restaurant
with a tradition
of Elegance

HOTEL Shelburne
BOARDWALK, ATLANTIC CITY
N.Y.C. DIRECT PHONE REctor 2-6586
2½ hours from N.Y.C., via
Garden State Pkwy., exit 40



a 60 year reputation for superlative food... and for surroundings that are both interesting and congenial.

Keen's
ENGLISH CHOP HOUSE
72 W. 36, N.Y., WI 7-3636
CLOSED SUNDAYS

The proprietor went off to the refrigerator room and returned with the beer. As he opened it and brought it to me at the counter, I saw Madame watching him. She did not seem anxious now.

The beer was very good indeed, and I told him so. He nodded. "We have been making beer in Europe for a long while," he said. "We know how."

I braced myself for the attack.

He folded his flabby arms on the counter. He was reflective. "So, you are going back to America!" he repeated, as if the fact were too incredible to accept. "Thousands of black Americans have moved to Europe to be free. Yet you will return to America. You are a fool to go back."

"Perhaps," I said, noncommittally.

He regarded me with exceeding pity. I, in turn, glanced about the dingy room, littered with bottles and powdered with dust. I saw Madame swapping small talk with an African laborer across the counter while part of her somnambulated in some cooler, brighter place. During the long day, she had not even the music of a radio to divert or transport her. I brought my eyes back to her bulbous husband, an embittered old man who worked night and day to accumulate the wealth he cursed others for trying to accumulate.

I finished my beer and called out goodbye to Madame. She came over to shake hands. "*Bon voyage, Monsieur,*" she said wistfully.

The proprietor extended a pudgy hand, and laid the other on my shoulder. "You are an intelligent young man," he said. "You should think about the things I have told you. Since you do not wish to have a life of dignity and freedom in Europe or Africa, you should at least know the truth. What you have been told about Germany and Europe and the war is all propaganda. Lies. You are young, and you will live to see. Europeans do not hate each other. Europe will be strong again. She will lead the world again. Europe will survive. It is your America that will fall apart and be defeated. Remember that. Remember what I tell you."

I said I would remember.

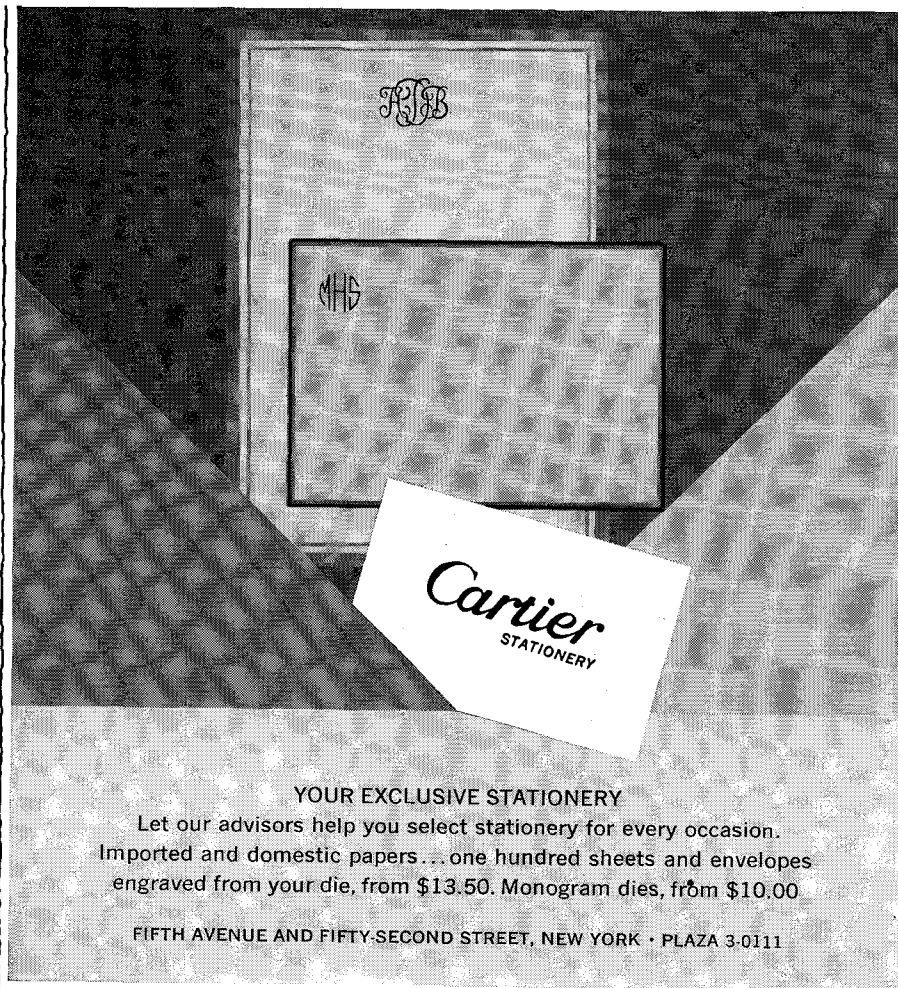
—HOYT FULLER

THE STORY OF VANIA

STORY AND PICTURES BY HELENE PONS

A noted costume designer tells of five children (Lena is the author) who go sailing on the Gulf of Finland with disastrous—but amusing—results. Gay paintings.—*Adv. in the Times Book Review.*

And ribald footnotes.



YOUR EXCLUSIVE STATIONERY

Let our advisors help you select stationery for every occasion. Imported and domestic papers... one hundred sheets and envelopes engraved from your die, from \$13.50. Monogram dies, from \$10.00

FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK • PLAZA 3-0111

Only people who live
very well at home
will feel at home.
Others may never go
home again.

Your travel agent knows. Call him.



BALMORAL CLUB

CABLE BEACH

NASSAU IN THE BAHAMAS

Balmoral Club Sales Office: The Plaza, N.Y.C.—PLaza 2-9100
Hotel Corporation of America



THREE UP, TWO DOWN

ROBERT PRESTON, one of the few actors around who are able to step on a stage and make themselves and you quite at home, is at his genial best in "Nobody Loves an Albatross," at the Lyceum. In this comedy, by Ronald Alexander, Mr. Preston is supposed to be an unmitigated heel, but as he slinks about he succeeds in proving that there is a lot to be said for even the worst of us. In this case, the worst is a denizen of Hollywood's television underworld who is a plagiarist, liar, lecher, and all-round cad, yet who, as Mr.

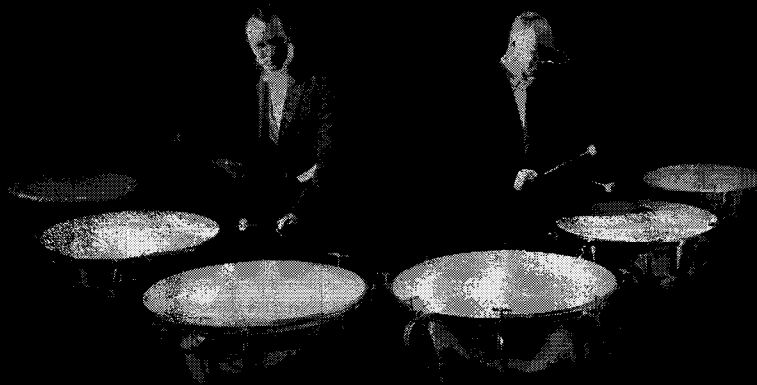
Preston interprets him, is a pretty engaging fellow. For that matter, so are most of the small-screen operatives he is out to victimize. I don't think anyone in his right mind would find "Nobody Loves an Albatross" as pungent and purposeful as "Once in a Lifetime," which satirized some Hollywood doings of an earlier day. Nevertheless, Mr. Alexander has a lively way with a line of dialogue, and he avoids any trace of sentimentality in giving us a fourflusher to the life. This comedy would have us believe that Mr. Preston, a seventy-five-

thousand-dollar-per-annum television biggie operating out of one of those stables that turn out scripts as easily as the Childs chefs used to turn out pancakes, hasn't been able to write anything more significant than his signature for years. What he does, the slyboots, is to induce assorted other workers in the television vineyard to let him take over their creative efforts, which he then signs and sends on their journeys through space. When he isn't scheming to swindle his colleagues, our man has quite a merry time trying to teach his small daughter the facts of life, bantering amiably with his colored housekeeper, and doing his best to coax his toothsome secretary into a close relationship. It is all fairly thin stuff, but it's worth a chuckle or two, and Gene Saks, who directed the piece, should be commended for keeping things going at a lively pace. Although this is obviously Mr. Preston's baby, there are others in at the accouchement—such as Marian Winters, Phil Leeds, Constance Ford, Leslye Hunter, Gertrude Jeanette, and Leon Janney—who are a big help.

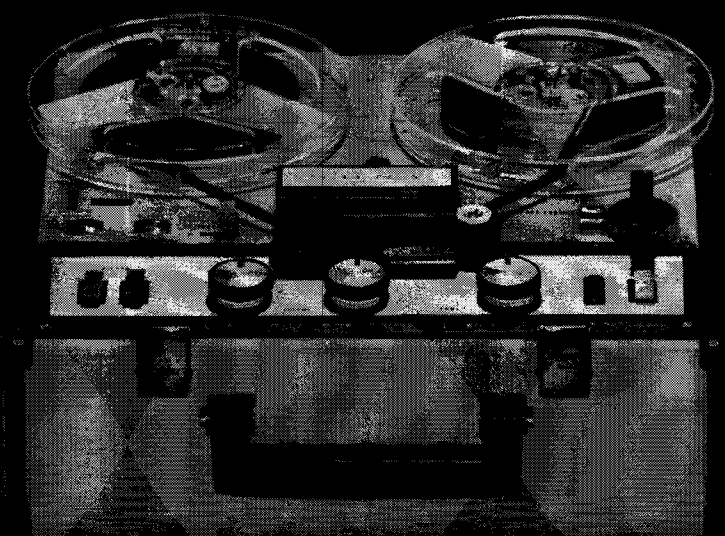
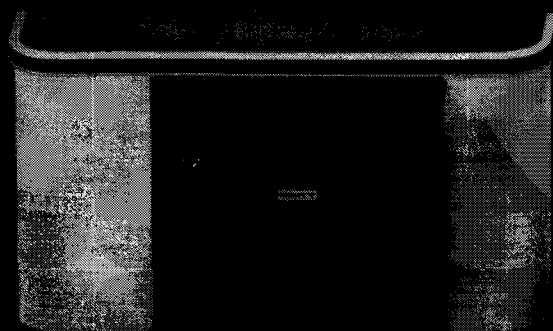
"MARATHON '33," at the ANTA, is a loud, vacant, and vulgar effort to recall the dear dead days of the depression, when decent men had to sell apples, eccentrics sat on flagpoles, and assorted riffraff staggered through dance endurance contests. This dancing business, which is what the title refers to, was not amusing then, and it assuredly is not now. Written and staged by June Havoc, herself a survivor of the Terpsichorean blight of the early thirties, the play gives an appallingly realistic picture of what went on in this country three decades ago. If you want to dig into the mores of the period, though, I'd recommend that you seek out Horace McCoy's "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?" You can read it at home, without having to listen to all the god-awful racket that attends "Marathon '33." As the central figure in



"You're not even trying to live happily ever after!"



You are
about to hear
the magnificent
sound of
the exciting
new
Sony
Stereorecorder
200 ...



...at your dealer's today. Less than \$239.50, complete with two dynamic microphones and the revolutionary Sony **lid-integrating** high fidelity speakers. For literature, or name of nearest franchised dealer, write Superscope Inc., Sun Valley, California. ■ All Sony Stereorecorders are multiplex ready. In New York visit the Sony Salon, 585 Fifth Avenue.

SONY

SUPERSCOPE®

The Tapeway to Stereo



Only the look is priceless

A maillot divine. Its shy, high front neckline sweeps to a daring low in back. A hand knit look that keeps its shape, thanks to Arnel. By Harbor Road in linen and Arnel triacetate knit. Natural only. Sizes 8-16. About \$26. At Lord & Taylor, N.Y.; Marshall Field & Company, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus, Texas.

Celanese® Arnel®

Celanese
CONTEMPORARY FIBERS

this carnival, Julie Harris is stalwart. And, indeed, so are the other participants.

"LOVE AND KISSES," briefly at the Music Box, was a prurient bit of nonsense about adolescent marriage. Don't give it a second thought.

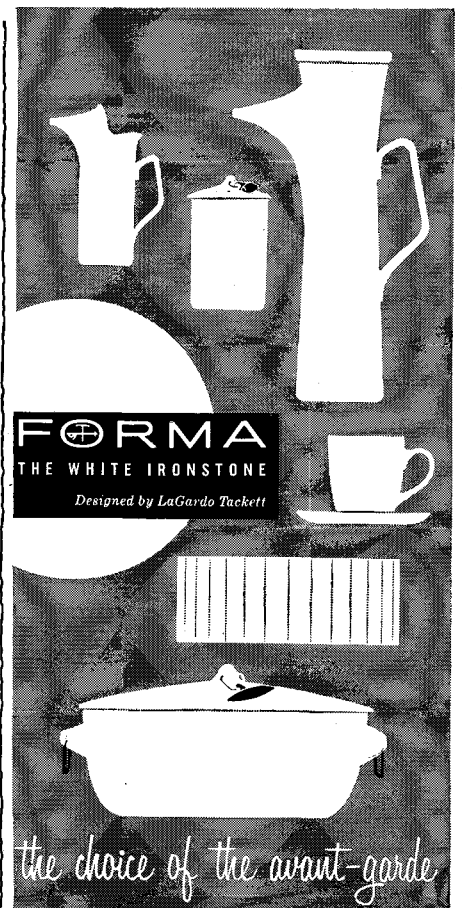
—JOHN MCCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

Perfect Pitch

THERE is more beauty and excitement on the tiny stage of the Astor Place, where "Trumpets of the Lord" is playing, than there is in almost any other Place I can think of in town. "Trumpets" is Vinnette Carroll's musical adaptation of "God's Trombone," by the late Negro poet James Weldon Johnson, whose contribution to the evening is a set of poems in the form of sermons. These are delivered by three actors—Lex Monson, Cicely Tyson, and Al Freeman, Jr.—and serve as leads into spirituals and gospel and freedom songs, sung by a choir of three men and three women. The cast is Negro, and all the singers can act, and all the actors can sing. The play, which takes place in a country church, is simply a gospel meeting conducted by Mr. Monson, as the pastor of the church, and Miss Tyson and Mr. Freeman, as a pair of visiting ministers. There is no obvious dramatic construction, but the elements of drama—humor, pathos, variety of mood, tension, and even character—are all there.

After the company marches down the aisle, in choir robes and clerical dress, to a gospel song, "So Glad I'm Here," Mr. Monson, a fine actor, opens the proceedings with a sermon on the Creation that is filled with the most enchanting and enlightening imagery. The usually sophisticated Miss Tyson, in a loose gray gown and a prim wig, is a dynamo—and a pretty funny dynamo, at that—as she speaks of Original Sin in the Garden of Eden, and then as she becomes Noah down on his knees hammering away at the Ark (and the chorus bursts into "Run Sinner Run" and "Didn't It Rain"). Somewhat later, she doesn't so much preach as give an agonized first-hand description of the Crucifixion. Mr. Freeman, who was last seen here as one of the improvising jesters of "The Living Premise," is fiery and mercurial in his sermon on Judgment Day, which builds and builds in a crescendo to "In That Great Gettin'-Up Morning." He also makes the story of the Exodus into a witty, scathing parable (at one point,



FOR FORMAL & INFORMAL SERVING • COOKING • STORAGE
At fine stores everywhere. Write for brochure
SCHMID INTERNATIONAL 280 SUMMER ST. BOSTON 10 MASS.



Enro, the name that's hard to remember

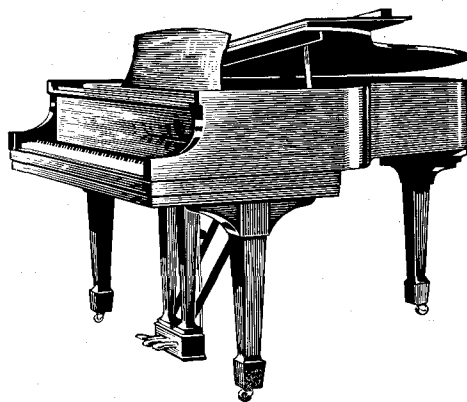


(shirtbuilders)

with a flick of his voice, he imitates Mrs. Pharaoh bawling her husband out for driving away the Children of Israel—who's going to do all the dirty work now?), which leads the choir into a series of spirited freedom songs, including "We Shall Not Be Moved" and "We Shall Overcome," and ending, as the company marches up the aisle and out, with "Jacob's Ladder" and "God Be with You."

The work of everyone concerned is a demonstration of the use and control of emotion in the theatre. There is not one moment that gets out of hand. I do have a small quibble, though. During Mr. Monson's Creation sermon, a picture of the earth is projected onto an up-stage screen—an obvious "effect," and far too stagy for a production as stirring and heartfelt as this one. Otherwise, Donald McKayle's direction is just right; everyone seems to be lifted up and set in motion by the buoyancy of the words and music. Nicola Cernovich's lighting and Ed Wittstein's impressionistic setting are effective. "Black Nativity," which opened a couple of years ago (and which Vinnette Carroll directed), was another marvellous evening of gospel songs and recitation. The two shows have a lot in common, but this time there is a gorgeous new note of spunk and exultation—sweet-natured, though, and well outside the boundaries of anger. The singers are Theresa Merritt, Elizabeth Brown, Bernice Hall, Bill Glover, Earl Baker, and William Stewart, and they are principally led by Miss Merritt, who has a pure, strong voice and a most hospitable presence. Bless 'em all. The Astor Place Playhouse is just a few steps from the Astor Place stop on the I.R.T.

MARGARET WEBSTER is appearing for a limited period at the Phoenix in "The Brontës," a solo recital that she describes as "a scrapbook . . . a family album of the three Brontës . . . a patchwork and, perhaps, a portrait." The scrapbook is made up of excerpts, many of them from Mrs. Gaskell's biography of Charlotte Brontë and some from the sisters' own letters, from other people's accounts and recollections of them, and from their writings. The setting is an approximation of the living room at Hawthor Parsonage, and Miss Webster, a handsome woman in a long black gown, moves about it as she speaks. She rates, I'd say, an A for public service but perhaps a somewhat lower mark for performance. The words are enthralling, and the story they tell—as fascinating as ever—may remind many



Automation abhors the Steinway

The art of building a Steinway is not ruled by the science of mass production. Steinway applies its science, yes, but Steinway science without Steinway art would not produce the golden tone, intuitive response and technical supremacy in hundreds of hidden places. These are the hand-fashioned qualities that Horowitz, Rubinstein, Byron Janis and many other world-famous artists look for in the Instrument of the Immortals.

Please send for our color catalog

STEINWAY & SONS 111 W. 57TH ST. NEW YORK

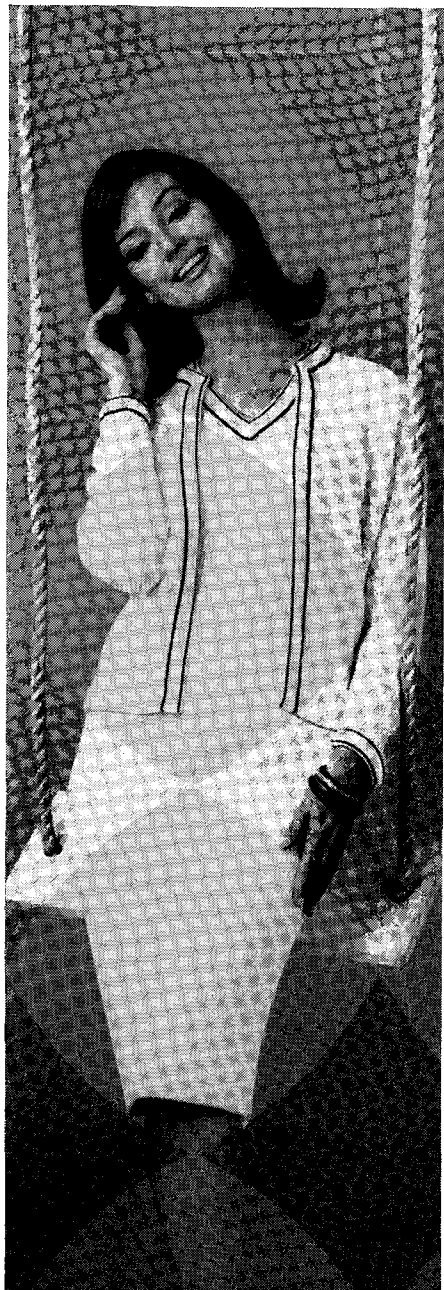


This is The Regency.

The European concept of a great hotel: elegance, individuality, warmth, service, service, and service. Can a new hotel fulfill this concept? Yes, say those who have stayed at the Regency.

The Regency Hotel

PARK AVENUE AT 61ST STREET • NEW YORK 21 • PLAZA 9-4100 • PIERRE BULTINCK, MANAGING DIRECTOR



*urban or suburban...
swing along with*

Serbin

KNIT-HIT-ENSEMBLE...
... styled with a fashionable
nonchalance! 100% Orlon
ribbed knit. Sleeveless shift
with V-neckline... topped with
a matching Chanel-inspired
jacket. White, beige, pink,
blue or yellow... crisply
accented with border stripes.
Sizes 8-16 **\$25**
Slightly higher on west coast.

Serbin, Inc., 1280 S.W. First St., Miami 35, Florida

middle-aged members (female) of the audience of the time when they made the step from Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy to Charlotte, Emily, and (I suppose) Anne. The selections are very good indeed. Miss Webster, who is better known as a director than as an actress, reads them with intelligence, humor, and feeling, and she has staged the brief scenes well. It is only her characterizations that fall short; at any rate, I found it hard to accept her as either a Brontë sister or a Brontë heroine. Some of the acting works, though. The recognition scene when Charlotte comes up to London to meet her publisher ("I am Currier Bell") hits the theatrical nerve that all recognition scenes hit, and the passage from "Wuthering Heights" in which Cathy Earnshaw tells the housekeeper that she is marrying Edgar in order to further Heathcliff's fortunes does play, although Miss Webster makes a most unlikely Cathy. Every word of Emily Brontë's is pure gold; Anne remains as anonymous as ever; and Charlotte may be the most fully documented woman writer in English history—without a dull document in the lot.

—EDITH OLIVER

SHAKE THE REEFS OUT OF YOUR SALES

The best captains knew just how much canvas their ships could carry. They were the last to reef their sails and first to shake out these reefs when the gale slackened. It was skillful skippers and well built ships that made sea-going history as they raced "round Cape Horn" in the days of the China Trade and the Gold Rush.

Today in the dangerous seas of the BROILER BUSINESS the same strategy prevails. The gales of over-production and low prices have caused some companies to "heave to" on advertising while others forge ahead under reduced canvas.

Right now, many smart skippers are keeping a weather eye on the slackening storm of lessened winter demand. They know that the more dependable winds of summer sales are rapidly approaching.

The March issue of BROILER BUSINESS represents the ideal time to shake the reefs out of your advertising sails. Our balanced coverage of...—Letter from a creative marketing manager.

Wait a minute. We're going to be sick.

BED-SITTING ROOM of distinction with own elegant pink-tiled bathroom, £32-10-0 a month includes linen, service. Also a smaller one sharing bath £25 a month. Prefer music and/or yoga addicts as tenants. References required. Tel: 2-2629.
—Adv. in the Nassau (Bahamas) Guardian.

Sharing a bath with a yoga addict is no fun.



America's Finest Seed Catalog

HELLO THERE!

We'd like to introduce ourselves to you—Geo. W. Park Seed Co., founded 1868. After 95 years, we're not new in our business (which, by the way, is flower and vegetable seed). But, we are new to the New Yorker pages. We already know of your liking for good service and quality products. We'd like to know you better. Would you like to learn more about us? Send for our catalog—Park's Flower Book for 1964. Offers over 3000 varieties, many rare and exclusive items as well as your old favorites; 1000 illustrations, many in full color; germination tables and lots of practical "How to" information, all designed to inspire the gardening urge in you. City and country folk alike will enjoy germinating seed the "Park Way" (starting seed indoors, under lights) which insures successful gardening from seed.

Glad we met you. Won't you return our call?

GEO. W. PARK SEED CO.
Greenwood 27, S. C. 29647

WORLD FAMOUS AND NO WONDER!

Luchow's

RESTAURANT

THE GOURMETS' RENDEZVOUS

Since 1882

110-112 EAST 14th STREET
GR. 7-4860

We park your car
at dinner

La Provence

405 EAST 52nd ST.
Plaza 5-6244

AND—
Le Provençal
21 E. 62
TE 8-4248

Table d'hôte, special Provence dishes
COCKTAILS • DINNER • PARTY FACILITIES
OPEN SUNDAYS

HO-HO

CHINESE RESTAURANT

Specializing in

Mandarin & Cantonese Cooking
LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS
DINNER • AFTER THEATRE

Diners' & Am. Express CI 6-3278
789 7th Ave. Nr. 52nd St. N.Y.C.

THE ART GALLERIES

At the Crossroads

I FEEL lukewarm about the Whitney's Annual Exhibition of Contemporary American Painting, though I find it difficult to decide precisely why. With some hundred and forty-five works by as many artists on view, it's a big show, and if it's not a record-breaker it's big enough to fill all three floors of the Museum comfortably. (It would be hard to determine which has been the Whitney's biggest Annual; in the course of the series, all possible combinations of sculpture, paintings, and other graphics have been experimented with. The present one includes water colors and collages as well as oils.) It is also a reasonably entertaining selection throughout. What troubled me was a certain lack of excitement, and though it is hard to put your finger on something that isn't there in the first place, it struck me that the missing ingredient may be something that is lacking in American painting itself at this moment. The selections for the Annual, I've learned, are made as a sort of community project, and the process is more or less continuous, the work of assembling the succeeding year's showing beginning almost as soon as the current one has been hung. Four top members of the staff make the selections. These are Lloyd Goodrich, John Baur, John Gordon, and Edward Bryant. They start by compiling separate lists of the names of artists they think should be included. Those whose names appear on all four lists are automatically invited to contribute. The remainder are chosen by a winnowing-out process involving a good deal of consultation among the members of the committee, and even more visiting around at dealers' showrooms and artists' studios.

This last procedure can become a trifle portentous. I've seen dealers practically struck dumb with mixed apprehension and delight when Lloyd Goodrich and John Baur, say, just happened—with a vast air of casualness—to drop in at their establishments to take a look at the works of one of the gallery hopefuls. An invitation to the Whitney Annual means a great deal to a young artist—and to his dealer. On the whole, though, the system seems to me essentially a sound one. About the only objection that can be made is that the same committee is charged with the selections every year, which unquestionably imparts an institutional air to the collections. Most important, however, is the fact that the idea works. As for the "institutional" imputation, it should be said, in fairness and as a tribute to the objectivity of the staff, that the selection is almost invariably notable for the catholicity of their choice among the prevalent schools of art.



The current affair is especially outstanding in this regard, with everyone from the figurative painters to the extreme abstractionists getting what appears to be a fair and proportionate representation. Why, then, the feeling of slight but persistent dullness I carried away from it? It's a question I've already asked

and partly answered. But one more factor, I believe, is the practically total absence of any real highlights, and, to make matters worse, quite a few of our best-known artists have come through with works that are considerably below calibre. More important than that is the impression I get from the show that—maybe only momentarily, maybe as a part of a cyclical process, maybe as a result of a number of concurrent elements—American painting itself is in a doldrums. I must add that this notion is purely speculative. One exhibition, however large, is too little to go on. Yet, particularly in the case of American art, it may be that a breathing spell is necessary; we have come so incredibly far and fast in the past couple of decades—from a poor relation of the European schools to world leaders—that we may need to pause, and even step back a pace or two, before going on again.

It is interesting to consider the state of the various schools in this country, using the Annual as a springboard. Representational art is dead—or is it? Certainly it has changed a lot since the days of Signorelli, Piero, and Uccello, when the formulation of the mathematical rules of perspective really made artists' heads swim. ("Oh! what a delight is this perspective!" Uccello cried, and, according to Vasari, impoverished himself by neglecting commissions to work out more and more intricate problems in the new technique.) But the magic of the method has long since vanished, swallowed into the camera's eye, and since it was largely that sense of magic that enlivened naturalistic painting, naturalistic painting has lost vitality, too. About the only example of straightforward representation I recall in the show is Katherine Schmidt's "Waste Paper Basket,"



PETIT RHUM BA BA

Little butter cakes bathed in Jamaica rum. Packed in jars of 12 and 24 servings. No refrigeration. Keep indefinitely after opened. Delicious plain, with ice cream or with whipped cream.



Boxed 18's, 6's and bars. Crisp roasted almonds in a nougat of fresh eggs and honey. Assorted flavors, soft, delicious.



Ferrara's delicious baked crepes en glass sauteed in butter and steeped in Grand Marier Liqueur. (14 or more servings)



Fresh egg yolks and pure butter, imported Italian candied fruits, Sultana raisins from Greece.

Try our wild cherry jubilee, panforte from Siena, marron in rum, imported apricots and figs in cordials, rum Nesselrode. WRITE FOR OUR COMPLETE CATALOG.

Ferrara

ESTABLISHED 1892

PASTRY AND CONTINENTAL
COFFEE SHOP

195 GRAND STREET, NEW YORK 13, N. Y.



Only the look is priceless

Feminine crepe with the fresh young look. Arnel adds beauty and ease of care to this cool oxford weave, actually makes it washable. By Nantucket Naturals in R. S. L. Fabrics' Arnel triacetate and nylon. White, blue, pink. 8-16. About \$40. At these stores and their branches: De Pinna, N.Y.; Blum's Vogue, Chicago; R. H. Stearns Co., Boston.

ARNEL This is the official Arnel® symbol—your assurance that this fabric type has been pretreated for performance claimed by Celanese®

Celanese
CONTEMPORARY FIBERS

which concentrates, quite skillfully but, I feel, futilely, on the accurate rendition of a crumple of tissue paper. Other works in the same general category—Edward Hopper's dark "Road and Trees," Arthur Okamura's atmospheric "White Sea, Sky," Raphael Soyer's gentle "Portrait of Moses Soyer," Jack Levine's angry "Birmingham '63" are examples—are all touched by more modern techniques, ordinarily either Impressionism or modified Expressionism. In still others, such as Jared French's laboriously symbolic "Division" and Paul Cadmus's overpoweringly elegant "Le Ruban Dénoué: Hommage à Reynaldo Hahn"—both circling cautiously around the treacherous field of Surrealism—the values of representationalism are used in a tired, nearly contemptuous way, as if to emphasize how easy it is once one understands the method. But I can't help wondering: granted that the ancient magic of representational painting has vanished forever—or for as long as our TV- and camera-eyed civilization endures—may there not sometime appear a new use for the naturalistic, quite divorced from the precisionism-for-its-own-sake of, say, Alma-Tadema, the Pre-Raphaelites, and (Lord help us) all their present-day followers? I hope so, for there are subjects in nature that can be treated in no other fashion. Art is constantly renewing itself, and I consider it no accident that the most "advanced" artists I know appear to be the most deeply interested not in twentieth-century techniques but in the painters of the early Renaissance.

Of the other contemporary schools, Abstract Expressionism is again the most heavily represented in the Museum show, as it has been in previous Annuals, and it still seems the liveliest. The so-called Hard-Edge Abstractionists, who cropped up as a school only two or three years ago (largely, I take it, in protest against the cloudiness of the Abstract Expressionists), seem for the moment to be up against a stone wall—a wall, one might say, of their own making, since, with their insistence on the rigid and rectilinear, they tend to be forced either into the finicking (as in "Dyce Head," George Ortman's assemblage of arrows, squares, and circles, in which the components are separately painted and then assembled, like parts of a jigsaw puzzle, into the general design) or, more frequently, into the repetitive, as in Richard Anuszkiewicz's severely netlike "The Fourth of the Three" and Alfred Jensen's jiggly "Interval in Six Scales," which has a certain relation to the abacus.

Where
Nassau's
Gay
Tropical
Charm
Has
Been
Foremost
Since
the
Civil
War

THE
Royal Victoria
Hotel
Nassau, Bahamas
Denis S. Hickman, Innkeeper

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT
or Robert F. Warner, Inc.
630 5th Ave., New York—JU 6-4500
also in Boston * Washington * Chicago
Miami * Toronto

Nothing like them in
all the world...America's
3 great resort-motor hotels

CABAÑA
PALO ALTO • ATLANTA • DALLAS

CAFE RENAISSANCE
MANHATTAN

AUCTION: EVERY THURSDAY
FURNITURE, DECORATIVE & ART OBJECTS
Exhibitions Monday, Tuesday & Wednesday
PLAZA ART GALLERIES, INC.
406 EAST 79th STREET
N.Y.C. 21—TR 9-1800

Sometimes in this field the effort is frankly to stun, and you get patterns based on stencilled road signs (as in Robert Indiana's "Yield Brother II"), staring, circular targetlike forms (as in Al Held's "No. 6"), and so on. Even the Abstract Expressionists—still, as I've said, the strongest school—show signs of a letdown, and this unfortunately begins at the top, where such ranking members as Willem de Kooning ("Rosy Fingert Dawn at Louse Point"—ha-ha), Philip Guston ("Late Fall"), and José Guerrero ("Grey Sorcery") turn up with paintings that are noticeably below their standards.

In recompense, there are a number of excellent pieces in this field, by both top-rankers and the less well-known. I'd mention especially Helen Frankenthaler's convoluted "Low Tide," the Budd Hopkins dashing, diagonal "Cape Fall," and James Brooks' slightly diffuse but nevertheless engaging "Ealand." There are, too, a good share of downright silly and senseless canvases,

but every big show is entitled to a few bum choices; anyway, I think that I have complained and cavilled enough. In spite of all my strictures, it is still an interesting and stimulating affair, as almost every Whitney Annual is, and if there are no out-and-out masterpieces, there are a respectable number of works that come fairly close. To name a few at random, both Ilya Bolotowsky, with his trim "Blue, Black and White Horizontal," and Fritz Glarner ("Relational Painting, No. 93") capably hold the line for old-style geometric abstraction; Hans Hofmann's compartmented and more than usually restrained "Veluti in Speculum" is handsome, as is Julian Levi's solidly constructed and ruddy "The Studio." I liked, too, John Hultberg's "Western Road" (one of the most successful of his strange explorations of metaphysical space), Enrico Donati's sand-textured "Clitumno's Source," Lawrence Calcagno's striated "Horizon," and Hyde Solomon's vivid "Tempest." —ROBERT M. COATES

THE HOUSE IN WINTER

The house in winter creaks like a ship;
Snow-locked to the sills, and harbored snug
In soft white meadows, it is not asleep.
When icicles pend on the low roof's lip,
The shifting weight of a slow-motion tug
May slide off sometimes in a crashing slip.
At zero I have heard a nail pop out
From clapboard like a pistol shot.

All day this ship is sailing out on light:
At dawn we wake to rose and amber meadows,
At noon plunge on across the waves of white,
And, later, when the world becomes too bright,
Tack in among the lengthening blue shadows
To anchor in black-silver pools of night.
Although we do not really come and go,
It feels a long way up and down from zero.

At night I am aware of life aboard.
The scampering presences are often kind,
Leaving, under a cushion, a seed hoard,
But I can never open any cupboard
Without a question: What shall I find?
A hard nut in my boot? An apple cored?
The house around me has become an ark,
As we go creaking on from dark to dark.

There is a wilder solitude in winter,
When every sense is pricked alive and keen
For what may pop or tumble down or splinter.
The light itself, as active as a painter,
Swashes bright flowing banners down
The flat white walls. I stand here like a hunter
On the *qui vive*, though all appears quite calm,
And feel the silence gather like a storm.

—MAY SARTON

Happiness is a thing called Nancy Wilson and Oscar Brown Jr. at the Empire Room Jan. 10 thru Feb. 1



Come and be happy.
Two shows nightly.
Dining and dancing to
the Music of Meyer Davis
and Horace Diaz orchestras.
Pre-theatre dinner from \$4.75.

The Waldorf-Astoria
Conrad N. Hilton, President



Only the look is priceless

Provocative study in swirling paisley jersey. Arnel makes the look rich, yet care free. Nary a wrinkle, and it's machine washable. Dress with drawstring neckline by Petti 4's in Stein & Fishman's Arnel triacetate jersey. Black, blue or rose on white. 8 to 16 petite. About \$30. At Best & Co., New York; Frost Bros., San Antonio; Marshall Field & Company, Chicago.

Celanese® Arnel®

ARNEL This is the official Arnel® symbol—your assurance that this fabric type has been pretested for performance claimed by Celanese®

Celanese
CONTEMPORARY FIBERS

THE NEWS OF THE WEEK IN REVIEW

MONDAY evening a couple of weeks ago, the telephone rang and my wife answered it. I heard her say, "Just let me look." After rummaging in the broom closet she came back to the phone and I heard her say, "It's in ribbons, but you're welcome to what's there. . . . All right. . . . Any time."

"Who was that?" I asked, when she had hung up.

"Leo. He wants the Sunday Times."

Leo Reinhold is our neighbor in the country. He lives three houses up the road, and is thirty-seven or eight, and married, and has two little girls. He runs a turkey farm, with the help of an elderly hired man named Richards. He also buys and sells houses, breeds West Highland terriers, and goes to auctions, but what he puts his whole heart and soul into is talking. He loves to talk, and his conversation is usually dramatic. He begins in a loud voice and at a rather high pitch of excitement, becomes calmer as his story reaches its climax, and ends up not mournful precisely but reconciled. A single piece of local gossip or an experience that his mother had with the Royal Dutch Airlines will leave him temporarily exhausted. But then he pulls himself together and starts in on his Cousin Hattie's trip to Louisville.

Half an hour after he called, I heard stamping on the front porch and went to the door.

"How are you?" Leo said. "It's snowing again. The woolly bears to the contrary, it's going to be a hard winter. . . . Lewis, you're sure you're through with the Sunday paper?"

"Quite sure."

He sat down in a straight chair by the front door, without unbuttoning his overcoat, and a little puddle of melting snow collected around his overshoes. "Our subscription ran out," he said. "We've been getting it through the mail, on Monday, and the result is that I don't get around to reading it until Thursday, which is a little late if you want to get tickets for plays and the box-office sale commenced on Monday. So we decided to have it delivered from the village, the way you do. And I forgot to arrange it."

From our bedroom down the hall—the house is all on one floor—my wife called, "I just washed my hair."

"Can I see it?" Leo asked.

"If you want to."

"Of course I want to, dear," Leo said, and started down the hall.

Judith was sitting at her dressing table in a long blue bathrobe, rolling strands of damp hair. The whole top of her head was a mass of silver clips.

"Oh, how complicated!" Leo exclaimed.

"I think it looks Egyptian," she said complacently.

"Yes," Leo said. "Yes, it does look Egyptian. Ruth gave herself a permanent. She tried having Ella Mae do it, but Ella Mae is one of those people who can't bear to follow directions, so it was never any good. Now that Ella Mae is a thing of the past, Ruth did it herself, and it's wonderful."

"My mother sent me these pins."

"How long do you have to leave them in?"

"Till my hair dries."

"Wonderful. Martha climbed on the kitchen table. The kitchen was bedlam, as it always is when Ruth is getting dinner, and the kids had boxes and pans all over the floor, and I looked and couldn't believe my eyes. She pulled a chair over to the table and climbed up on it, all by herself. Then Lucy had to do it. But of course she'd never have thought of it if Martha hadn't. Lucy will look at the wallpaper and go 'Ah,' but she'd never think of climbing on the kitchen table. When you pull them in the wagon, Lucy looks at the scenery and Martha looks over the side at the wheels. That's just the difference between them. Did I tell you about the mailboxes?"

I shook my head.

"You mean you haven't heard?"

"No."

"Well, you know some time ago there was a notice that the mailboxes have to

be on one side of the road. So the Hartwells and the Weidlers moved their mailboxes to my side of the road, by our driveway, and it looked as if our house were one of a number, which I didn't like. So I called Weidler up, and we talked about it, and he was very pleasant. And the upshot was that all three mailboxes, ours included, were moved from the driveway to the corner of our line. Well, that went along for about a month, and one night I came home and the Weidlers' box had been moved. And not only had it been moved, but it was on a dead line with our house. Of course, the thing was, it was also right opposite *his* driveway, and as Ruth pointed out, the way it was



Photographed, en route to Europe, aboard a happy ship of the Holland-America Line



Can you do as you please aboard Holland-America? Ask Sheila Folstein.

Among the many lovely sights on a recent Atlantic crossing were the ballet exercises of Miss Sheila Folstein of Washington, D.C., a dancer on her way to London.

We talked to Miss Folstein, and this is what she said: "This is my first trip on the Holland-America Line, and it's a wonderful experience. Everyone is so gay and friendly—crew and passengers alike. The ship is beautiful and so spacious. There are dozens of secluded spots where I can exercise without collecting a crowd.

I've had a perfectly marvelous trip, and I'm looking forward to a repeat performance."

If you'd like to know about Holland-America's many sailings to Europe, ask your travel agent. But if you want to know how much fun a voyage can be, ask the people.

For free brochures, write HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE, Pier 40, North River, New York 14, N. Y. Sail a happy ship—to Southampton, Le Havre, Rotterdam, Cobh, Galway, and Bremerhaven.

AT THE TUSCANY LIFE IS AN
ADJUSTABLE BED OF ROSES

THE Tuscany
"NEW YORK'S BIGGEST LITTLE HOTEL"
39th Street Just East of Park Avenue, N. Y. 10016
Phone (212) 686-1600. Teletype (212) 867-6585
Bertram Weal, General Manager

Long famed for its fabulous "firsts" in guest luxuries... The Tuscany has done it again: **FIRST HOTEL ANYWHERE TO INSTALL A SIMMONS BEAUTYREST ADJUSTABLE BED IN EVERY ROOM!** At the touch of your finger, "The World's Most Obedient Bed" props you into perfect position for reading, lounging, sleeping. Want to breakfast in bed? ... Watch your Tuscany color TV set? ... Press the button — You're Sitting Pretty! Among other Tuscany firsts: Every room has bathroom extension phone, Irish Linen towels, butler's pantry, Barcalounger Chair, air conditioning, Electric Shoe Polisher, Color TV. Our restaurants are extraordinary, too. **MAY WE SEND YOU A BROCHURE?**

FRENCH CUISINE 112 EAST 52 ST/PL 3-1447



"BOLD AND BRASSY, SHARP AND SASSY, A FINE SHOW!"—Judith Crist, Her. Trib.

The Establishmen^t

2 SHOWS NIGHTLY 9:00 & 11:30
SUN. 4:00 & 8:00. Closed Mon.
COCKTAILS, DINNER, SUPPER from 7:00

STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB 154 E. 54 ST. PL 2-4711

before he moved it he had to drive on past his driveway about twenty feet to get his mail, instead of stopping just before he turned in. So I called him, and he refused to do anything about it. A week later, I came home and saw his name on the mailbox in great big letters—not on the side where the mailman could read it but on the *other* side, where there was no point in having his name because he's already got it in two different places by his driveway, in those letters that reflect light. But there it was on the mailbox, where anybody coming to our house would think it was the Weidlers' and drive by. As a matter of fact, a couple of people did. So I called him again, and this time he was definitely unpleasant. He said he wouldn't do anything about it. So I waited a day or two and then I had Richards move our mailbox right beside his, one inch away, where it covered up the name. One night about a week later, I came home and our box had been moved. Five feet away. Ruth said she saw Antonio do it. You know he works for Weidler two days a week. Well, I didn't know what to do exactly. I didn't want to fight it out on Antonio's level. I didn't want my dogs poisoned, my house set on fire, or my wife raped. I wanted to keep it on Weidler's level, if possible, so I stopped at the post office and told the postmaster the whole story, and he said it was a criminal offense to move a mailbox. Once it's set up, it becomes the property of the United States government. He said he'd report it, and they'd send an inspector out, but I wouldn't let him do that. I said I'd keep in touch with him. Meanwhile I've got a new idea, which I think is kind of cute. I'm thinking of setting up a box for Richards, and I thought I'd put it where my box was before it was moved, with his name on it in big letters."

"But Richards never gets any mail," I objected.

"Certainly he gets mail," Leo said. "He owns a house near Katonah that he rents. He gets mail, all right. I'm thinking of getting a package-size mailbox, so you can't see Weidler's *at all*."

My wife started to wind a new curl and said, "There's nothing to prevent Mr. Weidler from putting a box in front of that one, for Antonio."

"No," Leo said. "Antonio doesn't live there, so he can't have a box. . . . Where's the paper?"

"I'll get it for you," Judith said, and we went back into the living room.

When she produced the scattered sections from the broom closet, Leo took them and began looking through them. "Where's the theatre section?"

"FRESHEST, BREEZIEST SHOW AROUND!"—Life Magazine



BARBARA COOK
DANIEL MASSEY
BARBARA BAXLEY

SHE LOVES ME!

also starring **LUDWIG DONATH**
with **JACK CASSIDY**

ORIGINAL CAST ALBUM ON MGM RECORDS
PRICES: Evgs.: \$8.60, 7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.60.
Wed. & Sat. Mats.: \$5.75, 4.80, 4.30, 3.00
EUGENE O'NEILL THEATRE 230 W. 49 St., Cir 6-8870



WORLD'S FUNNIEST MUSICAL

ZERO MOSTEL in

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM

Directed by **GEORGE ABBOTT**
ORIGINAL CAST ALBUM ON CAPITOL RECORDS
PRICES: Evenings Monday thru Thurs.: Orch. \$8.60; Mezz. \$7.50; Balc. \$6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60.
Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: Orch. \$9.40; Mezz. \$8.60; Balc. \$6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60. Wed. Mats.: Orch. \$4.80; Mezz. \$4.30; Balc. \$3.60, 3.00, 2.50. Sat. Mats.: Orch. \$5.40; Mezz. \$4.80; Balc. \$4.30, 3.60, 3.00.
ALVIN THEATRE 250 W. 52 St., N.Y.C. Cir 5-5226
AMERICA'S FUNNIEST MUSICAL
—NOW ENGLAND'S FUNNIEST—
STRAND THEATRE, LONDON

"ONE ENCHANTING EVENING"—CHAPMAN, Daily News

"ALL LAUGHTER AND MAGIC"—TAUBMAN, N.Y. Times

THE COMEDY TRIUMPH

The Private Car
The Public Eye

MAIL ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY
Eves. Mon.-Thurs.: \$6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 4.05, 3.60, 2.90. Fri.-Sat. Evgs.: \$7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 4.05, 3.60. Wed. Mats.: \$4.80, 4.05, 3.60, 2.90, 2.30. Sat. Mats.: \$5.40, 4.80, 4.05, 3.60, 2.90.
MOROSCO Theatre 217 W. 45 St., N.Y. Circle 6-6230
"A CAPTIVATING EVENING"—KERR, Herald Trib.

The PLAY'S the thing.

JEAN KERR'S

MARY, MARY

AMERICA'S #1 COMEDY SMASH

MAIL ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY
Evgs. Mon. thru Thurs. \$6.90, 5.75, 4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90. Fri. & Sat. Evgs. \$7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.60, 3.45, 2.90. Mats. Wed. & Sat. \$4.80, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30. Circle 6-6380
at the HELEN HAYES Theatre, 210 W. 46 St., N.Y.

2 GREAT SHOWS YOU'LL LOVE!

ENTER LAUGHING

"You'll exit roaring!"—Time

HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE
124 W. 43 St., BR 9-3970

ARNOLD WESKER'S CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING

"One of the best plays of the decade!"—Cue
PLYMOUTH THEATRE, 236 W. 45 St.
Moves Jan. 6 BOOTH Theat., 222 W. 45 St. CI 6-5969

"If it isn't there, I'm terribly afraid I used it to line the garbage can."

"Oh, no! You wouldn't do a thing like that? Why, it's the most uncivilized thing I ever heard of."

"The financial section is there," Judith said. "And the news of the week in review."

"I'm not interested in the financial section. And the book section is missing. This is one hell of a paper, I must say."

"Would you like me to call the Woodwards?"

"No," Leo said, tucking the paper under his arm. "I'll get it from the Hartwells. From the Woodwards it would take two hours, from the Hartwells five minutes." He opened the door. "Good night, everybody."

"Let us know about the mailboxes," I said.

"Oh, I will," he said. "I'll think of something probably. On Weidler's level. But I must say it's very complicated."

FRIDAY evening at dinner, Judith had news about the mailboxes. "I was coming from the Hartwells," she said, "and I met Richards, standing by the Reinholds' mailbox, and we were talking, when Antonio drove out of the Weidlers', with Maria in the front seat beside him. And he stopped, and Richards said, 'What did you move Mr. Reinhold's mailbox for?' and Antonio said, 'Mr. Weidler told me to.' And then Maria said—you know that high, squeaky voice she has—she said, 'Why, Antonio, you made a mistake. Mr. Weidler didn't say to move Mr. Reinhold's box, he said to move *his* mailbox.' So it *was* a mistake. Richards will tell Leo, but I don't suppose it's the end, do you? I *hope* it isn't the end."

—GIFFORD BROWN

RICH, BEAUTIFUL PROSE DEPT.

[Brochure from Albion, in Florence, Italy, outlining the 1963-64 styles in footwear]

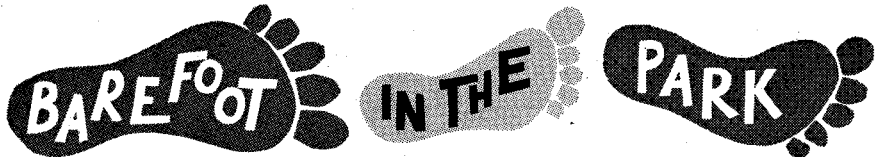
This year the Florentine craftsman gives up the famous "CONCA D'ORO" style, which had been improved during 1961-63, and is maintained, with its characteristic large heel enjoying a great favour at present in Italy, only for sporting wear.

It will be possible for refined ladies to satisfy all their requirements choosing out from the wide range of 1963-64 creations. Their only nuisance will be the fatigue of the choice.

As regards gentlemen, Albion has banned all the famous chisel shape, round and semi-round shape of 1961-62. This latter only, obviously with some little modifications, will survive in the sporting collections.

The 1963-64 up-to-date shoe will no

PLAN AHEAD...ORDER NOW!



THE COMEDY THAT EVERY CRITIC CHEERED!

NEW YORK DRAMA CRITICS

"A BIG FAT HIT. IRRESISTIBLY FUNNY."
—Kerr, Herald Tribune
"A BUBBLING, RIB-TICKLING COMEDY."
—Taubman, Times
"A HURRICANE OF HILARITY."
—Chapman, News
"A DELIGHTFUL NEW COMEDY SUCCESS."
—Watts, Post
"THE FUNNIEST COMEDY I CAN REMEMBER."
—McClain, Journal American
"THE MERRIEST EVENING BROADWAY HAS ENJOYED IN YEARS."
—Nadel, World Telegram & Sun

NATIONAL MAGAZINES

"ONE OF THE FUNNIEST COMEDIES EVER."
—Life
"DETONATINGLY FUNNY. A SMILING, UNALLOYED JOY AWAITS THOSE WHO HOTFOOT IT TO 'BAREFOOT.'"
—Time
"CERTAIN TO ENCHANT."
—Newsweek
"THE BEST OF THE NEW SEASON'S PLAYS."
—Saturday Review
"ONE LAUGH GRACEFULLY SOMERSAULTS OVER ANOTHER. FEY, LIGHT-HEARTED, AIRY AND GAY."
—Cue

COLUMNISTS

"THE FUNNIEST SHOW IN TOWN. GOT NOTHING BUT RAVE REVIEWS."
—Walter Winchell
"A FUNNY, FUNNY, FUNNY PLAY. HAS GIVEN THE MAIN STEM A MARVELOUS SHOT IN THE ARM."
—Dorothy Kilgallen
"A COMEDY SMASH."
—Leonard Lyons
"GREAT NEW COMEDY HIT."
—Earl Wilson
"THE FUNNIEST PLAY IN YEARS."
—Robert Sylvester
"HILARIOUS HIT."
—Ed Sullivan

"THE HOTTEST LAFF-YIELDING THEATRICAL PROPERTY IN YEARS."
—Louis Sobol

SEATS NOW BY MAIL AND AT BOX OFFICE THRU. JAN. 1, 1974

PRICES: Evgs. Mon. thru Thurs.: Orch. \$6.90; Mezz. \$5.75; Balc. \$4.80, 3.60. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: Orch. \$7.50; Mezz. \$6.90; Balc. \$5.75, 4.80, 3.60. Wed. Matinee: Orch. \$4.80; Mezz. \$4.80; Balc. \$4.05, 3.45, 2.90. Sat. Matinee: Orch. \$5.40; Mezz. \$4.80; Balc. \$4.30, 3.60, 3.45. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope with mail order and suggest several alternate dates.

BILTMORE THEATRE 261 WEST 47 ST., JU 2-5340



A warming thought for shivery evenings.

It's Juliet Prowse.

She will create unimaginable fantasies for you in the Persian Room between January 8 and February 4.

And you can act them out right on the spot—to Emil Coleman's Orchestra and Mark Monte's Continentals. Come ahead.

You're only Jung once! For an appointment, call PL 9-3000.

THE PLAZA
HOTEL CORPORATION OF AMERICA

Are you thirsty for news...or drowning in it?



In either case,
your family will welcome
THE NATIONAL OBSERVER
Find out for only \$2.67

Some people aren't getting enough news these days. They're foggy on what's really going on in Katanga or Cape Kennedy, Birmingham or Broadway. Others feel they're getting too much — drowning in crime and crisis.

You can even suffer from both complaints at the same time! You can be deluged with divorces, robberies, feuds, and frauds, and still feel woefully ignorant about the Common Market, "Pop Art," and hydrofoil ships.

In any case, we think your whole family will find wholesome relief in the pages of The National Observer.

Here at last is a national weekly newspaper that tells you — quickly, clearly, quietly, without bias, sensationalism, or scare headlines — the truth about what's going on in national and world affairs, the arts and sciences, books, entertainment, sports, travel, education. Everything from secret strategy meetings of civil rights leaders to the trend toward "trimesters" instead of semesters. A California senator's opinion of the "fright peddlers." How to buy carpets. Houseboat vacations. Religion in the factory. 12 good ways clubs raise money.

In only 18 to 32 full-size newspaper pages you get more reading than in other news weeklies. Not just one major "cover story," but 5 or 6. More than 50 sparkling photos. Columns on bridge, health, cooking, etc.

Try it! Send no money — just mail coupon.

Get 25 issues for \$2.67



THE NATIONAL OBSERVER AD 800
1015 14th St. N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20005

Please send me The National Observer for the next 25 weeks and bill me at the special Second Anniversary price of \$2.67.

Name.....
(Please Print)

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED: If you are not completely satisfied with the first two issues received, you may simply write "cancel" across the face of the bill and return it without paying or owing anything.

doubt be a sensational novelty, same as all the foregoing ones have been in fact at the moment and the season of their creation.

We sincerely hope that this new year's style will succeed once and for ever, to diminish the inborn modesty of the whimsical Florentine craftsman, to whom our sincerest praise is addressed. We hope that the line created by him may at last meet with his self-approval.

Since 1961 he has been reproducing all his creations with oil paintings on canvas, which allowed him to record and in the same time admire again his own creating manifestations, from which his realizations are derived.

No other terms can define art with more exactness, but its expressions are counted by the thousands, an unlimited field, and they need to outburst, leaving their eternal mark in history.

He daily gives vent to this invisible overbearing need, revealing his restless nature, which is not content with the cold immobility, and, only for the satisfaction of his inner impulse which possesses him, he creates, modifies, improves in a manner which is possible to an uncontrollable nature only.

If the story of Albion is to be told, the story of this eclectic Craftsman (with a capital "C"), we must needs go back to the long past 1952 when his first manifestation took place in the premises of the Grand Hotel, Florence, on which occasion he organized a fashion show where his models, walking on a forestage of his own original layout, showed his revolutionary creations which revealed his refined good taste and at the same time surprised and amazed the public.

Starting from that year, the Florentine craftsman has been designing new styles, renewing methods, coupling his creative inspiration of the moment with the classical standards, molding his models, which show a definite personality as a necessary manifestation of his good taste and the overbearing flame of his exclusive personality, even if he is forced to avail himself of traditional proceedings for the production of his creations.

Albion's imagination and winning inspiration create the dictates of fashion looked upon as the flying moment, something which seems to escape everybody's mind.

On the occasion of each parade or manifestation which he is asked to organize, the press do not spare their critic and their wadded praises, which evidences that something strikes the subjectivity, which finally accepts an objectivity colours, shape and materials whereof might be questionable.

Also this year Albion will present a parade exhibiting his latest creations with the same ardour and enthusiasm of his first show.

An entirely new features of this coming fashion show: each model will present a painting together with each new piece of the 1963-64 collection range.

This will constitute the fourth exhibition of his oil paintings, which are, same as his shoe models, an object of debate, and, it must be avowed, an object of admiration, which is jealously guarded and cherished by him as would his own creatures, apart from any business-like consideration, in spite of the large demand from all countries.

*IN WASHINGTON, D.C.



"All this...
and
a gift, too!"

What more could we offer you? Extra conveniences in every one of our 200

rooms... a bathroom scale, a terry-cloth robe, oversize towels, large-size soap, and, of course, perfectly appointed rooms... plus a gift pack of toiletries! At the Manger Hay-Adams you enjoy a new peak in hotel hospitality. It's one of the world's finest hotels!

Completely Air Conditioned

HOTEL
Manger Hay-Adams

Across from the White House

16th At H STREET, N.W. • WASHINGTON, D.C.

Kim Novak
with Host
John C. Bruno



Bruno's

PEN and PENCIL

AMERICA'S MOST DISTINGUISHED
STEAK HOUSE RESTAURANT

LUNCH • DINNER

205 E. 45th St. • MU 2-8660

Mrs. John D. Hayes
Phone: 269-3457
3240 Maple Drive
Boston, Mass. 02133

The Bolind Deluxe address label (actual size) is \$2 for 500 on white or 250 on gold gum paper. It comes packed in a plastic box with 50 handsome airmail labels.

You'll find the Deluxe and 32 other labels and kits on the 4-color Bolind display card at your stationer's. Nice stores like BUFFUM'S in California... MALLEY'S in New Haven... BRAND-DEIS in Omaha... EMERY BIRD THAYER in K.C... GODCHAUX'S in New Orleans have our display card. If your stationer does not, he is losing customers, so have him airmail us.

Thank you kindly, Bolind of Boulder 3, Colo. 80301. Happy New Year!





Boca Raton has all these specialists
producing epics in vacation pleasure

A memorable holiday is practically unavoidable at Florida's magnificent Boca Raton Hotel & Club. The emphasis on enjoyment is contagious, subtly spread by a full complement of experts...specialists in cuisine, in recreation and entertainment. A myriad of diversions are available: beach lounging, pool swimming, golfing, deep sea fishing, tennis, archery, skeet, and skin-diving...all accompanied by skilled experts when desired. Any other diversion even more to your liking

is sure to be found here: gay days at the cabana club; lunch on the seaside terrace with a view of the sun-flecked Atlantic, afternoon sport at the polo matches, cheerful evenings in a nice collection of rooms for informal times, for dining traditionally or relaxedly. The food is among the best in the world, and the service is incomparable, around the clock. For reservations, see your Travel Agent, or write R. N. Leggett, Executive Manager.



Boca Raton

HOTEL & CLUB • BOCA RATON, FLORIDA

L. Bert Stephens, Vice-President and General Manager

1. R. N. Leggett, Executive Manager
2. Gary Nizon—Sam Snead Golf Shop
3. George Evans—Skeet club
4. Ted Withall—Tennis professional
5. Al Lynch—Wine Steward
6. George Roy—Cabana Club
7. Walter Hayden—Polo Club Manager
8. Ramon Giaquinto—Maitre d'Hotel
9. Tom Blake—Water Sports
10. Kenneth Linden—Health Club

NAT'L REP.: ROBERT F. WARNER, INC. • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • WASHINGTON • BOSTON • TORONTO



The fire dance, centuries-old classic in native entertainment. Photographed by Carroll Seghers II.

You can kind of let your hair down in the Bahamas

The rhythm of the Bahamian way of life springs from an inner joy you cannot buy. It's implicit in the beat of a goombay drum at a beach picnic, a native ballad floating gently over a harbour from work boat to work boat, an emphatic limbo in a native night club.

People have been unwinding here—and winding up for new challenges—since Columbus discovered the islands.

It's something about the climate. Something about the crystal-clear waters. Something about the sands, almost as soft as eiderdown.

Nassau, capital of this island paradise, is a gay, even frolicsome, city. Bargains in liquor, perfume and English bone china abound—at up to 40% off stateside.

So give our happy islands a visit. They're just 2½ hours away by New York jet, scarcely 30 minutes by air from Florida. Cruise liners sail it from New York in 2½ days, from Miami overnight.

Hadn't you better see your Travel Agent—and get the Bahama beat? Or write to Dept. FB, Bahamas Development Board, 620 Fifth Ave., New York 20. Or call us at PL 7-1611.

Nassau AND THE Bahamas

BY SEA: From New York—Seven-day cruises (two days and a night in Nassau). The M.S. Italia sailing Saturdays at 4 P.M. January 11, 18, 25 at a special rate of \$155 up. February 1 through April 18 from \$175. The S.S. Homeric sailing April 25 and every Saturday thereafter at 4 P.M., from \$175. From Boston—Six to eight-day cruises. The S.S. Queen Frederica sailing February 1, 8, 15, 21, 29 from \$150. Home Lines, 42 Broadway, New York 4.
From Miami:—Three-day, all-expense cruises (two days and a night in Nassau). The S.S. Bahama Star sailing every Monday and Friday at 5:00 P.M., from \$54. Eastern Steamship Corp., Miami 1.
BY AIR: Direct, daily flights from New York (2½ hours); Miami (as little as 30 minutes) and other principal Florida cities. Direct service from Toronto and Montreal.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Cautionary Tales

THE office of the great Joseph E. Levine perpetrates a continuous paper storm of publicity items, announcing the names of pictures that Mr. Levine is making or distributing, or is about to make or distribute, and, in at least one instance, announcing the purchase of a novel on which a movie would someday be based, the novel itself being, at the moment of the announcement, wholly unwritten and perhaps unimagined by its author-to-be, Harold Robbins. (Such a niggling detail as mere finish Mr. Levine quite properly brushes aside, not because he is clairvoyant enough to read the print on a blank page but because he knows down to the last gritty speck the sort of pay dirt Mr. Robbins invariably strikes—is, indeed, incapable of not striking—and to promise such a man a million dollars or so for words that are sure to drift into his head is simply smart business.) To Mr. Levine, as to Mr. Eliot, the present and future are inseparable and can be lived in simultaneously, and it's little wonder that it takes several news releases a day to keep us abreast of his activities. Occasionally, though, a cog in the big machine slips; then one of Mr. Levine's pictures comes into town with practically no advance notice, just like other people's pictures, and, possibly to his discomfiture, arouses more excitement than movies whose life stories he has related weekly for a year or more before they arrive.

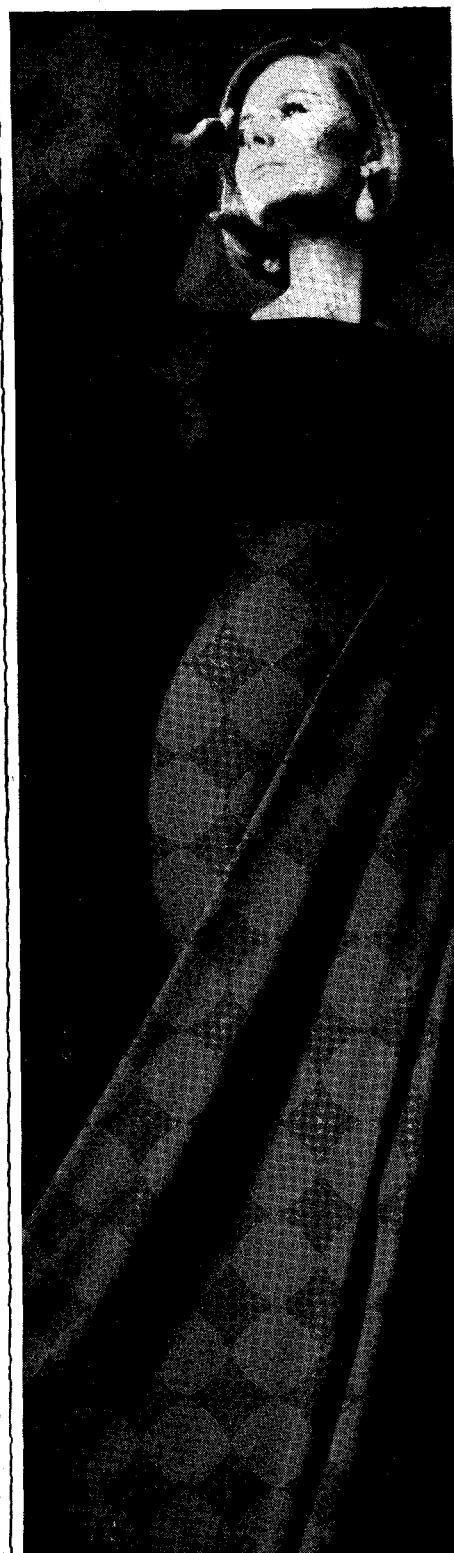
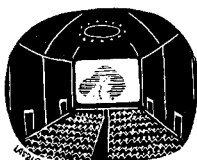
This is the case with a marvellous Italian comedy called "The Easy Life," which stars Vittorio Gassman in a role worthy of his gifts. He is on camera almost without interruption from start to finish, and with the zest of an actor aware of his good fortune he plays a coarse, hearty, and handsome bounder, born to charm and no less to damage everyone he touches. In the affluent society of contemporary urban Italy, which so outstrips our own in exultant vulgarity, Gassman is a minor wheeler-dealer, living by his wits and devoting nearly all his time and fantastic energy to celebrating himself. Like the racing car that is his beloved alter ego, he is all engine and no mind, devised to run at top speed until he wears out or is destroyed. Finding nothing better to do in Rome on a day when everyone who matters is out of town, he falls in with a virtuous young law student and more or less kidnaps him. The student is appalled

by the bold male animal that has taken charge of his life; little by little, however, he falls under the animal's spell, and in the thrilling and terrible scene that provides the ironic climax to the picture it is the student who cries out "Faster! Faster!" as they rush to the brink of death.

"The Easy Life" was written by Ettore Scola and Ruggero Cecchi Maccari, and directed by Dino Risi, and among them these three have managed not only to tell a cautionary tale that is both funny and tragic but to make a statement about *la dolce vita* that comes far

closer to being true art than the vivid but oddly assorted grab bag of "La Dolce Vita." Mr. Risi has filled his settings with pictorial comments of considerable wit and has taken care to keep them interesting and beautiful in themselves; not an inch of his film or a second of our time goes to waste. Besides Mr. Gassman, let me praise Jean-Louis Trintignant, as the student, and Luciana Angiolillo, as the bounder's estranged wife, and let me call your attention in particular to a wonderful scene in a country house, where the bounder meets and at once makes willing slaves of the student's elderly relatives. I defy myself to forget it.

ANOTHER excellent Italian picture, starring another excellent Italian comedian, is "To Bed . . . Or Not to Bed," with Alberto Sordi, and I hasten to note that it's every bit as attractive as its title is repellent. The delightful point of the picture is *not* to be sniggering or suggestive, and its American distributors have done it a foolish disservice by labelling it with a cheap pun. Mr. Sordi, who is surely the most delicately economical of movie comedians, indicating love, anguish, fear, and the like, with almost invisible flickerings of the eyelids and wrinklings of the forehead, and rarely bothering to go so far as to crook a finger or frown, plays the part of an Italian businessman making his first trip to Sweden, about which he knows nothing except that the women there are reputed to be free with their favors, especially to Italians. He is beside himself with anticipation when his train finally reaches Stockholm ("beside himself" is an eerie light in his eye and a twentieth of a smile on his lips), and the unfolding of the plot displays a succes-

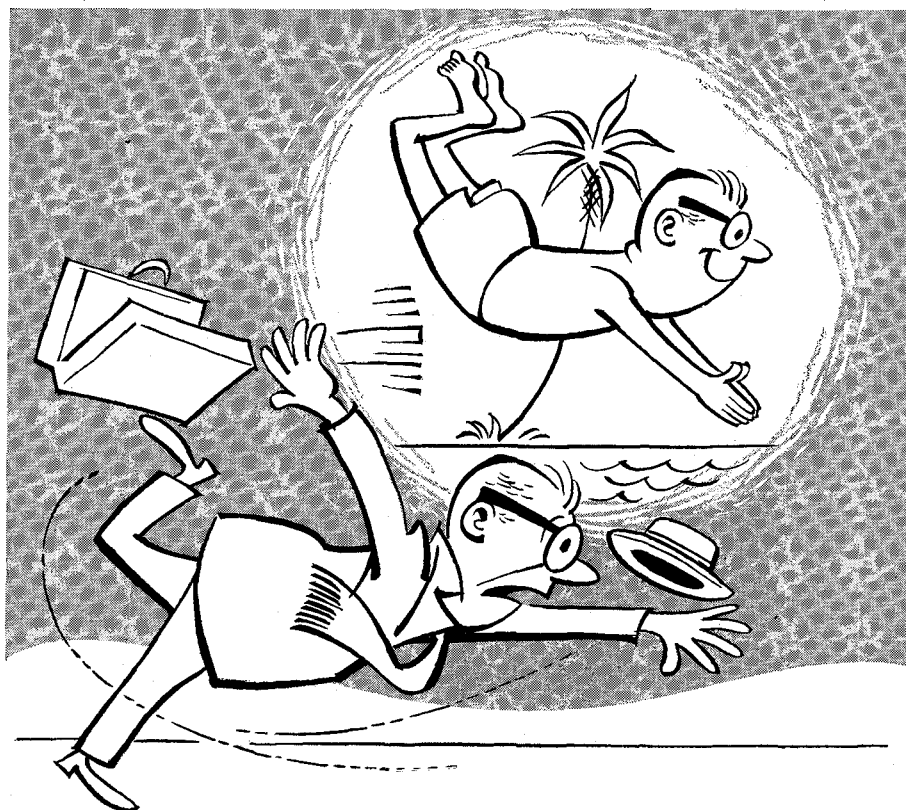


Only the look is priceless

Flowing, empire shaped gown with its own to-the-floor sleeveless coat. There's drama in this supple crepe as it molds and moves with you. Crepe made with Celanese acetate—the beauty fiber. By Junior Sophisticates in Hargro's acetate and rayon crepe. Black, red, off-white. 3 to 15. Dress about \$50. Ensemble about \$110. At Bloomingdale's, N. Y.; Hutzler's, Baltimore; Sakowitz, Houston.

Celanese®

Celanese
CONTEMPORARY FIBERS



Wouldn't you rather be in Florida

Call your air, rail, bus, travel agent or motor club today about Florida. For free Pictorial Vacation Guide, write Sunshine, P. O. Box 213-S, Tallahassee, Florida ZIP 32304.

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.



Cheeky

A dress of such joyful irreverence, you can almost hear it singing on a Sunday. The basis: VILLAGER's® classic shirtdress, so dear to collectors.

The fabric: crisp cotton broadcloth. The print: a noisy gathering of small but rebellious flowers, ringingly colored.

Yellow, Blue, or Olive predominate. Sizes 6 to 16.

About twenty dollars at good stores and college shops



1407 Broadway, New York

© THE VILLAGER INC., 1964 • MANNEQUIN DES. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

sion of attempts he makes to receive the famous, waited-for favors. I haven't the slightest intention of revealing the variety of amorous adventures that befall him; suffice it to note that they are instigated by half a dozen ravishing-looking girls, all of them certain, in their fair-skinned blond candor, to set more than Mediterranean hearts a-hammering. I congratulate Gian Luigi Polidoro on the crisp self-confidence of his direction, and Rodolfo Sonego on an unusually well-written screenplay. The Swedish National Travel Office will no doubt be recommending them for a Nobel Prize, and I wonder in what category. Chemistry, perhaps?

ABOUT "America America" it turns out that there's curiously little to be said. Taken from a book by Elia Kazan about his own family, and written and directed by him, it's the affecting story of a young Greek immigrant's many-years-long journey from the mountains of Anatolia to—literally—the sidewalks of New York. Mr. Kazan has let his story run on in unhurried amplitude, like an old-fashioned *roman-fleuve*, and so rich are the backgrounds, both natural and domestic, and so juicy the assortment of bit parts that we never tire of watching. In a movie of this kind, there are no surprises, or, rather, there are only surprises of a conventional, novelistic nature, which don't surprise and aren't really intended to, but Mr. Kazan's evident passion for his materials has imposed an unexpected freshness on them, and the picture slowly but surely succeeded in hypnotizing me; after I had sat in the dark with it for two hours and fifty-four minutes, the sight of the suddenly flashed credits at the end gave me an unpleasant shock. It seems that I was ready, even eager, for more of an old and precious American dream.

IN "David and Lisa" Frank and Eleanor Perry scored a lucky hit. In "Ladybug Ladybug" they have scored an unlucky miss. The story concerns events in a small public school when an air-raid alert is sounded by accident, but the screenplay is so arty that it constantly sets one's teeth on edge, and the direction is sluggish to the point of immobility. Most of the actors are children, and an ungifted and unattractive lot they are. I hope we have no more movies about children for some time, and I hope we have no more movies with titles like "America America" and "Ladybug Ladybug." They get you after a while a while.

—BRENDAN GILL

BOOKS

Bitter Levons

THE so-called anti-novel, lately come upon us from France, is mainly an attempt to wrench one medium (the novel) into the shape of other mediums (movies, painting, music). It should not, however, be confused with the non-novel, an eccentric but always literary form that has been around since Sterne and Fanny Burney. The non-novel is a dodge, a masquerade, an act of feigned shyness. It may be written in diary form or as a series of letters or as a tale told by a narrator over port and biscuits. It may be a "memoir," discovered after its "author's" death and edited by a "friend." It may be a prolonged dream or nightmare, or it may be told through the dishevelled senses of an idiot or a madman. It may, like Nabokov's "Pale Fire"—surely the most fancy-footed non-novel ever written—be a poem surrounded by extensive footnotes. No matter which mask the non-novel dons, its evasiveness and dissembling paradoxically call twice as much attention to its author. Such is certainly true of "Appendix A" (Macmillan), an elaborately arranged non-novel by the poet Hayden Carruth. The charade begins with a "publisher's note":

Although this document was written in fulfillment of a prior contractual obligation, it would not have come to the attention of the publishers if it had not been through the agency of persons acting in what may best be described as a semiofficial capacity. It is now, in fact, part of a sub-departmental dossier in the files of a state bureau of public health. No illegality, or any improbity whatever, is attached to its publication, but considerations of private sensibility nevertheless dictate that no further identification be made. The reasons for publishing it in this uncorrected state will be, we hope, evident to those who read it. Publication has been arranged with the author's knowledge, and by the kind permission of Mr. Geoffrey Whicher Carruth, Crossington, Ohio.

We discover next that the author plans to speak directly to us, in the eighteenth-century mode. His first three sentences give warning: "Forgive me for being so late. I always have the devil's own time getting started, if you want to know the truth. You're aware of the type?" But he has not finished disarming us, for he soon says that he is writing not a novel but a "levon," which may, he suggests, be regarded as a play on the word "leaven." And what

he wishes to leaven, presumably for both his benefit and ours, is an unhappy triangle love affair that occupied his life for several months in Chicago a decade or so before the book opens.

This affair contains larger-than-life figures. The author-narrator, a poet and the editor of a venerable Chicago poetry magazine, *Pegasus*, is short, black-browed, somewhat bald, and beak-nosed. He comes from Indiana, is around thirty, and has been married once and divorced. He smokes and drinks a lot, and occasionally enters sports-car races. He is a healthy beast and has many women. He considers both his poetry and his editing above average, and, in general, has a good opinion of himself. Then, one broiling summer day, on the shores of an Indiana resort lake, he makes love to his best friend's wife, the Olympian Alex. Alex is half-Jewish, is from

the South, and has a gimpy leg that only accents her beauty. She is golden-haired and buxom, and has the reputation among her Chicago friends of being highly sexed. She is unheeding, and intelligent in an intuitive way. The narrator goes all neon when he attempts to describe this wonder, and he also becomes rigidly non-novelistic:

I watched Alex walk away from me. . . . From the whiteness of her buttocks her color verged to honey-brown, then to the dark gold of her hair; and the thin, dissipating, blue veil of cigarette smoke was the perfect garment for this richness. Her shoulder blades moved gently and supplely beneath their cover, and an alternating luminescence shone in the backs of her knees as they twinkled slowly away. . . . Sorry to be so lush. I recognize that my words may produce grotesque images for you, and of course the temptation to render an exact description in such subjective matters is just what the professional writ-



"But, Dad, what I said was that Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., credits F. D. R. with saving capitalism—not me."

WHAT'S NEW ON CUTLASS BAY?

Shaw Park's exquisite rooms and suites, all facing the Caribbean; superb entertainment; all sports and activities.

But nothing's new about our luscious food, sunny skies, surf-kissed sand or sophisticated atmosphere.



OCHO RIOS, JAMAICA

SHAW PARK

beach club

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR...
our International Representatives
J. OLIVER ENGBRETSON, INC.
141 East 44th Street, N. Y. • TN 7-0720

TROUSERED BY CORBIN



CORBIN'S CRUISE COLLECTION

Our tropical weight trousers were especially-made for this kind of living. And Corbin's very special colors and fabrics make it easy to adjust! Corbin Ltd., Dept. KL, 385 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N.Y.

er ought to reject. . . . Talk about sinuosity, lissomeness, silken undulancy, etc., etc.—my God!

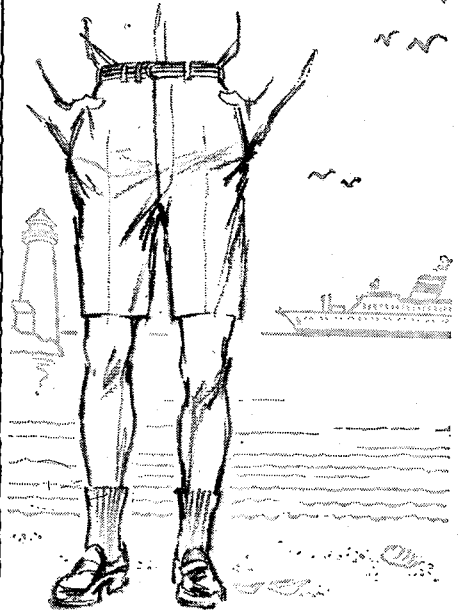
As is hinted here, the cigarette, that *deus ex machina* of the modern novel, plays an important part in the levon. It becomes most prominent in the following passage, where, instead of helping the narrator through a nervous time, it nearly nails him: "I lit a cigarette; the smoke plummeted through my guts like a bubble of vitriol, and I gagged slightly, sucking my navel in close to my spine. I looked at the cigarette—god-awful tack! But I swallowed my repugnance and took another deep drag."

Alex's husband is Charley Dupont, a young French apprentice architect, who has spent the Second World War as a captive-mascot of the Germans. Despite his suffering, or perhaps because of it, Charley is a dreamer, an idealist, a good man. But he also owns a pistol, and this understandably worries the narrator, who suspects that Charley knows. A hot, very novelistic situation has been levonistically established, but, alas, no one shoots anyone, and the triangle abruptly and disappointingly falls apart. Alex goes off with a tall, slick war-maimed eunuch (she explains to her husband and her lover that she has been "defiled"), the narrator has a nervous breakdown, and Charley, his dreams forever soured, returns to France, where he is drafted, sent to Dienbienphu, and killed.

So, for all his knit-one-purl-two care, Carruth's non-novel devices encircle no more than a conventional, drab, and unenlightening love affair. At its close, the narrator is hospitalized for an unspecified length of time, and after his release he writes the book we have just read. He does this in a small house in the foothills of the Berkshires, where he lives with a local deaf-mute named Linda. Linda becomes pregnant by him, and has a nearly fatal miscarriage. But the narrator by this time is back in the hospital. One prays that he hasn't got other manuscripts secreted about him.

"A DAY IN LATE SEPTEMBER" (Sloane), by Merle Miller, is far less devious, for it is simply one kind of novel (liberal and fashionable) superimposed on another (sentimental). Outwardly, it is a bitter tract on the wrongs of present-day America, shouting, Down with artistic fakes! Down with politicians! Down with the wealthy! Down with materialism! Down with the Ivy League! Down with muddle-headed doctors! The chief shouter is Mac (no other name given), an American expatriate writer who re-

TROUSERED BY CORBIN



CORBIN'S CRUISE COLLECTION

Going native? Slip into a pair of CORBINS and be comfortable! Our fabrics are varied and our colors are abundant. Ask for Turkey Red, Butternut Tan and Mellow Yellow. Corbin Ltd., Dept. IJ, 385 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N.Y.

UNBELIEVABLE

A COMPLETE DINNER

\$2.95

LUNCHEON \$1.70

The Lobster

since 1919

OPEN NOON TO 1 A.M.

SUNDAYS 3 TO 10 P.M.

145 W. 45th • JU 2-0400

IN THE HEART OF THE THEATRE DISTRICT

Burpee Seeds Grow

Grow the best flowers and vegetables with Burpee Seeds, the Best That Grow. Write today for a copy of the colorful, new Burpee Seed Catalog. **FREE**

W. Atlee Burpee Co. 760 Burpee Bldg. Phila., Pa. 19132
or Clinton, Iowa 52733 or Riverside, Calif. 92502

Tony's Wife

Luncheon
Bar
Dinner

just good food served con amore
150 EAST 55TH ST., N. Y. • EL 5-4506
Closed Sat. & Sun.

turns briefly to Connecticut after ten years to claim his only child, Jont. He also comes to claim Phoebe, whom he met in Spain and who is married to a bullying magazine editor. In the course of the day that the novel lasts, we are introduced, in an arklike fashion, to set after set of husbands and wives, all of them connected in some way with Mac and Phoebe. Among them are an insensitive doctor who drives his good, organ-playing wife mad; a local congressman (we are in Fairfield County) who is owned by his rich, adder-tongued wife; and Mac's ex-wife, a beautiful, hard-drinking second-rate actress, and her big-talking Princeton husband. Each tells his or her own disquieting tale and then wanders smugly or sadly off. Much of the book is written in a tough, choppy, emotional style, but this approach disguises a spurious rally-round-the-flag vision. For hovering over this dark maelstrom-novel are three godlike figures: Abel Sorenson, an old-line iconoclast and Wobbly type; Mrs. Sandwich, who was Jont's nurse and who is Pilgrim New England incarnate; and Mac himself, a liberal's liberal. They spend the novel expounding the old American virtues and tsking and nodding pityingly to themselves and to each other over the horrors about them, and then Mac and Jont and Mrs. Sandwich hurry back across the water to Spain. They resemble a seemingly humane surgeon who opens up a very sick patient and, aghast at what he finds, flees, leaving the patient to perish.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE FIFTH QUEEN, by Ford Madox Ford, with an introduction by Graham Greene (Vanguard). The reputation of the late Ford Madox Ford, an all-round literary figure (editor, critic, novelist) who died in France in 1939, has lately undergone some critical refurbishing. This volume, an early work now published for the first time in the United States, is a trilogy of historical novels about Catherine Howard, the fifth of Henry VIII's six wives and the second to die on the block. Historians generally agree she was a beautiful, dumb, good-natured soiled dove. Mr. Ford portrays her as a pure, educated Catholic who wanted the King to submit to Rome and was therefore destroyed by reform churchmen and laymen fearful of losing their ill-gotten monastic properties. Ford's version is preposterous. It is a period piece, but

WHITEHOUSE & HARDY, NEW YORK CITY



The first thing you notice is the fabric.

Merrill-Sharpe picked a good one when they picked Scotlin. It's very likely the most interesting linen-y weave around. With enough guts to do everything. Without tiring, crushing or losing its style. Or, allowing its color to fade into nothingness. Who's responsible for all this? You're right again. Crown Fabrics, 119 West 40th Street, New York 18, N.Y.

Crown Fabrics



CORAL CARPET TREATMENT

You'd think you were the only guest at Elbow Beach the way you're pampered like a prince (or princess). Everything about Elbow is exceptional. Unless you dream in technicolor, you can't begin to imagine the pinkness of its coral sands. If there is a better beach, it remains to be discovered. Other Elbow Beach benefits: Tennis courts. Huge free-form pool. Lily-bordered cottages. Terraced guest rooms. Top entertainment. Championship golf courses nearby. In a rather breathless nutshell, this is Elbow Beach.

Elbow Beach Surf Club

**BERMUDA'S FAMOUS
OCEANSIDE HOTEL**
CY ELKINS, GENERAL MANAGER

See Your Travel Agent or call our International Representative: Robert F. Warner Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York, JUdson 6-4500 • Also in Boston / Washington / Chicago / Miami / Toronto



DOWN-TO-EARTH DINNER
SKIRT—AT HOME ANYWHERE
IN THE WORLD. WE MAKE IT
TO ORDER IN TRADITIONAL OR MUTED
SCOTTISH WOOL TARTAN. SOFTLY
PLEATED, BUT FLAT FORE AND AFT.
SPECIFY CLAN OR COLOURINGS, WAIST
SIZE AND SKIRT LENGTH FROM BAND.
\$25.35, BY MAIL.

Trimingham's
BERMUDA



Write TRIMINGHAM'S, Hamilton, Bermuda, Dept. N-27.
Also in grey English Worsted Flannel and off-white
Irish hand-woven Donegal tweed. \$29.95. Add 75c for
postage. U.S. duty, if any, on delivery. Send for
illustrated catalogue.

Does Edgeworth really smoke cooler?



Try it free and see!

See how Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed gives mild,
cool-smoking Burleys an exclusive texture that
makes them smoke cooler still. Never a tongue bite.
For free pack, (offer limited to U.S.A.) send name,
address to Edgeworth, Dept. B-12, P.O. Box 3-AC

THE HOUSE OF EDGEWORTH
Larus & Brother Co., Inc. Richmond, Va.
Fine Tobacco Products Since 1877

FAMILY ARMS

Direct from England

genuinely emblazoned
from old records filed
under 100,000 British &
European surnames. In relief
and full colour on immaculate OAK WALL
SHIELDS for mural decoration.

7" x 6" \$ 9.00 14" x 12" \$25.00
12" x 10" \$20.00 22" x 18" \$40.00

postpaid. Your check is returned if the Arms cannot be
traced. School, Ship, Regimental Shields, Trade Marks,
etc., similarly reproduced. Write Britain direct.

YORK INSIGNIA LTD., YORK, ENGLAND



reform movements are dominated by what they call the "Protestant" ideal of making city government so clean and impersonal that nobody can stand it, and they regret the passing of the old-time machines, which abided by the "immigrant ethos" and traded favors for votes. Most city dwellers, the authors think, understood the boss system better than they understand today's high-minded appeals; besides, the national parties used to be able to count on a certain stable core of boss-delivered districts. It is possible that the authors underestimate everybody—both voters and reformers. In any case, they've done a good, much needed job.

THE WINDS OF REVOLUTION: LATIN AMERICA TODAY—AND TOMORROW, by Tad Szulc (Praeger) The author, who for six years was a New York Times South American correspondent, has written a fine short summary of the continent's problems. His exposition of its material problems is excellent. If the North American reader has heard a good deal about some of them (such as the unequal distribution of land), others, equally alarming (such as the misuse of water resources), are unfamiliar. Yet Latin America's physical needs, it seems, cannot compare with her personnel problems: shortages of technically trained people in every area—agriculture, medicine, education—not to mention her lack of coherent political leaders and followings. Mr. Szulc may scold the United States too hard for its inability to get on warm, helpful terms with nations whose methods of operation are exotic and unstable, but at least he doesn't propose any panaceas.

MY LIFE AND LOVES, by Frank Harris, edited, with an introduction and notes, by John F. Gallagher (Grove). The notorious autobiography—all half-million or more words of it—brought out from under the counter. Harris, who died in 1931, at the age of seventy-six, was a highly gifted man—intelligent, magnetic, courageous—and he had a highly unusual career: English public-school boy; Brooklyn Bridge sandhog; New York bootblack; Chicago hotel clerk; Texas cowboy; University of Kansas student; Kansas lawyer; University of Göttingen student; Paris bohemian; editor of the London *Evening News*, the *Fortnightly Review*, the *Saturday Review*, and *Pearson's*; South African financier; biographer of Shakespeare; friend of the great and famous; defender of Oscar Wilde;



Her eyes tell you why...

Perceptive, intelligent, serious — so eager to learn. A little love and a little help would make a big difference in the life of this American Indian child.

For Cecilia Bright Eagle's parents are very poor. They have no money with which to replace her shabby clothing, to buy her personal books, or give her a cash allowance and other things she needs so much to attend the off-reservation school. So, when her non-Indian classmates gather to share some exciting little girl secret, or talk of a class-party or trip, Cecilia goes off by herself to hope, to dream, that one day she might share such fun and feel like one of them.

You, your school, your organization can help make a dream come true for Cecilia, or some other Indian girl or boy. Just a \$10 monthly contribution provides one Indian child with suitable clothing, personal books and a cash allowance for school activities. It is an act of love that will bring you a heart-warming reward. A photograph, the story and letters from the child you help will start off a warm person-to-person relationship. Please give one Indian youngster an even break — and the sense of belonging to the wider world around him.

SCF

Save The Children Federation, Norwalk, Connecticut

I wish to contribute \$120.00 annually to help an American Indian girl ☐ boy ☐ Enclosed is my first payment:

\$10.00 a month ☐ \$ 60.00 semi-annually ☐
\$30.00 a quarter ☐ \$120.00 annually ☐

I cannot sponsor a child. Enclosed is contribution of \$ _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Contributions are income tax deductible. NY 1-4-4

Data

Data is a *very* plural noun — how plural was vividly demonstrated when the Graduate School of Business of the University of Chicago undertook a study at our request of the rates of return on investments in common stocks.

Now, more than three years and many headaches later, there is a table of figures on those rates of return. To get them, the University studied the 1700 common stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange from 1926 through 1960, recording monthly closing prices (or the mean between the bid and asked) plus 39 kinds of capital adjustments — including 100,000 cash dividends plus stock dividends, splits, rights, and exchanges of shares, putting them first on 390,000 IBM cards and then on tape. Twenty-two time periods within the 35 years were studied, commission costs were taken into account, and taxes for three different income brackets were calculated.

The gathering of all these data was an enormous job, some of it requiring the diligence of a detective, and then the data had to be checked for accuracy not just once but over and over again.

The result? It is now possible to say how good those stocks were as investments — to say exactly what the average rate of return was, based on an assumed equal amount invested in all 1700 of those stocks.

Would you like to read the story of the study and see the results for yourself? You have only to ask for a copy of "*Rates of Return*," available free at all our offices, including



MEMBERS N. Y. STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER
PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES

**MERRILL LYNCH,
PIERCE,
FENNER & SMITH INC**

70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK 5, NEW YORK

successful playwright; pacifist; and lifelong pursuer and seducer of young girls. His purpose (or stated purpose) in recounting his life commands respect. "I am determined," he declares in a foreword, "to tell the truth about my pilgrimage through this world, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, about myself and others, and I shall try to be at least as kindly to others as to myself." It is possible that the truth is here, but not the whole truth (he makes only a passing reference to his wife) and almost certainly something more than the truth (his candor is seldom readily distinguishable from bravado). Still, the result, though rich in physiological absurdities, is usually interesting and often — particularly in the early sections — wholly absorbing. Mr. Gallagher contributes not only a useful introduction but invaluable footnote identifications of the literally hundreds of names that Harris was able to drop. Twelve dollars and fifty cents.

THE WORLD THROUGH MY EYES, by Andreas Feininger (Crown). Mr. Feininger is one of a handful of photographers — Henri Cartier-Bresson, Edward Weston, László Moholy-Nagy, Gjon Mili, and Man Ray are some of the others — who have an almost unmistakable style, because they have an almost unmistakable way of looking at life. This album of pictures contains some of his best work over a thirty-year period, and in the accompanying text he tells us something about his artistic canons and treats us to some workshop talk on what he looks for in a picture and how he goes about getting it. The photographs themselves, twenty of which are in color, reflect a catholic range of interest — abstraction (or near-abstraction), the minutiae of nature, the nude, motion and light, the American landscape, the city — and among them are some of the marvels of contemporary photography. Twelve dollars and fifty cents.

WASHINGTON (UPI) — Assistant Defense Secretary Eugene G. Fubini has scoffed at the idea that orbiting bombs could greatly damage the earth.

Fubini, deputy director of research, said Tuesday it would take a bomb equal to 2,000 megatons of TNT to burn a frame house from an altitude of 150 miles.

sir—I believe he's from the Internal Revenue Service."

—Palm Beach Times.

Never mind. He's on our side now.

One of the 7 wonderful
inns of the world

Cherry Hill Inn

Modern, with old-fashioned overtones in design and hospitality. 300 rooms, fine food and cocktails. 15 minutes from downtown Philadelphia 4 miles from N.J. Tpk., Exit 4.

Write for color brochure

Rt. 38 at Haddonfield Road, Cherry Hill, N.J.
Reservations: 609 NO 2-7200
Fred R. Clausen, General Manager

DANCE CALENDAR

TUESDAY	WED	Continuous from 7:30 P.M.
EXHIBITION TIME	THU	MAT. 1:30 to 5 • EVE fr. 7:30
11:15 P.M.		DANCE CONTEST
FREE DANCE	FRI	Continuous from 7:30 P.M.
LESSONS 8-9	SAT	MATINEE 1:30 to 5 P.M.
PACHANGA		EVENING from 7:30 P.M.
CHA CHA	SUN	Continuous all day from 3:30
BOSSA NOVA		DANCE CONTEST

TERRACE RESTAURANT
and BAR

NO TICKETS! NO EXTRAS!
NO HOSTESSES!

THE WORLD'S
MOST
BEAUTIFUL
BALLROOM

Roseland DANCE CITY

ON 52nd STREET West of Broadway



Continental Cuisine and Services at a superb GULF beach resort on Longboat Key (near Sarasota) Florida. Championship golf, fine fishing, rare shelling. Please write on your letterhead for winter reservations or call 813-388-2163. In N.Y.C. call OR 9-7869.

you don't need
a passport to
get **Odol**



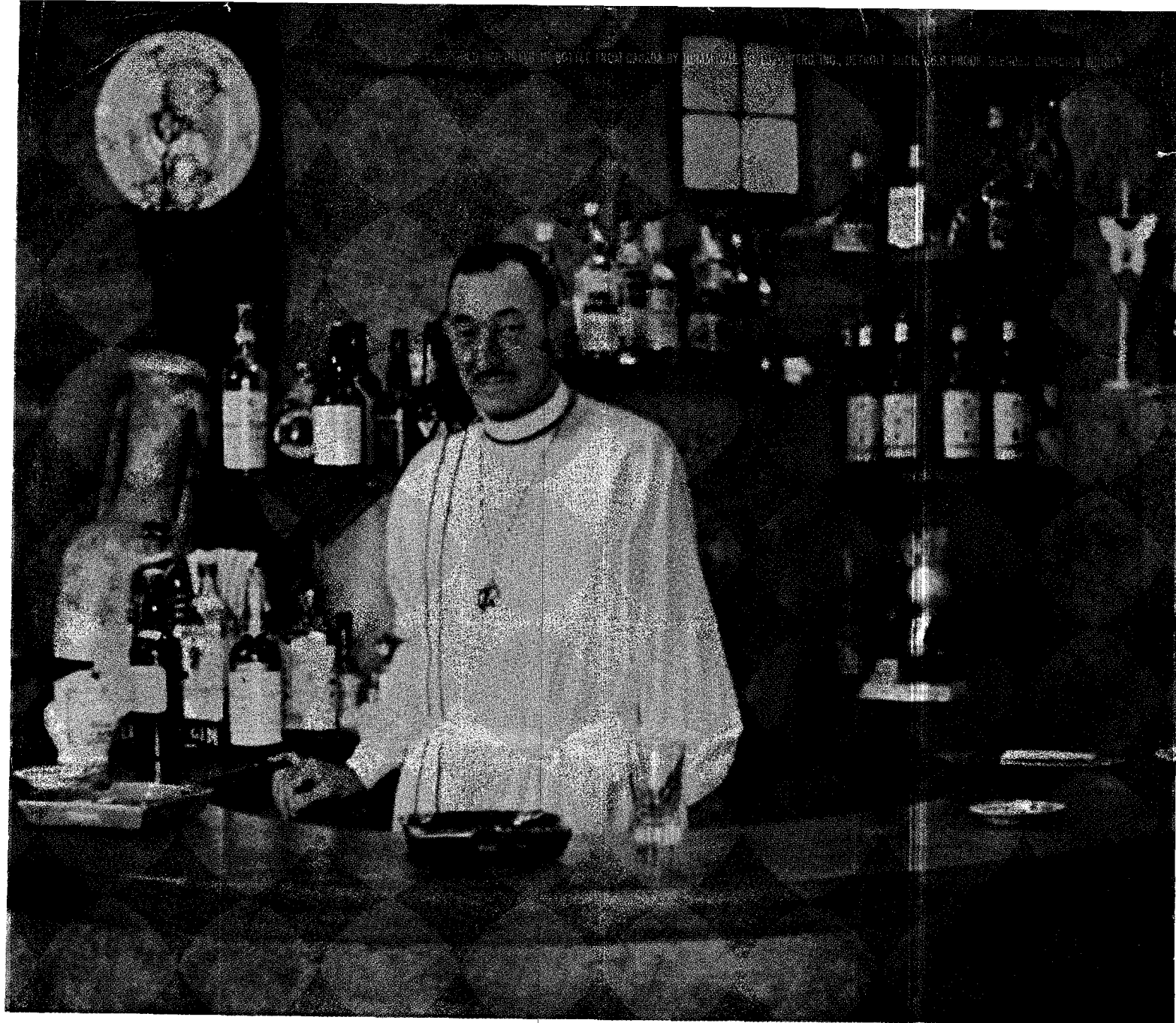
EUROPE'S LARGEST SELLING MOUTHWASH

FANNY'S WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT

Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime
Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.

Hours 5 to 10 pm daily
(OPEN EVERY DAY)

Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm
Phone GR 5-8686
Evanston, Ill.



On your trip to France, call at Le Vieux Moulin de Cros. There you'll find Canadian Club, "The Best In The House"® in 87 lands. © 1964 HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC.

Monsieur Nestou, of Cros-de-Cagnes, awaits you with royalty, open-hearth cooking and Canadian Club

Le Vieux Moulin de Cros, between Nice and Cannes, is sought out by ambassadors, princes and international travelers.

The copper gleams, the chef sings, and the Canadian Club, to the gratification of one and all, stands at your beck and call.

Quiet quality is a most appealing characteristic. Perhaps it is one reason why the onnoisseur is drawn to this converted mill in the south of France.

The atmosphere and patrons are equally elegant, and the Canadian Club, much in demand, perennially graces the bar.

Why this whisky's universal popularity?

It has the lightness of Scotch and the smooth satisfaction of Bourbon. No other whisky tastes quite like Canadian Club. You can stay with it all evening long—in short ones before dinner, in tall ones after. Try Canadian Club—the world's lightest whisky—this very evening.

Wherever you go...there it is!



BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, CANADA



Bonaparte au Mont St-Bernard. Peinture par Jacques-Louis David. (Musée de Versailles.)

Newly elected First Consul, Napoleon, like Hannibal and Charlemagne before him, boldly crosses the Alps into Italy by the Great Saint Bernard Pass. Thus he led his army to the victory of Marengo on June 14, 1800.

COURVOISIER

COGNAC

Character is destiny—as true of Courvoisier Cognac as of history's conquering hero. For Courvoisier is *The Brandy of Napoleon*. Its character has destined it to be the choice of kings and statesmen. And its matchless flavour and bouquet reward you with *une sensation splendide*, cherished by all who can command the finest.

*Courvoisier Cognac—and Courvoisier only—bears this registered phrase on every bottle. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y. SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U.S.A.